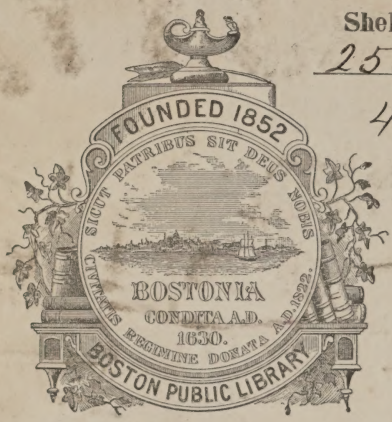

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LANDOR'S

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Fourth Series.

DIALOGUES OF LITERARY MEN (CONTINUED),
DIALOGUES OF FAMOUS WOMEN, AND
MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.

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DIALOGUES OF LITERARY MEN.

(CONTINUED.)

XVIII. SOUTHEY AND LANDOR.

Southey. Of all the beautiful scenery round King's-weston, the view from this terrace, and especially from this sun-dial, is the pleasantest.

Landor. The last time I ever walked hither in company (which, unless with ladies, I rarely have done anywhere) was with a just, a valiant, and a memorable man, Admiral Nichols, who usually spent his summer months at the village of Shirehampton, just below us. There, whether in the morning or evening, it was seldom I found him otherwise engaged than in cultivating his flowers.

Southey. I never had the same dislike to company in my walks and rambles as you profess to have, but of which I perceived no sign whatever when I visited you, first at Lantony Abbey, and afterward on the Lake of Como. Well do I remember our long conversations in the silent and solitary church of Sant' Abondio (surely the coolest spot in Italy), and how often I turned back my head toward the open door, fearing lest some pious passer-by, or some more distant one in the wood above, pursuing the pathway that leads to the tower of Luitprand, should hear the roof echo with your laughter at the stories you had collected about the brotherhood and sisterhood of the place.

Landor. I have forgotten most of them, and nearly all; but I have not forgotten how we speculated on the possibility that Milton might once have been sitting on the very bench we then occupied, although we do not hear of his having visited that part of the country. Presently we discoursed on his poetry; as we propose to do again this morning.

Southey. In that case, it seems we must continue to be seated on the turf.

Landor. Why so?

Southey. Because you do not like to walk in company; it might disturb and discompose you: and we never lose our temper without losing at the same time many of our thoughts, which are loath to come forward without it.

Landor. From my earliest days I have avoided society as much as I could decorously, for I received more pleasure in the cultivation and improvement of my own thoughts than in walking up and down among the thoughts of others. Yet, as you know, I never have avoided the intercourse of men distinguished by virtue and genius: of genius, because it warmed and invigorated me by my trying to keep pace with it; of virtue, that if I had any of my own it might be called forth by such vicinity. Among all men elevated in station who have made a noise in the world (admirable old expression!), I never saw any in whose presence I felt inferiority, excepting Kosciusco. But how many in the lower paths of life have exerted both virtues and abilities which I never exerted, and never possessed! — what strength and courage and perseverance in some; in others what endurance and forbearance! At the very moment when most, beside yourself, catching up half my words, would call and employ against me in its ordinary signification what ought to convey the most honorific, — the term *self-sufficiency*, — I bow my head before the humble, with greatly more than their humiliation. You are better-tempered than I am, and readier to converse. There are half-hours when, although in good-humor and good spirits, I would not be disturbed by the necessity of talking, to be the possessor of all the rich marshes we see yonder. In this interval there is neither storm nor sunshine of the mind, but calm and (as the farmer would call it) *growing* weather, in which the blades of thought spring up and dilate insensibly. Whatever I do, I must do in the open air, or in the silence of night; either is sufficient: but I prefer the hours of exercise, or, what is next to exercise, of field-repose. — Did you happen to know the admiral?

Southey. Not personally; but I believe the terms you have applied to him are well merited. After some experience, he contended that public men, public women, and the public

press may be all designated by one and the same trisyllable. He is reported to have been a strict disciplinarian. In the mutiny at the Nore he was seized by his crew, and summarily condemned by them to be hanged. Many taunting questions were asked him, to which he made no reply. When the rope was fastened round his neck, the ringleader cried, "Answer this one thing, however, before you go, sir! What would you do with any of us, if we were in your power as you are now in ours?" The admiral, then captain, looked sternly and contemptuously, and replied, "Hang you, by God!" Enraged at this answer, the mutineer tugged at the rope; but another on the instant rushed forward, exclaiming, "No, captain!" (for thus he called the fellow) "he has been cruel to us, flogging here and flogging there; but before so brave a man is hanged like a dog, you heave me overboard." Others among the most violent now interceded; and an old seaman, not saying a single word, came forward with his knife in his hand, and cut the noose asunder. Nichols did not thank him, nor notice him, nor speak; but, looking round at the other ships, in which there was the like insubordination, he went toward his cabin slow and silent. Finding it locked, he called to a midshipman, "Tell that man with a knife to come down and open the door." After a pause of a few minutes, it was done; but he was confined below until the quelling of the mutiny.

Landor. His conduct as controller of the navy was no less magnanimous and decisive. In this office he presided at the trial of Lord Melville. His lordship was guilty, we know, of all the charges brought against him; but, having more patronage than ever minister had before, he refused to answer the questions which (to repeat his own expression) might incriminate him: and his refusal was given with a smile of indifference, a consciousness of security. In those days, as indeed in most others, the main use of power was promotion and protection; and *honest man* was never in any age among the titles of nobility, and has always been the appellation used toward the feeble and inferior by the prosperous. Nichols said, on the present occasion, "If this man is permitted to skulk away under such pretences, trial is here a mockery." Finding no support, he threw up his office as controller of the navy, and never afterward entered the House

of Commons. — Such a person, it appears to me, leads us aptly and becomingly to that steadfast patriot on whose writings you promised me your opinion, — not incidentally, as before, but turning page after page. It would ill beseem us to treat Milton with generalities. Radishes and salt are the *picnic* quota of slim spruce reviewers: let us hope to find somewhat more solid and of better taste. Desirous to be a listener and a learner when you discourse on his poetry, I have been more occupied of late in examining the prose.

Southey. Do you retain your high opinion of it?

Landor. Experience makes us more sensible of faults than of beauties. Milton is more correct than Addison, but less correct than Hooker, whom I wish he had been contented to receive as a model in style, rather than authors who wrote in another and a poorer language; such, I think, you are ready to acknowledge is the Latin.

Southey. This was always my opinion.

Landor. However, I do not complain that in oratory and history his diction is sometimes poetical.

Southey. Little do I approve of it in prose on any subject. Demosthenes and Æschines, Lysias and Isæus, and finally Cicero, avoided it.

Landor. They did: but Chatham and Burke and Grattan did not; nor indeed the graver and greater Pericles, of whom the most memorable sentence on record is pure poetry. On the fall of the young Athenians in the field of battle, he said, "The year hath lost its spring." But how little are these men, even Pericles himself, if you compare them as men of genius with Livy! In Livy, as in Milton, there are bursts of passion which cannot by the nature of things be other than poetical, nor (being so) come forth in other language. If Milton had executed his design of writing a history of England, it would probably have abounded in such diction, especially in the more turbulent scenes and in the darker ages.

Southey. There are quiet hours and places in which a taper may be carried steadily, and show the way along the ground; but you must stand a-tiptoe and raise a blazing torch above your head, if you would bring to our vision the obscure and time-worn figures depicted on the lofty vaults of antiquity. The philosopher shows every thing in one clear light; the historian loves strong reflections and deep shad-

ows, but, above all, prominent and moving characters. We are little pleased with the man who disenchants us; but whoever can make us wonder must himself, we think, be wonderful, and deserve our admiration.

Landor. Believing no longer in magic and its charms, we still shudder at the story told by Tacitus, of those which were discovered in the mournful house of Germanicus.

Southey. Tacitus was also a great poet, and would have been a greater, had he been more contented with the external and ordinary appearances of things. Instead of which, he looked at a part of his pictures through a prism, and at another part through a *camera obscura.* If the historian were as profuse of moral as of political axioms, we should tolerate him less: for in the political we fancy a writer is but meditating; in the moral we regard him as declaiming. In history we desire to be conversant with only the great, according to our notions of greatness; we take it as an affront, on such an invitation, to be conducted into the lecture-room, or to be desired to amuse ourselves in the study.

Landor. Pray, go on. I am desirous of hearing more.

Southey. Being now alone, with the whole day before us, and having carried, as we agreed at breakfast, each his Milton in his pocket, let us collect all the graver faults we can lay our hands upon, without a too minute and troublesome research; not in the spirit of Johnson, but in our own.

Landor. That is, abasing our eyes in reverence to so great a man, but without closing them. The beauties of his poetry we may omit to notice, if we can; but where the crowd claps the hands, it will be difficult for us always to refrain. Johnson, I think, has been charged unjustly with expressing too freely and inconsiderately the blemishes of Milton. There are many more of them than he has noticed.

Southey. If we add any to the number, and the literary world hears of it, we shall raise an outcry from hundreds who never could see either his excellences or his defects, and from several who never have perused the noblest of his writings.

Landor. It may be boyish and mischievous; but I acknowledge I have sometimes felt a pleasure in irritating, by the cast of a pebble, those who stretch forward to the full extent of the chain their open and frothy mouths against me.

I shall seize upon this conjecture of yours, and say every thing that comes into my head on the subject. Beside which, if any collateral thoughts should spring up, I may throw them in also; as you perceive I have frequently done in my *Imaginary Conversations*, and as we always do in real ones.

Southey. When we adhere to one point, whatever the form, it should rather be called a disquisition than a conversation. Most writers of dialogue take but a single stride into questions the most abstruse, and collect a heap of arguments to be blown away by the bloated whiffs of some rhetorical charlatan, tricked out in a multiplicity of ribbons for the occasion.

Before we open the volume of poetry, let me confess to you I admire his prose less than you do.

Landor. Probably because you dissent more widely from the opinions it conveys; for those who are displeased with any thing are unable to confine the displeasure to one spot. We dislike every thing a little when we dislike any thing much. It must indeed be admitted that his prose is often too Latinized and stiff. But I prefer his heavy-cut velvet, with its ill-placed Roman fibula, to the spangled gauze and gummed-on flowers and puffy flounces of our present street-walking literature. So do you, I am certain.

Southey. Incomparably. But let those who have gone astray keep astray, rather than bring Milton into disrepute by pushing themselves into his company and imitating his manner. As some men conceive that, if their name is engraven in Gothic letters with several superfluous, it denotes antiquity of family, so do others that a congestion of words swept together out of a corner, and dry chopped sentences which turn the mouth awry in reading, make them look like original thinkers. Milton is none of these: and his language is never a patchwork. We find daily, in almost every book we open, expressions which are not English, never were, and never will be: for the writers are by no means of sufficiently high rank to be masters of the mint. To arrive at this distinction, it is not enough to scatter in all directions bold, hazardous, undisciplined thoughts: there must be lordly and commanding ones, with a full establishment of well-appointed expressions adequate to their maintenance.

Occasionally I have been dissatisfied with Milton, because in my opinion that is ill said in prose which can be said more

plainly. Not so in poetry: if it were, much of Pindar and Æschylus, and no little of Dante, would be censurable.

Landor. Acknowledge that he whose poetry I am holding in my hand is free from every false ornament in his prose, unless a few bosses of Latinity may be called so, — and I am ready to admit the full claims of your favorite South. Acknowledge that, heading all the forces of our language, he was the great antagonist of every great monster which infested our country; and he disdained to trim his lion-skin with lace. No other English writer has equalled Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton, in the loftier parts of their works.

Southey. But Hooker and Milton, you allow, are sometimes pedantic. In Hooker there is nothing so elevated as there is in Raleigh.

Landor. Neither he, however, nor any modern, nor any ancient, has attained to that summit on which the sacred ark of Milton strikes and rests. Reflections, such as we indulged in on the borders of the Larius, come over me here again. Perhaps from the very sod where you are sitting, the poet in his youth sat looking at the Sabrina he was soon to celebrate. There is pleasure in the sight of a glebe which never has been broken; but it delights me particularly in those places where great men have been before. I do not mean warriors, — for extremely few among the most remarkable of them will a considerate man call great, — but poets and philosophers and philanthropists, the ornaments of society, the charmers of solitude, the warders of civilization, the watchmen at the gate which tyranny would batter down, and the healers of those wounds which she left festering in the field. And now, to reduce this demon into its proper toad-shape again, and to lose sight of it, open your *Paradise Lost.*

Southey. Shall we begin with it immediately? — or shall we listen a little while to the woodlark? He seems to know what we are about; for there is a sweetness, a variety, and a gravity in his cadences, befitting the place and theme. Another time we might afford the whole hour to him.

Landor. The woodlark, the nightingale, and the ringdove have made me idle for many, even when I had gone into the fields on purpose to gather fresh materials for composition. A little thing turns me from one idleness to another. More than once, when I have taken out my pencil to fix an idea on

paper, the smell of the cedar, held by me unconsciously across the nostrils, hath so absorbed the senses, that what I was about to write down has vanished, altogether and irrecoverably. This vexed me; for although we may improve a first thought, and generally do, yet if we lose it, we seldom or never can find another so good to replace it. The latter-math has less substance, succulence, and fragrance than the summer crop. I dare not trust my memory for a moment with any thing of my own: it is more faithful in storing up what is another's. But am I not doing at this instant something like what I told you about the pencil? If the loss of my own thoughts vexed me, how much more will the loss of yours! Now, pray, begin in good earnest.

Southey. Before we pursue the details of a poem, it is customary to look at it as a whole, and to consider what is the scope and tendency, or what is usually called the moral. But surely it is a silly and stupid business to talk mainly about the moral of a poem, unless it professedly be a fable. A good epic, a good tragedy, a good comedy, will inculcate several. Homer does not represent the anger of Achilles as being fatal or disastrous to that hero, which would be what critics call poetical justice; but he demonstrates in the greater part of the *Iliad* the evil effects of arbitrary power, in alienating an elevated soul from the cause of his country. In the *Odyssea* he shows that every obstacle yields to constancy and perseverance; yet he does not propose to show it: and there are other morals no less obvious. Why should the machinery of the longest poem be drawn out to establish an obvious truth, which a single verse would exhibit more plainly, and impress more memorably? Both in epic and dramatic poetry it is action, and not moral, that is first demanded. The feelings and exploits of the principal agent should excite the principal interest. The two greatest of human compositions are here defective: I mean the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost.* Agamemnon is leader of the confederate Greeks before Troy, to avenge the cause of Menelaus; yet not only Achilles and Diomed on his side, but Hector and Sarpedon on the opposite, interest us more than the "king of men," the avenger, or than his brother, the injured prince, about whom they all are fighting. In the *Paradise Lost* no principal character seems to have been intended. There is

neither truth nor wit however in saying that Satan is hero of the piece, unless, as is usually the [illegible] in human life, he is the greatest hero who gives the sway to the worst passions. It is Adam who [illegible] and suffers most, and on whom the consequences have most influence. This constitutes him the main character; although Eve is the more interesting, Satan the more energetic, and on whom the greater force of poetry is displayed. The Creator and his angels are quite secondary.

Landor. Must we not confess that every epic hitherto has been defective in plan; and even that each, until the time of Tasso, was more so than its predecessor? Such stupendous genius, so much fancy, so much eloquence, so much vigor of intellect, never were united as in *Paradise Lost.* Yet it is neither so correct nor so varied as the *Iliad*, nor, however important the action, so interesting. The moral itself is the reason why it wearies even those who insist on the necessity of it. Founded on an event believed by nearly all nations, certainly by all who read the poem, it lays down a principle which concerns every man's welfare, and a fact which every man's experience confirms: that great and irremediable misery may arise from apparently small offences. But will any one say that, in a poetical view, our certainty of moral truth in this position is an equivalent for the uncertainty *which* of the agents is what critics call the hero of the piece?

Southey. We are informed in the beginning of the *Iliad* that the poet, or the Muse for him, is about to sing the anger of Achilles, with the disasters it brought down on the Greeks. But these disasters are of brief continuance, and this anger terminates most prosperously. Another fit of anger, from another motive, less ungenerous and less selfish, supervenes; and Hector falls because Patroclus had fallen. The son of Peleus, whom the poet in the beginning proposed for his hero, drops suddenly out of sight, abandoning a noble cause from an ignoble resentment. Milton, in regard to the discontinuity of agency, is in the same predicament as Homer.

Let us now take him more in detail. He soon begins to give the learned and less obvious signification to English words. In the sixth line, —

That on the secret top, &c.

Here *secret* is in the same sense as Virgil's

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

Would it not have been better to omit the fourth and fifth verses, as encumbrances, and deadeners of the harmony; and for the same reason, the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth?

> That with no middle flight intends to soar
> Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
> Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Landor. Certainly much better: for the harmony of the sentence is complete without them, and they make it gasp for breath. Supposing the fact to be true, the mention of it is unnecessary and unpoetical. Little does it become Milton to run in debt with Ariosto for his

Cose non dette mai né in prosa o in rima.

Prosaic enough in a rhymed romance, for such is the *Orlando* with all its spirit and all its beauty, and far beneath the dignity of the epic.

Southey. Beside, it interrupts the intensity of the poet's aspiration in the words, —

And chiefly thou, O Spirit!

Again: I would rather see omitted the five which follow that beautiful line, —

Dovelike satst brooding on the vast abyss.

Landor. The ear, however accustomed to the rhythm of these sentences, is relieved of a burden by rejecting them; and they are not wanted for any thing they convey.

Southey. I am sorry that Milton (v. 34) did not always keep separate the sublime Satan and "the infernal Serpent." The thirty-eighth verse is the first hendecasyllabic in the poem. It is much to be regretted, I think, that he admits this metre into epic poetry. It is often very efficient in the dramatic, at least in Shakspeare, but hardly ever in Milton. He indulges in it much less fluently in the *Paradise Lost* than

in the *Paradise Regained.* In the seventy-third verse he tells us that the rebellious angels are

> As far removed from God and light of heaven
> As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

Not very far for creatures who could have measured all that distance, and a much greater, by a single act of the will. V. 188 ends with the word *repair;* 191 with *despair.*

> V. 335. Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
> *In which they were.*

Landor. We are oftener in such *evil plight* of foundering in the prosaic slough about your neighborhood than in Bunhill Fields.

> V. 360. And Powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones.

Excuse my asking why you, and indeed most poets in most places, make a monosyllable of *heaven?* I observe you treat *spirit* in the same manner; and although not *peril*, yet *perilous.* I would not insist at all times on an iambic foot, neither would I deprive these words of their right to a participation in it.

Southey. I have seized all fair opportunities of introducing the tribrachys, and these are the words that most easily afford one. I have turned over the leaves as far as verse 534, where I wish he had written *Damascus* (as he does elsewhere) for *Damasco*, which never was the English appellation. Beside, he sinks the last vowel in Meröe in *Paradise Regained*, which follows; and should consistently have done the same in Damasco, following the practice of the Italian poets, which certainly is better than leaving the vowels open and gaping at one another.

> V. 550. Anon they move
> In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood.

Thousands of years before there were phalanxes, schools of music, or Dorians.

Landor. Never mind the Dorians, but look at Satan: —

> V. 571. And now his heart
> Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
> *Glories!*

What an admirable pause is here! I wish he had not ended one verse with "*his* heart," and the next with "*his* strength."

Southey. What think you of

V. 585. *That small infantry*
Warred on by cranes.

Landor. I think he might easily have turned the flank of *that small infantry*. He would have done much better by writing, not

For never since created man
Met such imbodied force as *named with these*
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes, though all the giant-brood, &c.,

but leaving behind him also these heavy and unserviceable tumbrils, it would have been enough to have written, —

Never since created man,
Met such imbodied force; though all the brood
Of Phlegra with the Heroic race were joined.

But where, in poetry or painting, shall we find any thing that approaches the sublimity of that description, which begins v. 589 and ends in v. 620? What an admirable pause at

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth!

V. 542. But *tempted* our *attempt*. Such a play on words would be unbecoming in the poet's own person, and even on the lightest subject, but is most injudicious and intolerable in the mouth of Satan, about to assail the Almighty.

V. 673. *Undoubted* sign
That in *his* womb was hid metallic ore.

I know not exactly which of these words induces you to raise your eyes above the book and cast them on me: perhaps both. It was hardly worth his while to display in this place his knowledge of mineralogy, or his recollection that Virgil, in the wooden horse before Troy, had said, —

Uterumque armato milite complent,

and that some modern poets had followed him.

Southey.

V. 675. As when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe armed,
Fore-run the royal camp to trench a field
Or cast a rampart.

Nothing is gained to the celestial host by comparing it with the terrestrial. Angels are not promoted by brigading with sappers and miners. Here we are entertained (v. 722) with

Dulcet symphonies . . . and voices *sweet,*

among "pilasters and *Doric* pillars."

Verse 745 is that noble one on Vulcan, who

Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.

Landor. The six following are quite superfluous. Instead of stopping where the pause is so natural and so necessary, he carries the words on,—

Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they relate,
Erring; for he, with this rebellious rout,
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heaven high towers, nor did he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong *sent*
With his *industrious* crew to build in hell.

My good Milton! why in a passion? If he was sent to build in hell, and *did* build there, give the Devil his due; and acknowledge that on this one occasion he ceased to be rebellious.

Southey. The verses are insufferable stuff, and would be ill placed anywhere.

Landor. Let me remark that in my copy I find a mark of elision before the first letter in *scape.*

Southey. The same in mine.

Landor. *Scaped* is pointed in the same manner at the beginning of the fourth book. But Milton took the word directly from the Italian *scappare*, and committed no mutilation. We do not always think it necessary to make the sign of an elision in its relatives, as appears by *scape-grace.* In verse 752, what we write *herald* he more properly writes *har-*

ald; in the next *sovran* equally so, following the Italian rather than the French.

Southey. At verse 769 we come to a series of twenty lines, which, excepting the metamorphosis of the Evil Angels, would be delightful in any other situation. The poem is much better without these. And, in these verses, I think there are two whole ones and two hemistichs which you would strike out: —

> As bees
> In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
> Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
> In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
> Fly to and fro, or on the smoothened plank,
> The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
> New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
> Their State affairs. So thick the aery crowd, &c.

Landor. I should be sorry to destroy the suburb of the straw-built citadel, or even to remove the smoothened plank, if I found them in any other place. Neither the harmony of the sentence, nor the propriety and completeness of the simile, would suffer by removing all between "*to and fro*," and "*so thick*," &c. But I wish I had not been called upon to "*Behold a wonder*."

Southey. (Book II.)

> High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> *Or* where the gorgeous east, &c.

Are not Ormus and Ind within the gorgeous East? If so, would not the sense be better if he had written, instead of "*Or* where," "*There* where"?

Landor. Certainly.

Southey. Turn over, if you please, another two or three pages, and tell me whether in your opinion the 150th verse, —

> In the wide womb of uncreated night,

— might not also have been omitted advantageously.

Landor. The sentence is long enough and full enough without it; and the omission would cause no visible gap.

Southey.

V. 226. Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counsel'd *ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,*
Not peace.

These words are spoken by the poet in his own person, very improperly: they would have suited the character of any fallen angel; but the reporter of the occurrence ought not to have delivered such a sentence.

V. 299. Which when Beelzebub perceived (than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat) with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of State. Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies.

Often and often have these verses been quoted, without a suspicion how strangely the corporeal is substituted for the moral. However Atlantean his shoulders might be, the weight of monarchies could no more be supported by them than by the shoulders of a grasshopper. The verses are sonorous; but they are unserviceable as an incantation to make a stout figure look like a pillar of State.

Landor. We have seen pillars of State which made no figure at all, and which are quite as misplaced as Milton's. But, seriously, the pillar's representative, if any figure but a metaphorical one could represent him, would hardly be brought to represent the said pillar by *rising* up; as, —

Beelzebub in his *rising* seem'd, &c.

His fondness for Latinisms induces him to write, —

V. 329. *What* sit we then projecting peace and war?

For "*Why sit we?*" as *quid* for *cur*. To my ear, *What sit* sounds less pleasingly than *Why sit.*

I have often wished that Cicero, who so delighted in har-

monious sentences, and was so studious of the closes, could have heard, —

V. 353. So was his will
Pronounced among the Gods, and, by an oath
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.

Although in the former part of the sentence two cadences are the same,—

So was his will,
And by an oath.

This is unhappy. But at verse 402 bursts forth again such a torrent of eloquence as there is nowhere else in the regions of poetry, although *strict* and *thick*, in v. 402, sound unpleasantly.

V. 594. The parching wind
Burns frore, *and cold performs the effect of fire!*

The latter part of this verse is redundant, and ruinous to the former.

Southey. Milton, like Dante, has mixed the Greek mythology with the Oriental. To hinder the damned from tasting a single drop of the *Lethe*, they are *ferried* over: —

V. 604. *Medusa* with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford.

It is strange that until now they never had explored the banks of the other four infernal rivers.

Landor. It appears to me that his imitation of Shakspeare, —

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice,

— is feeble. Never was poet so little made to imitate another. Whether he imitates a good or a bad one, the offence of his voluntary degradation is punished in general with ill success. Shakspeare, on the contrary, touches not even a worthless thing but he renders it precious.

Southey. To continue the last verse I was reading, —

And of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as *once* it fled
The lip of Tantalus.

No living wight had ever attempted to taste it; nor was it *this* water that fled the lip of Tantalus at any time; least of all can we imagine that it had already fled it. In the description of Sin and Death, and Satan's interview with them, there is a wonderful vigor of imagination and of thought, with such sonorous verse as Milton alone was capable of composing. But there is also much of what is odious and intolerable. The terrific is then sublime, and then only, when it fixes you in the midst of all your energies; and not when it weakens, nauseates, and repels you.

V. 678. God and his Son except,
Created thing not valued he.

This is not the only time when he has used such language, evidently with no other view than to defend it by his scholarship. But no authority can vindicate what is false, and no ingenuity can explain what is absurd. You have remarked it already in the *Imaginary Conversations*, referring to

The fairest of her daughters, Eve.

There is something not dissimilar in the form of expression, when we find on a sepulchral stone the most dreadful of denunciations against any who should violate it: —

Ultimus suum moriatur.

Landor. I must now be the reader. It is impossible to refuse the ear its satisfaction at

Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands
With shuddering horror pale and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They past, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death.

Now who would not rather have forfeited an estate, than that Milton should have ended so deplorably? —

Which God by curse
Created evil, *for evil only good,*
Where all life dies, death lives.

Southey. How Ovidian! This book would be greatly improved, not merely by the rejection of a couple such as these, but by the whole from verse 647 to verse 1007. The number would still be 705, — fewer by only sixty-four than the first would be after its reduction.

Verses 1088 and 1089 could be spared. Satan but little encouraged his followers by reminding them that, if they took the course he pointed out, they were

> So much the nearer danger;

nor was it necessary to remind them of the obvious fact by saying, —

> Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain.

Landor. In the third book the Invocation extends to fifty-five verses; of these, however, there are only two which you would expunge. He says to the *Holy Light*, —

> But thou
> Revisit'st not these eyes, that toil in vain
> To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,
> So thick a *drop serene* hath quencht their orbs,
> Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more, &c.

The fantastical Latin expression *gutta serena*, for amaurosis, was never received under any form into our language; and a *thick drop serene* would be nonsense in any. I think every reader would be contented with, —

> To find thy piercing ray. Yet not the more
> Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt, &c.

Southey. Pope is not highly reverent to Milton, or to God the Father, whom he calls a *school-divine*. The doctrines, in this place (v. 80) more Scripturally than poetically laid down, are apostolic. But Pope was unlikely to know it: for, while he was a papist, he was forbidden to read the Holy Scriptures; and, when he ceased to be a papist, he threw them overboard and clung to nothing. The fixedness of his opinions may be estimated by his having written at the commencement of his *Essay*, first, —

> A mighty maze, a maze without a plan;

And then, —

A mighty maze, *but not* without a plan.

After the seventy-sixth verse, I wish the poet had abstained from writing all the rest until we come to 345 ; and that after the 382d, from all that precede the 418th. Again, all between 462 and 497. This about the Fool's Paradise, —

The indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,

— is too much in the manner of Dante, whose poetry, admirable as it often is, is at all times very far removed from the dramatic and the epic.

Landor. Verse 586 is among the few inharmonious in this poem, —

Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep.

There has lately sprung up among us a Vulcan-descended body of splay-foot poets, who, unwilling

Incudi reddere versus,

or unable to hammer them into better shape and more solidity, tell us how necessary it is to shovel in the dust of a discord now and then. But Homer and Sophocles and Virgil could do without it.

What a beautiful expression is there in verse 546, which I do not remember that any critic has noticed ! —

Obtains the brow of some *high-climbing* hill.

Here the hill itself is instinct with life and activity.

Verse 574. "*But up or down*" in "*longitude*" are not worth the parenthesis.

V. 109. Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost.

Nothing more surprises me in Milton than that his ear should have endured this verse.

Southey. How admirably contrasted with the malignant spirit of Satan, in all its intensity, is the scene of Paradise which opens at verse 131 ! The change comes naturally and necessarily to accomplish the order of events.

The fourth book contains several imperfections. The six

verses after 166 efface the delightful impression we had just received.

> At one slight *bound* high overleapt all *bound*.

Such a play on words, so grave a pun, is unpardonable: and such a prodigious leap is ill represented by the feat of a wolf in a sheepfold; and still worse by

> A thief bent to unhoard the *cash*
> Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
> *Cross-barr'd and bolted fast*, fear no assault,
> *In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles*.

Landor. This "in at the window" is very unlike the "bound high above all bound;" and *climbing* "o'er the tiles" is the practice of a more deliberate burglar.

> So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.

I must leave the lewd hirelings where I find them: they are too many for me. I would gladly have seen omitted all between verses 160 and 205.

Southey.

> Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
> Grazing the tender herb.

There had not yet been time for flocks, or even for one flock.

Landor. At verse 297 commences a series of verses so harmonious that my ear is impatient of any other poetry for several days after I have read them. I mean those which begin, —

> For contemplation he and valor formed,
> For softness she and sweet attractive grace;

and ending with, —

> And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Southey. Here, indeed, is the triumph of our language, and I should say of our poetry, if, in your preference of Shakspeare, you could endure my saying it. But, since we seek

faults rather than beauties this morning, tell me whether you are quite contented with, —

> She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
> Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
> As the vine curls her tendrils ; *which implied*
> *Subjection, but required with gentle sway,*
> *And by her yielded, by him best received.*

Landor. Stopping there, you break the link of harmony just above the richest jewel that poetry ever wore : —

> Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

I would rather have written these two lines than all the poetry that has been written since Milton's time in all the regions of the earth. We shall see again things equal in their way to the best of them ; but here the sweetest of images and sentiments is seized and carried far away from all pursuers. Never tell me, what I think is already on your lips, that the golden tresses in their wanton ringlets implied nothing like subjection. Take away, if you will, —

> And by her yielded, by him best received ;

and all until you come to, —

> Under a tuft of shade.

Southey. In verse 388, I wish he had employed some other epithet for *innocence* than *harmless.*

Verses 620 and 621 might be spared : —

> While other animals *inactive* range,
> *And of their doings God takes no account.*

V. 660. Daughter of God and *man*, accomplisht Eve !

Surely she was not daughter of *man ;* and, of all the words that Milton has used in poetry or prose, this *accomplisht* is the worst. In his time it had already begun to be understood in the sense it bears at present.

Verse 674. "*These, then, tho'*," — harsh sounds so near together.

V. 700. *Mosaic;* underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more colored than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

The *broidery* and *mosaic* should not be set quite so closely and distinctly before our eyes. I think the passage might be much improved by a few defalcations. Let me read it: —

The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth.

I dare not handle the embroidery. Is not this sufficiently verbose?

Landor. Quite.

Southey. Yet, if you look into your book again, you will find a gap as wide as the bank on either side of it: —

On either side
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses and jessamin
Reared *high* their *flourished* heads between, and *wrought Mosaic.*

He had before told us that there was every tree of *fragrant* leaf: we wanted not "each *odorous* shrub." Nor can we imagine how it *fenced up* a verdant wall: it constituted one itself; one very unlike any thing else in Paradise, and more resembling the topiary artifices which had begun to flourish in France. Here is indeed an exuberance, and "a wanton growth that mocks our scant manuring."

In shadier bower
More sacred and sequestered, *though but feign'd,*
Pan or Sylvanus never slept. — V. 705.

He takes especial heed to guard us against the snares of Paganism, at the expense of his poetry. In Italian books, as you remember, where Fate, Fortune, Pan, Apollo, or any mythological personage is named incidentally, notice is given at the beginning that no harm is intended thereby to the Holy

Catholic-Apostolic religion. But harm is done on this occasion, where it is intended just as little.

> On him *who had stole* Jove's authentic fire.

This is a very weak and unsatisfactory verse. By one letter it may be much improved, — *stolen*, which also has the advantage of rendering it grammatical. The word *who* coalesces with *had*. Of such coalescences the poetry of Milton is full. In five consecutive lines you find three: —

> Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might
> To execute his vengeance on his foes,
> Not so on man; him through their malice fallen,
> Father of mercy and grace thou didst not doom
> So strictly, but much more to pity inclined.

V. 722. The God that made *both* sky, air, earth, and heaven.

Both must signify two things or persons, and never can signify more.

From verse 735 I would willingly see all removed until we come to, —

> Hail, wedded love!

After these eight I would reject thirteen.

In verses 73 and 74 there is an unfortunate recurrence of sound: —

> The flowery roof
> Showered roses which the morn *repaired*. Sleep on,
> Blest *pair!*

And somewhat worse in the continuation, —

> And O yet happiest, if ye seek
> *No* happier state, and *know to know no more.*

Five similar sounds in ten syllables, beside the affectation of "know to know."

> V. 780. To their night watches in warlike parade,

is not only a slippery verse in the place where it stands, but is really a verse of quite another metre. And I question whether you are better satisfied with the word *parade*.

V. 813. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, *laid*
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumored war.

Its fitness for the tun and its convenience for the magazine adapt it none the better to poetry. Would there be any detriment to the harmony or the expression, if we skip over that verse, reading, —

Stored
Against a rumored war ?

Landor. No harm to either. The verses 333 and 334, I perceive, have the same cesura, and precisely that which rhyme chooses in preference, and Milton in his blank verse admits the least frequently.

A faithful leader, not to hazard all,
Through ways of danger by himself untried.

Presently, what a flagellation he inflicts on the traitor Monk ! —

To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, *but a liar traced.*

When he loses his temper he loses his poetry, in this place and most others. But such coarse hemp and wire were well adapted to the stripped shoulders they scourged.

Satan ! and couldst thou *faithful* add ? O name !
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned !
Faithful ! to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head,
Was this your discipline and faith engaged ?
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme ?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawned and cringed ?

You noticed the rhyme of *supreme* and *seem*. Great heed should be taken against this grievous fault, not only in the final syllables of blank verse, but also in the cesuras. In our blank verse, it is less tolerable than in the Latin heroic, where Ovid and Lucretius, and Virgil himself, are not quite exempt from it.

Southey. It is very amusing to read Johnson for his notions of harmony. He quotes these exquisite verses, and says, "There are two lines in this passage more remarkably inharmonious."

> This delicious place,
> For us too large, *where thy* abundance wants
> Partakers, and uncropt *falls to* the ground.

There are few so dull as to be incapable of perceiving the beauty of the rhythm in the last. Johnson goes out of his way to censure the best thought and the best verse in Cowley: —

> And the soft wings of Peace *cover him* round.

Certainly, it is not iambic where he wishes it to be. Milton, like the Italian poets, was rather too fond of this cadence; but, in the instances which Johnson has pointed out for reprobation, it produces a fine effect. So in the verse, —

> Not Typhon huge, ending in smoky wire.

It does the same in *Samson Agonistes:* —

> Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
> This unfrequented place, to find some ease, —
> Ease to the body some, *none to* the mind.

Johnson tells us that the third and seventh are weak syllables, and that the period leaves the ear unsatisfied. Milton's ear happened to be satisfied by these pauses; and so will any ear be that is not (or was not intended by nature to be) nine fair inches long. Johnson is sensible of the harmony which is produced by the pause on the sixth syllable; but commends it for no better reason than because it forms a complete verse of itself. There can be no better reason against it.

In regard to the pause at the third syllable, it is very singular and remarkable that Milton never has paused for three lines together on any other. In the 327th, 328th, and 329th of *Paradise Lost*, are these: —

> His swift pursuers from heaven's gates pursue
> The advantage, and descending tread us down,
> Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
> Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Another, whose name I have forgotten, has censured in like manner the defection and falling off in the seventh syllable of that very verse, which I remember your quoting as among the innumerable proofs of the poet's exquisite sensibility and judgment, —

> And toward the gate *rolling* her bestial train,

where another would have written

> And rolling toward the gate, &c.

On the same occasion, you praised Thomson very highly for having once written a most admirable verse where an ordinary one was obvious: —

> And tremble every feather with desire.

Pope would certainly have preferred

> And every feather trembles with desire.

So would Dryden, probably. Johnson, who censures some of the most beautiful lines in Milton, praises one in Virgil, with as little judgment. He says, "We hear the passing arrow," —

> Et fugit *horrendùm stridens* elapsa sagitta.

Now there never was an arrow in the world that made a *horrible stridor* in its course. The only sound is a very slight one occasioned by the feather. Homer would never have fallen into such an incongruity.

How magnificent is the close of this fourth book, from, —

> Then when I am thy captive!

Landor. I do not agree to the use of golden scales, not figurative but real jeweller's gold, for weighing events: —

> *Battles* and realms. In these he put two *weights*,
> The sequel each of parting and of fight;
> The latter *quick* up-flew and *kicked* the beam.

To pass over the slighter objection of *quick* and *kick* as displeasing to the ear, the vulgarity of *kicking the beam* is intolerable. He might as well, among his angels, and among

sights and sounds befitting them, talk of *kicking the bucket*. Here, again, he pays a penalty for trespassing.

Southey. I doubt whether (fifth book) there ever was a poet in a warm or temperate climate, who at some time or other of his life has not written about the nightingale. But no one rivals or approaches Milton in his fondness or his success. However, at the beginning of this book, in a passage full of beauty, there are two expressions, and the first of them relates to the nightingale, which I disapprove: —

> Tunes sweetest his *love-labored song*. — V. 41.

In *love-labored*, the ear is gained over by the sweetness of the sound; but in the nightingale's song there is neither the reality nor the appearance of labor.

> *Sets off* the face of things, — V. 43,

is worthier of Addison than of Milton.

> But know that in the soul, &c. — V. 100.

This philosophy on dreams, expounded by Adam, could never have been hitherto the fruit of his experience or his reflection.

Landor.

> These are thy glorious works, &c. — V. 152.

Who could imagine that Milton, who translated the Psalms worse than any man ever translated them before or since, should in this glorious hymn have made the 148th so much better than the original? But there is a wide difference between being bound to the wheels of a chariot and guiding it. He has ennobled that more noble one, —

> O all ye works of the Lord, &c.

But in

> Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
> From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
> Till the sun *paint* your fleecy skirts with *gold*, &c.

Such a verse might be well ejected from any poem whatsoever; but here its prettiness is quite insufferable. Adam never knew any thing either of paint or gold. But, casting

out this devil of a verse, surely so beautiful a psalm or hymn never rose to the Creator.

Southey. "No fear lest dinner cool" (v. 396) might as well never have been thought of: it seems a little too jocose. The speech of Raphael to Adam, on the subject of eating and drinking and the consequences, is neither angelic nor poetical; but the Sun *supping* with the Ocean is at least Anacreontic, and not very much debased by Cowley.

> So *down they sat*
> And to their viands *fell.*

Landor.

> Meanwhile the eternal eye, whose sight discerns
> Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount
> And from within the golden lamps that burn
> Nightly before him, saw without their light
> Rebellion rising, &c.
> And smiling to his only Son thus said, &c.—V. 711.

Bentley, and several such critics of poetry, are sadly puzzled, perplexed, and irritated at this. One would take refuge with the first grammar he can lay hold on, and cry *pars pro toto;* another strives hard for another suggestion. But if Milton by accident had written both *Eternal* and *Eye* with a capital letter at the beginning, they would have perceived that he had used a noble and sublime expression for the Deity. No one is offended at the words: "It is the will of Providence," or "It is the will of the Almighty;" yet Providence is that which *sees before*, and *will* is different from *might.* True it is that Providence and Almighty are qualities converted into appellations, and are well known to signify the Supreme Being; but if the Eternal Eye is less well known to signify him, or not known at all, that is no reason why it should be thought inapplicable. It might be used injudiciously: for instance, the *right hand* of the Eternal Eye would be singularly so; but *smiles* not. The Eternal Eye *speaks* to his only Son. This is more incomprehensible to the critics than the preceding. And truly if that eye were like ours, and the organ of speech like ours also, it might be strange. Yet the very same good people have often heard without wonder of a *speaking* eye in a very ordinary person, and are conversant with poets who precede an expostulation, or an entreaty for

a reply with "*Lux* mea." There is a much greater fault, which none of them has observed, in the beginning of the speech: —

> Son! thou in whom my glory I behold
> In full resplendence! *heir* of all my might.

Now an *heir* is the future and not the present possessor; and he to whom he is heir must be extinct before he comes into possession. But this is nothing if you compare it with what follows, a few lines below: —

> Let us advise and to this hazard draw
> With speed what force is left, and all employ
> In our defence, *lest unawares we lose*
> *This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.*

Such expressions of derision are very ill-applied, and derogate much from the majesty of the Father. We may well imagine that far different thoughts occupied the Divine mind at the defection of innumerable angels, and their inevitable and everlasting punishment.

Southey. The critics do not agree on the meaning of the words, —

> Much less for *this* to be our Lord. — V. 799.

Nothing, I think, can be clearer, even without the explanation which is given by Abdiel in verse 813: —

> Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
> The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn
> That to *his only Son*, by right endued
> With royal sceptre, every soul in heaven
> *Shall bend the knee?*

V. 860. There are those who cannot understand the plainest things, yet who can admire every fault that any clever man has committed before. Thus, *beseeching* or *besieging*, spoken by an angel, is thought proper, and perhaps beautiful, because a quibbler in a Latin comedy says, *amentium haud amantium*. It appears, then, on record that the first overt crime of the refractory angels was *punning:* they fell rapidly after that.

Landor.

> *These tidings carry to the anointed king.* — V. 870.

Whatever *anointing* the kings of the earth may have undergone, the King of Heaven had no occasion for it. Who anointed him? When did his reign commence?

Through the infinite host. — V. 874.

Although our poet would have made no difficulty of accenting "infinite" as we do, and as he himself has done in other places, I am inclined to think that the accent is here on the second syllable. He does not always accentuate the same word in the same place. In verse 889, Bentley and the rest are in a bustle about, —

Well didst thou advise;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked hosts devoted, lest the wrath, &c.

One suggests one thing, another another; but nothing is more simple and easy than the construction, if you put a portion of the second verse in a parenthesis, thus, —

Yet (not for thy advice or threats), &c.

Southey. The archangel Michael is commanded (Book VI., v. 44) to do what the Almighty, who commands it, gave him not strength to do, as we find in the sequel, and what was reserved for the prowess of the Messiah.

Landor. V. 115. "Whose faith and realty," &c. Bentley, more unlucky than ever, here would substitute *fealty*, as it there were any difference between *fealty* and *faith: reale* and *leale* are the same in Italian.

Southey.

Before thy fellows, ambitious to win, &c. — V. 160.

Surely this line is a very feeble one, and where so low a tone is not requisite for the harmony or effect of the period. But the battle of Satan and Michael is worth all the battles in all other poets. I wish, however, I had not found

A stream of *nectarous* humor issuing.

The *ichor* of Homer has lost its virtue by exposure and

application to ordinary use. Yet even this would have been better.

> Forthwith on all sides to his aid *was run*
> By angels.

This Latinism is inadmissible; there is no loophole in our language for its reception. He once uses the same form in his History: "Now was fought eagerly on both sides." Even here the word *it* should have preceded, and the phrase would still remain a stiff intractable Latinism. In the remainder of this book there are much graver faults, amid highest beauty. Surely it was unworthy of Milton to follow Ariosto and Spenser, and many others, in dragging up his cannon from hell; although it is not, as in the *Faërie Queen*, represented to us distinctly, —

> *Ram'd with bullets round.*

Landor. I wish he had omitted all from verse 483, —

> Which into hollow engines, *long and round*
> Thick ramm'd at *the other bore*,

— down to 525; and again from 545, "barbed with fire," to verse 627, where the wit, which Milton calls the *pleasant vein*, is worthy of newly-made devils who never had heard any before, and falls as foul on the poetry as on the antagonist.

> Their *armor* helpt their *harm*.

Here *helpt* means *increased*. A few lines above, we find "*Light* as the *lightning* glimpse." We should have quite enough of this description if at verse 628 we substituted *but* for *so*, and continued to verse 644, "They pluckt the seated hills," skipping over all until we reach 654, —

> Which in the air, &c.

Southey. I think I would go much farther, and make larger defalcations. I would lop off the whole from "Spirits of purest light," verse 661 to 831; then (for *He*) reading, "God on his impious foes," as far as 843, "his ire." Again, omitting nine verses, to "yet half his strength." The 866th line is not a verse: it is turned out of an Italian mould, but in a

state too fluid and incohesive to stand in English. This book should close with, —

> Hell at last
> Yearning received them whole, and on them clos'd.

Landor. The poem would indeed be much the better for all the omissions you propose; if you could anywhere find room for those verses which begin at the 760th, "He in celestial panoply," and end with that sublime, —

> He onward came: far off his coming shone.

The remainder, both for the subject and the treatment of it, may be given up without a regret. The last verse of the book falls "succiso poplite," —

> Remember; *and fear to transgress.*

Beautiful as are many parts of the Invocation at the commencement of the seventh book, I should more gladly have seen it without the first forty lines, and beginning, —

> The affable archangel.

Southey.

> But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
> Her temperance over appetite.

He might have ended here. He goes on thus: —

> To know
> In measure what the mind may well contain.

Even this does not satisfy him: he adds, —

> Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
> Wisdom to folly, as *nourishment to wind.*

Now, certainly Adam could never yet have known any thing about the meaning of surfeit; and we may suspect that the angel himself must have been just as ignorant on a section of physics which never had existed in the world below, and must have been without analogy in the world above.

Landor. His supper with Adam was unlikely to produce a surfeit.

> *At least* our envious foe hath fail'd. — V. 139.

There is no meaning in *at least:* "at *last*" would be little better. I would not be captious nor irreverent; but surely the words which Milton gives as spoken by the Father to the Son bear the appearance of boastfulness and absurdity. The Son must already have known both the potency and will of the Father. How incomparably more judicious, after five terrific verses, comes at once, without any intervention, —

> Silence, ye troubled waves! and thou deep, peace!

If we can imagine any thought or expression at all worthy of the Deity, we find it here. In verse 242 we have another specimen of Milton's consummate art: —

> And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

Unhappily, he permitted his learning to render him verbose immediately after: —

> "Let there be light," said God, and forthwith light
> Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
> Sprung from the deep.

The intermediate verse is useless and injurious; beside, according to his own account, light was not "first of things." He represents it springing from "the deep" after the earth had "hung on her centre," and long after the waters had been apparent. We do not want philosophy in the poem: we only want consistency.

Southey. There is no part of Milton's poetry where harmony is preserved, together with conciseness, so remarkably as in the verses beginning with 312, and ending at 338; but in the midst of this beautiful description of the young earth, we find

> The bush with *frizzled* hair *implicit.*

But what poet or painter ever in an equal degree has raised our admiration of beasts, fowls, and fish? I know you have objected to the repetition of *shoal* in the word *scull.*

Landor. Shoal is a corruption of *scull*, which ought to be restored, serving the other with an ejectment to another place. Nor do I like *fry.* But the birds never looked so beautiful

since they left Paradise. Let me read, however, three or four verses in order to offer a remark: —

> Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
> Their downy breast: the swan with arched neck
> Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
> Her state with oary feet, yet oft they quit
> The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower, &c.

Frequently, as the great poet pauses at the ninth syllable, it is incredible that he should have done it thrice in the space of five verses. For which reason, and as nothing is to be lost by it, I would place the comma after *mantling*. No word in the whole compass of our language has been so often ill applied or misunderstood by the poet as this.

Southey.

> Speed to describe whose swiftness number fails.
> Book VIII., v. 38.

Adam could have had no notion of swiftness in the heavenly bodies or the earth: it is among the latest and most wonderful of discoveries.

Landor. Let us rise to Eve, and throw aside our algebra. The great poet is always greatest at this beatific vision. I wish, however, he had omitted the 46th and 47th verses, and also the 60th, 61st, 62d, and 63d. There is a beautiful irregularity in the 62d, —

> And from about her shot darts of desire.

But when he adds, "Into *all* eyes," as there were but four, we must except the angel's two: the angel had no occasion for wishing to see what he was seeing.

> He his fabric of the heavens
> Hath left to their disputes, *perhaps to move*
> His laughter.

I cannot well entertain this opinion of the Creator's risible faculties and propensities. Milton here carries his anthropomorphism much farther than the poem (which needed a good deal of it) required.

Southey. I am sorry to find a verse of twelve syllables in

216. I mean to say where no syllables coalesce; in which case there are several which contain that number unobjectionably.

Landor. In my opinion, a greater fault is to be found in the passage beginning at verse 286: —

> There gentle sleep
> First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
> My drowsied sense, untroubled, though I thought
> I then was passing to my former state,
> Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.

How could he think he was passing into a state of which, at that time, he knew nothing?

> Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve! — V. 291.

Magnificent verse, and worthy of Milton in his own person: but Adam, in calling her thus, is somewhat too poetical, and too presumptuous; for what else does he call her, but "daughter of God and *me*"? Now the idea of *daughter* could never, by any possibility, have yet entered his mind.

> *Affronts* us with his foul esteem
> Of our integrity: his foul esteem
> Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns
> Foul on himself. — V. 328.

The word *affront* is to be taken in its plain English sense, not in its Italian; but what a jingle and clash and clumsy play of words! In verse 353, I find, "But bid her well be ware;" and *be ware* is very properly in two words: so should *be gone*, and *can not*.

> To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared. — V. 299.

This verse is too slippery, too Italian.

> What thinkest thou then of me and this my state?
> Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
> Of happiness or not, who am alone
> From all eternity? for none I know
> Second to me or like, equal much less. — V. 403.

This comes with an ill grace, after the long consultation which the Father had holden with the Son, equal (we are taught to believe) in the godhead.

Southey.

And through *all numbers absolute*, though one. — V. 421.

I wish he had had the courage to resist this pedantic, quibbling Latinism. Our language has never admitted the phrase, and never will admit it.

Landor. I have struck it out, you see, and torn the paper in doing so. In verse 576, —

Made so *adorn*, &c.

I regret that we have lost this beautiful adjective, which was well worth bringing from Italy. Here follows some very bad reasoning on love, which (being human love) the angel could know nothing about, and speaks accordingly. He adds, —

In loving thou dost well, in passion not.

Now love, to be perfect, should consist of passion and sentiment, in parts as nearly equal as possible, with somewhat of the material to second them.

Southey. We are come to the ninth book, from which I would cast away the first forty-seven verses.

Landor. Judiciously. In the 81st you will find a verb singular for two substantives, "the land where flows Ganges and Indus." The small fry will carp at this, which is often an elegance; but oftener in Greek than in Latin, in Latin than in French, in French than in English. Here follow some of the dullest lines in Milton: —

Him, after long debate irresolute
Of thoughts resolved, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestion hide
From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake
Whatever sleights, *none* would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtilty
Proceeding, which in other beasts observed,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.

Not to insist on the prosaic of the passage, we may inquire who could be suspicious, or who could know any thing about his wit and subtilty? He had been created but a few days; and probably no creature (brute, human, or angelic) had

ever taken the least notice of him, or heard any thing of his propensities. "*Diabolic* power" had taken no such direction; and the serpent was so obscure a brute that the Devil himself knew scarcely where to find him. When, however, he did find him, —

> In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
> His head the midst, *well stored with subtile wiles*,

— he made the most of him. But why had he hitherto borne so bad a character? Who had ever yet been a sufferer by his wit and subtilty? In the very next verses, the poet says he was —

> Not nocent yet; but on the grassy herb
> Fearless, unfear'd, he slept.

Southey. These are the contradictions of a dreamer. Horace has said of Homer, "aliquando bonus *dormitat*." This really is no napping; it is heavy snoring. But how fresh and vigorous he rises the next moment! And we are carried by him, we know not how, into the presence of Eve, and help her to hold down the strong and struggling woodbine for the arbor. I wish Milton had forgotten the manner of Euripides in his dull reflections, and had not forced into Adam's mouth, —

> For nothing lovelier can be found
> In woman than to *study household good*,
> And good works in her husband to promote.

All this is very true, but very tedious, and very out of place.

Landor. Let us come into the open air again with her. I wish she had not confessed such a predilection for

> The smell of sweetest *fennel*. — V. 581;

for, although it is said to be very pleasant to serpents, no serpent had yet communicated any of his tastes to womankind. Again, I suspect you would wish our good Milton a little farther from the schools, when he tells Eve that

> The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
> Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
> Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

But how fully and nobly he compensates the inappropriate thought by the most appropriate! —

> Just then return'd *at shut of evening flowers.*

Southey.

> To whom the wily *adder*, blithe and glad. — V. 625.

I strongly object to the word *adder*, which reduces the grand serpent to very small dimensions. It never is, or has been, applied to any other species than the little ugly venomous viper of our country. Of such a reptile, it never could be said that

> He *swiftly* roll'd
> In *tangles.*

Nor that

> Hope elevates, and joy
> Brightens his crest.

Here, again, Homer would have run into no such error. But error is more pardonable than wantonness, such as he commits in verse 648: —

> *Fruitless* to me, though *fruit* be here to excess.

Landor. You have often, no doubt, repeated in writing a word you had written just before. Milton has done it inadvertently in

> While each part,
> Motion, *each* act, won audience ere the tongue, &c. — V. 674.

Evidently *each* should be *and.* Looking at the tempter in the shape of an *adder*, as he is last represented to us, there is something which prepares for a smile on the face of Eve, when he says, —

> *Look on me,*
> Me, who have touched and tasted, yet both *live*
> And life more perfect have attained than fate
> Meant me.

Now certainly the adder was the most hideous creature that ever had crossed her path; and she had no means of knowing, unless by taking his own word for it, that he was a bit wiser

than the rest. Indeed, she had heard the voices of many long before she had heard his; and, as they all excelled him in stateliness, she might well imagine they were by no means inferior to him in intellect, and were more likely by their conformation to have reached and eaten the apple, although they held their tongues. In verse 781, —

> She plucked, she *eat*,
> Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her *seat*, &c.

Surely he never wrote *eat* for *ate;* nor would he admit a rhyme where he could at least palliate it. But although we met together for the purpose of plucking out the weeds and briars of this boundless and most glorious garden, and not of overlauding the praises of others, we must admire the wonderful skill of Milton in this section of his work. He represents Eve as beginning to be deceitful and audacious; as ceasing to fear, and almost as ceasing to reverence the Creator; and shuddering not at extinction itself, until she thinks

> Of Adam wedded to another Eve.

Southey. We shall lose our dinner, our supper, and our sleep, if we expatiate on the innumerable beauties of the volume: we have scarcely time to note the blemishes. Among these, —

> In her face excuse
> Came prologue and apology less prompt.

There is a levity and impropriety in thus rushing on the stage. I think the Verses 957, 958, and 959 superfluous, and somewhat dull; beside that they are the repetition of verses 915 and 916 in his soliloquy.

Landor. I wish that after verse 1003, —

> Wept at completing of the mortal sin,

— every verse were omitted, until we reach the 1821st.

> They sat them down to weep.

A very natural sequence. We should indeed lose some fine poetry; in which, however, there are passages which even the sanctitude of Milton is inadequate to veil decorously.

At all events, we should get fairly rid of "*Herculean* Samson." V. 1060.

Southey. But you would also lose such a flood of harmony as never ran on earth beyond that Paradise. I mean, —

> How shall I behold the face
> Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
> And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes
> Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze,
> Insufferably bright. Oh! might I here
> In solitude live savage! in some glade
> Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
> To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
> And brown as evening. Cover me, ye pines.
> Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs,
> Hide me, where I may never see them more.

Landor. Certainly, when we read these verses, the ear is closed against all others, for the day, or even longer. It sometimes is a matter of amusement to hear the sillinesses of good men conversing on poetry; but when they lift up some favorite on their shoulders, and tell us to look at one equal in height to Milton, I feel strongly inclined to scourge the more prominent fool of the two, the moment I can discover which it is.

Southey.

> Long they sat, as *strucken mute.* — V. 104.

Stillingfleet says, "This vulgar expression may owe its origin to the stories in romances of the effect of the magical wand." Nothing more likely. How many modes of speech are called vulgar, in a contemptuous sense, which, because of their propriety and aptitude, strike the senses of all who hear them, and remain in the memory during the whole existence of the language! This is one, and although of daily parlance, it is highly poetical, and among the few flowers of romance that retain their freshness and odor.

Landor.

> For what can 'scape the eye, &c. — Book X., v. 5.

When we find in Milton such words as *'scape*, *'sdain*, &c., with the sign of elision in front of them, we may attribute such a sign to the wilfulness of the printer, and the indifference of the

author in regard to its correction. He wrote both words without it, from the Italian *scappare* and *sdegnare*. In verse 19, —

Made haste to *make* appear,

— is negligence or worse ; but incomparably worse still is,—

And usher in
The evening cool, when he from wrath *more cool*. — V. 95.

Southey. In 120, he writes *revile* (a substantive) for *rebuke*. In 100 and 131 are two verses of similar pauses in the same place: —

I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint.

The worst of it is, that the words become a verse, and a less heavy one, by tagging the two pieces together.

And not expose to blame by my complaint.

I agree with you that, in blank verse, the pause, after the fourth syllable, which Pope and Johnson seem to like the best, is very tiresome if often repeated ; and Milton seldom falls into it. But he knew where to employ it with effect: for example, in this sharp reproof, twice over. Verses 143 and 146: —

Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice ?

In verse 155 he represents the Almighty using a most unseemly metaphor: —

Which was thy part
And person.

A metaphor taken from the masks of the ancient stage certainly ill suits "His part and person."

Landor. Here are seven (v. 175) such vile verses, and forming so vile a sentence, that it appears to me a part of God's malediction must have fallen on them on their way from *Genesis*. In 195, he says, —

Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit: he over thee shall rule.

The Deity had commanded the latter part from the beginning: it now comes as the completion of the curse.

Verse 198 is no verse at all.

> Because thou hast *harkened* to the voice of thy wife.

There are very few who have not done this, *bon-grè mal-grè*, and many have thought it curse enough of itself; poor Milton, no doubt, among the rest.

Southey. I suspect you will abate a little of your hilarity, if you continue to read from verse 220 about a dozen: they are most oppressive.

> I shall not lag behind, nor err
> The way thou leading.

Such is the punctuation; wrong, I think. I would read, —

> I shall not lag behind nor err,
> The way thou leading.

Landor. He was very fond of this Latinism; but to *err a way* is neither Latin idiom nor English. From 292 to 316, what a series of verses! — a structure more magnificent and wonderful than the terrific bridge itself, the construction of which required the united work of the two great vanquishers of all mankind.

Southey. Pity that he could not abstain from a pun at the bridge-foot, "by wondrous art *pontifical*." In verse 348 he recurs to the word *pontifice*. A few lines above, I mean verse 315, there must be a parenthesis. The verses are printed, —

> Following the track
> Of Satan to the self-same place where he
> First lighted from his wing and landed safe
> From out of chaos, to the outside bare
> Of this round world.

I would place all the words after "Satan," including *chaos*, in a parenthesis; else we must alter the second *to* for *on*; and it is safer and more reverential to correct the punctuation of a great poet than the slightest word. Bentley is much addicted to this impertinence.

Landor. In his emendations, as he calls them, both of Milton and of Horace, for one happy conjecture he makes at

least twenty wrong, and ten ridiculous. In the Greek poets, and sometimes in Terence, he, beyond the rest of the pack, was often brought into the trail by scenting an unsoundness in the metre. But let me praise him where few think of praising him, or even of suspecting his superiority. He wrote better English than his adversary Middleton, and established for his university that supremacy in classical literature which it still retains.

In verse 369 I find "Thou us empower*ed*." This is ungrammatical: it should be empower*edst*, since it relates to time past. Had it related to time present, it would still be wrong: it should then be empower*est*. I wonder that Bentley has not remarked this, for it lay within his competence.

Southey. That is no reason why he omitted to remark it. I like plain English so much that I cannot refrain from censuring the phraseology of verse 345, "With joy and tidings fraught," meaning *joyful tidings*, and defended by Virgil's *munera lætitiamque dei*. Phrases are not good, whether in Latin or English, which do not convey their meaning unbroken and unobstructed. The best understanding would with difficulty master such expressions, of which the signification is traditional from the grammarians, but beyond the bounds of logic, or even the liberties of speech. You, who have ridiculed Virgil's *odor attulit auras*, and many similar foolish tricks committed by him, will pardon my animadversion on a smaller (though no small) fault in Milton.

Landor. Right. Again I go forward to punctuation. Bentley is puzzled again at verse 368. It is printed with the following: —

> Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
> Within hell-gates till now; thou us empower'd
> To fortify thus far, and overlay
> With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.

The punctuation should be, —

> Thou hast achieved our liberty: confined
> Within hell-gates till now, thou us empoweredst, &c.

I wonder that Milton should a second time have committed so grave a grammatical fault as he does in writing "thou empower*ed*," instead of empowered*st*. Verse 380, —

Parted by the empyreal bounds,
His *quadrature*, from thy orbicular world.

Again the schoolmen, and the crazy philosophers who followed them. It was believed that the empyrean is a quadrangle, because in the *Revelation* the Holy City is square. It is lamentable that Milton should throw overboard such prodigious stores of poetry and wisdom, and hug with such pertinacity the ill-tied bladders of crude learning. But see him here again in all his glory. I wish indeed he had rejected "the plebeian angel militant," and that we might read, missing four verses, —

He through the midst *unmaskt*
Ascended his high throne.

What noble verses, fifteen together!

Southey. It is much to be regretted that most of the worst verses and much of the foulest language are put into the mouth of the Almighty. For instance, verse 630, &c. I am afraid you will be less tolerant here than you were about the quadrature.

My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth . . .
. . . till crammed and gorged, nigh burst . . .
With suckt and glutted offal.

We are come

To the other five,
Their planetary motions and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite —
Like change on sea and land; *sideral* blast. — V. 693.

Although he is partial to this scansion, I am inclined to believe that here he wrote *sidereal;* because the same scansion as *sideral* recurs in the close of the verse next but one: —

Now *from the* north.

And, if it is not too presumptuous, I should express a doubt whether the poet wrote

Is his wrath also? Be it: man is not so.

Not so and *also*, in this position, are disagreeable to the ear; which might have been avoided by omitting the unnecessary *so* at the close.

Landor. You are correct. "*Ay me.*" So I find it spelled (v. 813), not *ah me!* as usually. It is wonderful that, of all things borrowed, we should borrow the expression of grief. One would naturally think that every nation had its own, and indeed every man his. *Ay me!* is the *ahime!* of the Italians. *Ahi lasso!* is also theirs. Our *gadso*, less poetical and sentimental, comes also from them: we need not look for the root.

Southey. Again I would curtail a long and somewhat foul excrescence, terminating with coarse invectives against the female sex, and with reflections more suitable to the character and experience of Milton than of Adam. I would insert my pruning-knife at verse 871, —

> To warn all creatures from thee —

and cut clean through, quite to "household peace confound," verse 908.

Landor. The reply of Eve is exquisitely beautiful, especially, —

> Both have sinned, but thou
> Against God only, I against God and thee.

At last her voice fails her, —

> Me, me only, just object of his ire.

Bentley, and thousands more, would read, "Me, only me!" But Milton did not write for Bentley, nor for those thousands more. Similar, in the trepidation of grief, is Virgil's "Me, me, adsum qui feci," &c.

> Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
> That show no end but death, and have the power
> Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
> Destruction with destruction to destroy. — V. 1003, &c.

This punctuation is perhaps the best yet published: but, after all, it renders the sentence little better than nonsense. Eve, according to this, talks at once of hesitation and of choice, "shivering under fears," and both of them "choosing the shortest way;" yet she expostulates with Adam why

he is not ready to make the choice. The perplexity would be solved by writing thus : —

> Why stand we longer shivering under fears
> That show no end but death ? and have the power
> Of many ways to die ! the shortest choose —
> Destruction with destruction to destroy.

If we persist in retaining the participle *choosing*, instead of the imperative *choose*, grammar, sense, and spirit, all escape us. I am convinced that it was an oversight of the transcriber ; and we know how easily, in our own works, faults to which the eye and ear are accustomed escape our detection, and we are surprised when they are first pointed out to us.

Southey. I wish you could mend as easily, —

> On me the curse aslope
> *Glanced on the ground :* with labor I must earn, &c. — V. 1053.

Landor. In the very first verse of the eleventh book, Milton is resolved to display his knowledge of the Italian idiom. We left Adam and Eve *prostrate ;* and prostrate he means that they should still appear to us, although he writes, —

> Thus they, in loneliest plight, repentant *stood*
> Praying.

Stavano pregando would signify *they continued praying.* The Spaniards have the same expression : the French, who never stand still on any occasion, are without it.

Southey. It is piteous that Milton, in all his strength, is forced to fall back on the old fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha. And the prayers which the Son of God presents to the Father in a "golden censer, mixed with incense," had never yet been offered to the Mediator, and required no such accompaniment or conveyance. There are some noble lines beginning at verse 72 ; but one of them is prosaic in itself, and its discord is profitless to the others. In verse 86, —

> Of that *defended* fruit,

— I must remark that Milton is not quite exempt from the evil spirit of saying things for the mere pleasure of defending

them. Chaucer used the word *defend* as the English of education then used it, in common with the French. It was obsolete in that sense when Milton wrote; so it was even in the age of Spenser, who is forced to employ it for the rhyme.

Landor. This evil spirit, which you find hanging about Milton, fell on him from two school-rooms, both of which are now become much less noisy and somewhat more instructive, although Phillpots is in the one, and although Brougham is in the other; I mean the school-rooms of theology and criticism.

Southey. You will be glad that he accents *contrite* (v. 90) on the last syllable, but the gladness will cease at the first of *rèceptacle*, verse 123.

Landor. I question whether he pronounced it so. My opinion is that he pronounced it *receptàcle*, Latinizing as usual, and especially in Book VIII., v. 574,—

> By *attributing* overmuch to things, &c.

We are strange perverters of Latin accentuations. From *irrìto* we make *ĭrrĭtate;* from *excĭto*, *excìte.* But it must be conceded that the latter is much for the better, and perhaps the former also. You will puzzle many good Latin scholars in England, and nearly all abroad, if you make them read any sentence containing *irrito* or *excito* in any of their tenses. I have often tried it; and nearly all, excepting the Italians, have pronounced both words wrong.

Southey.

> Watchful cherubim, four faces each
> Had, *like a double Janus.*

Better left this to the imagination: double Januses are queer figures. He continues, —

> All their shape
> *Spangled* with eyes, more numerous than those
> Of Argus.

At the restoration of learning, it was very pardonable to seize on every remnant of antiquity, and to throw together into one great storeroom whatever could be collected from all countries, and from all authors, sacred and profane. Dante has done it, sometimes rather ludicrously. Milton here copies his *Argus.* And, four lines farther on, he brings forward

Leucothoë, in her own person, although she had then no existence.

Landor. Nor indeed had *subscriptions*, to articles or any thing else: yet we find "but Fate *subscribed* not," v. 182. And within three more lines, "The bird of *Jove*." Otherwise, the passage is one of exquisite beauty. Among the angels, and close at the side of the archangel, "*Iris* had dipped her woof." Verse 267, *retire* is a substantive, from the Italian and Spanish.

How divinely beautiful is the next passage! It is impossible not to apply to Milton himself the words he has attributed to Eve: —

> From thee
> How shall I part? and whither wander down
> Into a lower world?

My ear, I confess it, is dissatisfied with every thing, for days and weeks, after the harmony of *Paradise Lost*. Leaving this magnificent temple, I am hardly to be pacified by the fairy-built chambers, the rich cupboards of embossed plate, and the omnigenous images of Shakspeare.

Southey. I must interrupt your transports.

> His *eye* might there command where ever stood
> City of old or modern fame.

Here are twenty-five lines describing cities to exist long after, and many which his *eye* could not have commanded even if they existed then, because they were situated on the opposite side of the globe. But some of them, the poet reminds us afterward, Adam might have seen in spirit. Diffuse as he is, he appears quite moderate in comparison with Tasso on a similar occasion, who expatiates not only to the length of five-and-twenty lines, but to between four and five hundred.

Landor. At verse 480 there begins a catalogue of diseases, which Milton increased in the second edition of the poem. He added, —

> Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
> And moonstruck madness, pining atrophy,
> Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence!

There should be no comma after "melancholy," as there is in my copy.

Southey. And in mine too. He might have afforded to strike out the two preceding verses when these noble ones were presented.

> Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,

are better to be understood than to be expressed. His description of old age is somewhat less sorrowful and much less repulsive. It closes with, —

> In thy blood will reign
> A melancholy *damp* of cold and *dry*.

Nobody could understand this who had not read the strange notions of physicians, which continued down to the age of Milton, in which we find such nonsense as "*adust* humors." I think you would be unreluctant to expunge verses 624, 625, 626, 627.

Landor. Quite: and there is also much verbiage about the giants, and very perplexed from verse 88 to 97. But some of the heaviest verses in the poem are those on Noah, from 717 to 737. In the following, we have "*vapour* and *exhalation*," which signify the same.

> Sea covered sea,
> Sea without shore. — V. 750.

This is very sublime; and indeed I could never heartily join with those who condemn in Ovid

> Omnia pontus erant; deerant quoque litora ponto.

It is true, the whole fact is stated in the first hemistich; but the mind's eye moves from the centre to the circumference, and the pleonasm carries it into infinity. If there is any fault in this passage of Ovid, Milton has avoided it; but he frequently falls into one vastly more than Ovidian, and after so awful a pause as is nowhere else in all the regions of poetry: —

> How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
> The end of all thy offspring! end so sad!
> Depopulation!
> *Thee another flood,*
> *Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drowned,*
> *And sank thee as thy sons.*

It is wonderful how little reflection on many occasions, and how little knowledge on some very obvious ones, is displayed by Bentley. To pass over his impudence in pretending to correct the words of Milton (whose handwriting was extant), just as he would the corroded or corrupt text of any ancient author, here in verse 895, "To drown the world with man therein, or *beast*," he tells us that *birds are forgot*, and would substitute "With man or beast or *fowl*." He might as well have said that *fleas* are *forgot*. Beast means every thing that is not man. It would be much more sensible to object to such an expression as *men and animals*, and to ask, Are not men animals? and even more so than the rest, if *anima* has with men a more extensive meaning than with other creatures. Bentley in many things was very acute; but his criticisms on poetry produce the same effect as the water of a lead mine on plants. He knew no more about it than Hallam knows, in whom acuteness is certainly not blunted by such a weight of learning.

Southey. We open the twelfth book: we see land at last.

Landor. Yes, and dry land too. Happily the twelfth is the shortest. In a continuation of six hundred and twenty-five flat verses, we are prepared for our passage over several such deserts of almost equal extent, and still more frequent, in *Paradise Regained*. But, at the close of the poem now under our examination, there is a brief union of the sublime and the pathetic for about twenty lines, beginning with "All in bright array."

We are comforted by the thought that Providence had not abandoned our first parents, but was still their guide; that, although they had lost Paradise, they were not debarred from Eden; that, although the angel had left them solitary and sorrowing, he left them "yet in peace." The termination is proper and complete.

In Johnson's estimate I do not perceive the unfairness of which many have complained. Among his first observations is this: "Scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the main action." This is untrue: were it true, why remark, as he does subsequently, that the poem is mostly read as a duty, not as a pleasure. I think it unnecessary to say a word on the moral or the subject; for it requires no genius to select a grand one. The heaviest

poems may be appended to the loftiest themes. Andreini and others, whom Milton turned over and tossed aside, are evidences. It requires a large stock of patience to travel through Vida; and we slacken in our march, although accompanied with the livelier sing-song of Sannazar. Let any reader, who is not by many degrees more pious than poetical, be asked whether he felt a very great interest in the greatest actors of *Paradise Lost*, in what is either said or done by the angels or the Creator; and whether the humblest and weakest does not most attract him. Johnson's remarks on the allegory of Milton are just and wise; so are those on the non-materiality or non-immateriality of Satan. These faults might have been easily avoided; but Milton, with all his strength, chose rather to make antiquity his shield-bearer, and to come forward under a protection which he might proudly have disdained.

Southey. You will not countenance the critic, nor Dryden whom he quotes, in saying that Milton "saw Nature through the spectacles of books."

Landor. Unhappily, both he and Dryden saw Nature from between the houses of Fleet Street. If ever there was a poet who knew her well, and described her in all her loveliness, it was Milton. In the *Paradise Lost*, how profuse in his descriptions, as became the time and place! In the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, how exquisite and select!

Johnson asks, "What Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages, which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honor of our country!" I hope the honor of our country will always rest on truth and justice. It is not by concealing what is wrong that any thing right can be accomplished. There is no pleasure in transcribing such passages; but there is great utility. Inferior writers exercise no interest, attract no notice, and serve no purpose. Johnson has himself done great good by exposing great faults in great authors. His criticism on Milton's highest work is the most valuable of all his writings. He seldom is erroneous in his censures; but he never is sufficiently excited to admiration of what is purest and highest in poetry. He has this in common with common minds (from which, however, his own is otherwise far remote), to be pleased with what is nearly on a level with him, and to drink

as contentedly a heady beverage, with its discolored froth, as what is of the best vintage. He is morbid, not only in his weakness, but in his strength. There is much to pardon, much to pity, much to respect, and no little to admire, in him.

After I have been reading the *Paradise Lost*, I can take up no other poet with satisfaction. I seem to have left the music of Handel for the music of the streets, or at best for drums and fifes. Although in Shakspeare there are occasional bursts of harmony no less sublime; yet, if there were many such in continuation, it would be hurtful, not only in comedy, but also in tragedy. The greater part should be equable and conversational. For, if the excitement were the same at the beginning, the middle, and the end; if, consequently (as must be the case), the language and versification were equally elevated throughout, — any long poem would be a bad one, and, worst of all, a drama. In our English heroic verse, such as Milton has composed it, there is a much greater variety of feet, of movement, of musical notes and bars, than in the Greek heroic; and the final sounds are incomparably more diversified. My predilection in youth was on the side of Homer; for I had read the *Iliad* twice, and the *Odyssea* once, before the *Paradise Lost*. Averse as I am to every thing relating to theology, and especially to the view of it thrown open by this poem, I recur to it incessantly as the noblest specimen in the world of eloquence, harmony, and genius.

Southey. Learned and sensible men are of opinion that the *Paradise Lost* should have ended with the words, "Providence their guide." It might very well have ended there; but we are unwilling to lose sight all at once of our first parents. Only one more glimpse is allowed us: we are thankful for it. We have seen the natural tears they dropped; we have seen that they wiped them *soon*. And why was it? Not because the world was all before them; but because there still remained for them, under the guidance of Providence, not indeed the delights of Paradise, now lost for ever, but the genial clime and calm repose of Eden.

Landor. It has been the practice in late years to supplant one dynasty by another, political and poetical. Within our own memory, no man had ever existed who preferred Lucretius on the whole to Virgil, or Dante to Homer. But the

great Florentine, in these days, is extolled high above the Grecian and Milton. Few, I believe, have studied him more attentively or with more delight than I have ; but, beside the prodigious disproportion of the bad to the good, there are fundamental defects which there are not in either of the other two. In the *Divina Commedia* the characters are without any bond of union, any field of action, any definite aim. There is no central light above the Bolge ; and we are chilled in Paradise even at the side of Beatrice.

Southey. Some poetical Perillus must surely have invented the *terza rima.* I feel in reading it as a school-boy feels when he is beaten over the head with a bolster.

Landor. We shall hardly be in time for dinner. What should we have been if we had repeated with just eulogies all the noble things in the poem we have been reading ?

Southey. They would never have weaned you from the *Mighty Mother* who placed her turreted crown on the head of Shakspeare.

Landor. A rib of Shakspeare would have made a Milton ; the same portion of Milton, all poets born ever since.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Southey. As we are walking on, and before we open our Milton again, we may digress a little in the direction of those poets who have risen up from under him, and of several who seem to have never had him in sight.

Landor. We will, if you please ; and I hope you may not find me impatient to attain the object of our walk. However, let me confess to you, at starting, that I disapprove of models, even of the most excellent. Faults may be avoided, especially if they are pointed out to the inexperienced in such bright examples as Milton ; and teachers in schools and colleges would do well to bring them forward, instead of inculcating an indiscriminate admiration. But every man's mind, if there is enough of it, has its peculiar bent. Milton may be imitated, and has been, where he is stiff, where he is

inverted, where he is pedantic; and probably those men we take for mockers were unconscious of their mockery. But who can teach, or who is to be taught, his richness, or his tenderness, or his strength? The closer an inferior poet comes to a great model, the more disposed am I to sweep him out of my way.

Southey. Yet you repeat with enthusiasm the Latin poetry of Robert Smith, an imitator of Lucretius.

Landor. I do; for Lucretius himself has nowhere written such a continuity of admirable poetry. He is the only modern Latin poet who has composed three sentences together worth reading; and indeed, since Ovid, no ancient has done it. I ought to bear great ill-will toward him; for he drove me from the path of poetry I had chosen, and I crept into a lower. What a wonderful thing it is, that the most exuberant and brilliant wit, and the purest poetry in the course of eighteen centuries, should have flowed from two brothers!

Southey. We must see through many ages before we see through our own distinctly. Few among the best judges, and even among those who desired to judge dispassionately and impartially, have beheld their contemporaries in those proportions in which they appeared a century later. The ancients have greatly the advantage over us. Scarcely can any man believe that one whom he has seen in coat and cravat can possibly be so great as one who wore a chlamys and a toga. Those alone look gigantic whom Time "*multo aëre sepsit*," or whom childish minds, for the amusement of other minds more childish, have lifted upon stilts. Nothing is thought so rash as to mention a modern with an ancient; but, when both are ancient, the last-comer often stands first. The present form one cluster, the past another. We are petulant if some of the existing have pushed by too near us; but we walk up composedly to the past, with all our prejudices behind us. We compare them leisurely one with another, and feel a pleasure in contributing to render them a plenary, however a tardy, justice. In the fervor of our zeal, we often exceed it; which we never are found doing with our contemporaries, unless in malice to one better than the rest. Some of our popular and most celebrated authors are employed by the booksellers to cry up the wares on hand or forthcoming, partly for money and partly for payment in

kind. Without such management, the best literary production is liable to moulder on the shelf.

Landor. A wealthy man builds an ample mansion, well proportioned in all its parts, well stored with the noblest models of antiquity ; extensive vales and downs and forests stretch away from it in every direction ; but the stranger must of necessity pass it by, unless a dependent is stationed at a convenient lodge to admit and show him in. Such, you have given me to understand, is become the state of our literature. The bustlers who rise into notice by playing at leap-frog over one another's shoulders will disappear when the game is over ; and no game is shorter. But was not Milton himself kept beyond the paling? Nevertheless, how many *toupees* and *roquelaures*, and other odd things with odd names, have fluttered among the jays in the cherry orchard, while we tremble to touch with the finger's end his grave, close-buttoned gabardine! He was called strange and singular long before he was acknowledged to be great: so, be sure, was Shakspeare ; so, be sure, was Bacon ; and so were all the rest, in the order of descent. You are too generous to regret that your liberal praise of Wordsworth was seized upon with avidity by his admirers, not only to win others to their party, but also to depress your merits. Nor will you triumph over their folly in confounding what is pitiful with what is admirable in him ; rather will you smile, and, without a suspicion of malice, find the cleverest of these good people standing on his low joint-stool with a slender piece of wavering tape in his hand, measuring him with Milton back to back. There is as much difference between them as there is between a celandine and an ilex. The one lies at full length and full breadth along the ground ; the other rises up, stiff, strong, lofty, beautiful in the play of its slenderer branches, overshadowing with the infinitude of its grandeur.

Southey. You will be called to account as resentful ; and not for yourself, which you never have been thought, but for another, — a graver fault in the estimation of most.

Landor. I do not remember that resentment has ever made me commit an injustice. Instead of acrimony, it usually takes the form of ridicule ; and the sun absorbs whatever is noxious in the vapor.

Southey. You think me mild and patient ; yet I have

found it difficult to disengage from my teeth the clammy and bitter heaviness of some rotten nuts with which my Edinburgh hosts have regaled me; and you little know how tiresome it is to wheeze over the chaff and thistle-beards in the chinky manger of Hallam.

Landor. We are excellent Protestants in asserting the liberty of private judgment on all the mysteries of poetry; denying the exercise of a decretal to any one man, however intelligent and enlightened, but assuming it for a little party of our own, with *Self* in the chair. A journalist who can trip up a slippery minister fancies himself able to pull down the loftiest poet or the soundest critic. It is amusing to see the labors of Lilliput.

Southey. I have tasted the contents of every bin, down to the ginger-beer of Brougham. The balance of criticism is not yet fixed to any beam in the public warehouses that offer it, but is held unevenly by intemperate hands, and is swayed about by every puff of wind.

Landor. Authors should never be seen by authors, and little by other people. The Dalai Lama is a god to the imagination, a child to the sight: and a poet is much the same; only that the child excites no vehemence, while the poet is staked and faggoted by his surrounding brethren, — all from pure love, however; partly for himself, partly for truth. When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written his Hyperion, Shelley, whom envy never touched, gave as a reason, "Because he *was* a Greek." Wordsworth, being asked his opinion of the same poem, called it, scoffingly, "a pretty piece of paganism." Yet he himself, in the best verses he ever wrote, and beautiful ones they are, reverts to the powerful influence of the pagan creed.

Southey. How many who write fiercely or contemptuously against us, not knowing us at all, would, if some accident or whim had never pushed them in the wrong direction, write with as much satisfaction to themselves a sonnet full of tears and tenderness on our death! In the long voyage we both of us may soon expect to make, the little shell-fish will stick to our keels, and retard us one knot in the thousand. But while we are here, let us step aside, and stand close by the walls of the old houses; making room for the swell-mob of authors to pass by, with their puffiness of phraseology, their german-

silver ornaments, their bossy and ill-soldered sentences, their little and light parlor-faggots of trim philosophy, and their top-heavy baskets of false language, false criticism, and false morals.

Landor. Our sinews have been scarred and hardened with the red-hot implements of Byron ; and, by way of refreshment, we are now standing up to the middle in the marsh. We are told that the highly-seasoned is unwholesome ; and we have taken in good earnest to clammy rye-bread, boiled turnips, and scrag of mutton. If there is nobody who now can guide us through the glades in the Forest of Arden, let us hail the first who will conduct us safely to the gates of Ludlow Castle. But we have other reasons left on hand. For going through the *Paradise Regained*, how many days' indulgence will you grant me?

Southey. There are some beautiful passages, as you know, although not numerous. As the poem is much shorter than the other, I will spare you the annoyance of uncovering its nakedness. I remember to have heard you say that your ear would be better pleased, and your understanding equally, if there had been a pause at the close of the fourth verse.

Landor. True ; the three following are useless and heavy. I would also make another defalcation, of the five after "else mute." If the deeds he relates are

> Above heroic, *though in secret done*,

it was unnecessary to say that they are

> Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Southey. Satan, in his speech, seems to have caught hoarseness and rheumatism since we met him last. What a verse is, —

> This is my Son beloved, in him, *am* pleased !

It would not have injured it to have made it English, by writing "in him I am pleased." It would only have continued a sadly dull one.

> Of many a pleasant realm — *and province wide*,
> The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest. — V. 118.

But this is hardly more prosaic than, "Oh, what a multitude of thoughts, at once awakened in me, swarm, while I consider what within I feel myself, and hear!" &c. But the passage has reference to the poet, and soon becomes very interesting on that account.

> But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.

It is difficult so to modulate our English verse as to render this endurable to the ear. The first line in the *Gerusalemme Liberata* begins with a double trochee, *Canto l'arme.* The word "*But*" is too feeble for the trochee to turn on. We come presently to such verses as we shall never see again out of this poem: —

> And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
> Accompanied, of things past and to come,
> Lodged in his breast, *as well might recommend*
> *Such solitude before choicest society.*
> But was driven
> With them from bliss to the bottomless deep.

This is dactylic.

> With them from | bliss to the bottomless | deep.

> He before had sat
> Among the prime in splendor, now deposed,
> Ejected, *emptied,* gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
> A spectacle of ruin *or* of scorn, &c. — V. 412.

Or should be *and.*

> Which they who ask'd have seldom *understood,*
> And, not well *understood,* as *good* not known.

To avoid the jingle, which perhaps he preferred, he might have written "*as well;*" but how prosaic!

Landor. The only tolerable part of the first book are the six closing lines; and these are the more acceptable because they are the closing ones.

Southey. The second book opens inauspiciously. The Devil himself was never so unlike the Devil as these verses are unlike verses: —

Andrew and Simon, *famous after known,*
With others though in holy writ not named,
Now missing him, &c.
Plain fishermen, no greater men *them call.*

Landor. I do not believe that any thing short of your friendship would induce me to read a third time, during my life, the *Paradise Regained;* and I now feel my misfortune and imprudence in having given to various friends this poem and many others, in which I had marked with a pencil the faults and beauties. The dead level lay wide and without a finger-post; the highest objects appeared, with few exceptions, no higher or more ornamental than bulrushes. We shall spend but little time in repeating all the passages where they occur; and it will be a great relief to us. Invention, energy, and grandeur of design — the three great requisites to constitute a great poet, and which no poet since Milton hath united — are wanting here. Call the design a grand one, if you will; you cannot, however, call it his. Wherever there are thought, imagination, and energy, grace invariably follows; otherwise the colossus would be without its radiance, and we should sail by with wonder and astonishment, and gather no roses and gaze at no images on the sunny isle.

Southey. Shakspeare, whom you not only prefer to every other poet, but think he contains more poetry and more wisdom than all the rest united, is surely less grand in his designs than several.

Landor. To the eye. But *Othello* was loftier than the citadel of Troy; and what a Paradise fell before him! Let us descend; for from *Othello* we *must* descend, whatever road we take. Let us look at *Julius Cæsar.* No man ever overcame such difficulties, or produced by his life and death such a change in the world we inhabit. But that also is a grand design which displays the interior workings of the world within us, and where we see the imperishable and unalterable passions depicted *al fresco* on a lofty dome. Our other dramatists painted only on the shambles, and represented what they found there, — blood and garbage. We leave them a few paces behind us, and step over the gutter into the green-market. There are, however, men rising up among us, endowed with exquisiteness of taste and intensity of thought.

At no time have there been so many who write well in so many ways.

Southey. Have you taken breath; and are you ready to go on with me?

Landor. More than ready, — alert. For we see before us a longer continuation of good poetry than we shall find again throughout the whole poem, beginning at verse 155, and terminating at 224. In these, however, there are some bad verses, such as, —

> Among daughters of men the fairest found,
> And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

Verse 180, —

> Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,

— is false grammar: "thou *cast*," for, "thou *castedst*." I find the same fault where I am as much surprised to find it, in Shelley: —

> Thou lovest, but ne'er *knew* love's sad satiety.

Shelley in his *Cenci* has overcome the greatest difficulty that ever was overcome in poetry, although he has not risen to the greatest elevation. He possesses less vigor than Byron, and less command of language than Keats; but I would rather have written his

> "Music, when soft voices die,"

than all that Beaumont and Fletcher ever wrote, together with all of their contemporaries, excepting Shakspeare.

Southey. It is wonderful that Milton should praise the continence of Alexander as well as of Scipio. Few conquerors had leisure for more excesses, or indulged in greater, than Alexander. He was reserved on one remarkable occasion: we hear of only one. Scipio, a much better man, and temperate in all things, would have been detested, even in Rome, if he had committed that crime from which the forbearance is foolishly celebrated as his chief virtue.

You will not refuse your approbation to another long passage, beginning at verse 260, and ending at 300. But at the conclusion of them, where the Devil says that "beauty stands in the admiration only of weak minds," he savors a little of

the Puritan. Milton was sometimes angry with her; but never had she a more devoted or a more discerning admirer. For these forty good verses, you will pardon, —

After forty days' fasting *had remained.*

Landor. Very much like the progress of Milton himself in this *jejunery.* I remember your description of the cookery in Portugal and Spain, which my own experience most bitterly confirmed; but I never met with a *bonito* "gris-amber-steamed." This certainly was reserved for the Devil's own cookery. Our Saviour, I think, might have fasted another forty days before he could have stomached this dainty; and the Devil, if he had had his wits about him, might have known as much.

Southey. I have a verse in readiness which may serve as a napkin to it: —

And with these words his temptation pursued;

where it would have been very easy to have rendered it less disagreeable to the ear by a transposition, —

And his temptation with these words pursued.

I am afraid you will object to a redundant heaviness in —

Get *riches* first — get *wealth* — and *treasure heap;*

and no authority will reconcile you to roll-calls of proper names, such as —

Launcelot or Pellias or Pellenore;

and —

Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus;

or, again, to such a verse as —

Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.

Verse 461, —

To him who wears the regal diadem,

— is quite superfluous, and adds nothing to the harmony. Verses 472–476 have the same cesura. This, I believe, has

never been remarked, and yet is the most remarkable thing in all Milton's poetry.

It is wonderful that any critic should be so stupid, as a dozen or two of them have proved themselves to be, in applying the last verses of this second book to Christina of Sweden: —

> To *give* a kingdom hath been thought
> Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
> Far more magnanimous than to assume.
> *Riches* are needless then, &c.

Whether he had written this before or after the abdication of Richard Cromwell, they are equally applicable to him. He did retire not only from sovereignty but from riches. Christina took with her to Rome prodigious wealth, and impoverished Sweden by the pension she exacted.

The last lines are intolerably harsh: —

> *Oftest* better *miss'd.*

It may have been written "often:" a great relief to the ear, and no detriment to the sense or expression. We never noticed his care in avoiding such a ruggedness in verse 401, —

> Whose pains have earn'd the *far-fet* spoil.

He employed "far-*fet*" instead of "far-*fetch'd;*" not only because the latter is in conversational use, but because no sound is harsher than "*fetch'd,*" and especially before two sequent consonants, followed by such words as "*with that.*" It is curious that he did not prefer "*wherewith;*" both because a verse ending in "*that*" is followed by one ending in "*quite,*" and because "*that*" also begins the next. I doubt whether you will be satisfied with the first verse I have marked in the third book, —

> From that placid aspéct and meek regard.

Landor. The trochee in "*placid*" is feeble there, and "*meek regard*" conveys no new idea to "*placid aspéct.*" Presently we come to —

> Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
> And wagons fraught with utensils of war.

And here, if you could find any pleasure in a triumph over the petulance and frowardness of a weak adversary, you might laugh at poor Hallam, who cites the following as among the noble passages of Milton: —

> Such forces met not, *nor so wide a camp,*
> When Agrican with all his northern powers
> Besieged Albracca, *as romances tell,*
> The city of Gallafron, from whence to win
> *The fairest of her sex, Angelica.*

Southey. How very like Addison when his milk was turned to whey! I wish I could believe that the applauders of this poem were sincere, since it is impossible to think them judicious; their quotations, and especially Hallam's, having been selected from several of the weakest parts when better were close before them: but we have strong evidence that the opinion was given in the spirit of contradiction, and from the habit of hostility to what is eminent. I would be charitable. Hallam may have hit upon the place by hazard; he may have been in the situation of a young candidate for preferment in the church, who was recommended to the Chancellor Thurlow. After much contemptuousness and ferocity, the chancellor, throwing open on the table his *Book of Livings*, commanded him to choose for himself. The young man modestly and timidly thanked him for his goodness, and entreated his lordship to exercise his own discretion. With a volley of oaths, of which he was at all times prodigal, but more especially in the presence of a clergyman, he cried aloud, "Put this pen, sir, at the side of one or other." Hesitation was now impossible. The candidate placed it without looking where: it happened to be at a benefice of small value. Thurlow slapped his hand upon the table, and roared, "By God! you were within an ace of the best living in my gift!"

Landor. Hear the end: —

> His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
> Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemagne.

Southey. It would be difficult to extract, even from this poem, so many schoolboy's verses together. The preceding, which also are verbose, are much more spirited; and the illus-

tration of one force by the display of another, and which the poet tells us is less, exhibits but small discrimination in the critic who extols it. To praise a fault is worse than to commit one. I know not whether any such critic has pointed out for admiration the "*glass of telescope*," by which the Tempter might have shown Rome to our Saviour, verse 42, Book IV. But we must not pass over lines nearer the commencement, verse 10: —

> But as a man who had been matchless held
> In cunning, *over-reach'd* where least he thought,
> To salve his credit, and for very spite
> Still will be tempting him who foils him still.

This is no simile, no illustration; but exactly what Satan had been doing.

Landor. The Devil grows very dry in the desert, where he discourses —

> Of Academics old and new, with those
> *Surnamed* Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.

Southey. It is piteous to find the simplicity of the gospel overlaid and deformed by the scholastic argumentation of our Saviour, and by the pleasure he appears to take in holding a long conversation with the adversary: —

> Not therefore am I *short*
> Of knowing what I *ought*. He who receives
> Light from above, from the fountain of light.

What a verse, verse 287, &c.! A dissertation from our Saviour, delivered to the Devil in the manner our poet has delivered it, was the only thing wanting to his punishment; and he catches it at last. Verse 396: —

> Darkness now *rose*
> As daylight sunk, and brought in *lowering* night,
> Her shadowy offspring.

This is equally bad poetry and bad philosophy: the darkness *rising* and bringing in the night *lowering;* when he adds, —

> Unsubstantial both,
> Privation mere of light — *and absent day.*

How? Privation of its absence! He wipes away with a

single stroke of the brush two very indistinct and ill-drawn figures.

Landor.

> Our Saviour meek and with *untroubled* mind,
> After his airy *jaunt*, tho' *hurried sore.*

How "*hurried* sore," if with *untroubled* mind?

> Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest.

I should have been quite satisfied with a quarter of this.

> Darkness now rose;
> Our Saviour meek betook him to his rest.

Such simplicity would be the more grateful and the more effective in preceding that part of *Paradise Regained* which is the most sublimely pathetic. It would be idle to remark the propriety of accentuation of *concoùrse*, and almost as idle to notice that in verse 420 is —

> Thou only *stoodst* unshaken;

and in verse 425, —

> Thou *satst* unappalled.

But to *stand*, as I said before, is to *remain*, or to *be*, in Milton, following the Italian. Never was the eloquence of poetry so set forth by words and numbers in any language as in this period. Pardon the *infernal* and *hellish.*

> Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
> Environ'd thee: some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriekt,
> Some bent at thee their fiery darts, *while thou*
> *Satst unappalled in calm and sinless peace.*

The idea of *sitting* is in itself more beautiful than of standing or lying down; but our Saviour is represented as lying down, while —

> The tempter watcht, and soon with ugly dreams
> *Disturbed* his sleep.

He could disturb but not appall him, as he himself says in verse 487.

Southey. It is thought by Joseph Warton and some others, that, where the Devil says, —

> Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born,
> For Son of God to me is yet in doubt, &c.,

— he speaks sarcastically in the word *virgin*-born. But the Devil is not so bad a rhetorician as to turn round so suddenly from the ironical to the serious. He acknowledges the miracle of the nativity; he pretends to doubt its divinity.

> So saying he caught him up, and *without wing*
> *Of hippogrif*, bore through the air sublime.

Satan had given good proof that his wing was more than a match for a hippogrif's; and, if he had borrowed a hippogrif's for the occasion, he could have made no use of it, unless he had borrowed the hippogrif too, and rode before or behind on him, —

> *Over* the wilderness — and *o'er* the plain.

Two better verses follow; but the temple of Jerusalem could never have appeared, —

> Topt with golden *spires*.
> So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
> Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
> Who on their plumy vans received *him soft*.

He means our Saviour, not Satan. In any ancient we should manage a little the *ductus literarum*, and for the wretched words, "*him soft*," purpose to substitute *their lord*. But by what ingenuity can we erect into a verse verse 597?

> In the bosom of bliss and light of light.

In verses 613 and 614 we find rhyme.

Landor. The angels seem to have lost their voices since they left Paradise. Their denunciations against Satan are very angry, but very weak: —

> Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly
> *And beg to hide them in a herd of swine*,
> Lest he command them down into the deep,
> Bound, and to torment sent before their time.

Surely they had been tormented long before.

The close of the poem is extremely languid, however much it has been commended for its simplicity.

Southey.

He, unobserved,
Home, to his *mother's* house, *private* return'd.

Unobserved and *private; home* and his "*mother's house,*" are not very distinctive.

Landor. Milton took but little time in forming the plan of his *Paradise Regained,* doubtful and hesitating as he had been in the construction of *Paradise Lost.* In composing a poem or any other work of imagination, although it may be well and proper to lay down a plan, I doubt whether any author of any durable work has confined himself to it very strictly. But writers will no more tell you whether they do or not than they will bring out before you the foul copies, or than painters will admit you into the secret of composing or of laying on their colors. I confess to you, that a few detached thoughts and images have always been the beginnings of my works. Narrow slips have risen up, more or fewer, above the surface. These gradually became larger and more consolidated; freshness and verdure first covered one part, then another; then plants of firmer and of higher growth, however scantily, took their places, then extended their roots and branches; and among them and round about them in a little while you yourself, and as many more as I desired, found places for study and for recreation.

Returning to *Paradise Regained.* If a loop in the netting of a purse is let down, it loses the money that is in it; so a poem by laxity drops the weight of its contents. In the animal body, not only nerves and juices are necessary, but also continuity and cohesion. Milton is caught sleeping after his exertions in *Paradise Lost,* and the lock of his strength is shorn off; but here and there a prominent muscle swells out from the vast mass of the collapsed.

Southey. The *Samson Agonistes,* now before us, is less languid; but it may be charged with almost the heaviest fault of a poem, or indeed of any composition, particularly the dramatic, which is, there is insufficient coherency or dependence of part on part. Let us not complain that, while we look at Samson and hear his voice, we are forced to think of Milton,

of his blindness, of his abandonment, with as deep a commiseration. If we lay open the few faults covered by his transcendent excellences, we feel confident that none are more willing (or would be more acceptable were he present) to pay him homage. I retain all my admiration of his poetry; you all yours, not only of his poetry, but of his sentiments on many grave subjects.

Landor. I do; but I should be reluctant to see disturbed the order and course of things, by alterations at present unnecessary, or by attempts at what might be impracticable. When an evil can no longer be borne manfully and honestly and decorously, then down with it, and put something better in its place. Meanwhile guard strenuously against such evil. The vigilant will seldom be constrained to vengeance.

Southey. Simple as is the plan of this drama, there are prettinesses in it which would be far from ornamental anywhere. Milton is much more exuberant in them than Ovid himself, who certainly would never have been so commended by Quintilian for the *Media*, had he written —

> Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
> The air imprisoned also. — V. 7.

But into what sublimity he soon ascends!

> Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
> Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.

Landor. My copy is printed as you read it; but there ought to be commas after *eyeless*, after *Gaza*, and after *mill*. Generally our printers or writers put three commas where one would do; but here the grief of Samson is aggravated at every member of the sentence. Surely it must have been the resolution of Milton to render his choruses as inharmonious as he fancied the Greek were, or would be, without the accompaniments of instrument, accentuation, and chants. Otherwise, how can we account for "abandoned, and by *himself given over; in slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, over-worn and soiled. Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he, that heroic, that renowned, irresistible Samson?*"

Southey. We are soon compensated, regretting only that

the *chorus* talks of "*Chalybean* tempered steel" in the beginning, and then informs us of his exploit with the jaw-bone, —

In Ramath-lehi, *famous to this day.*

It would be strange indeed if such a victory as was never won before were forgotten in twenty years, or thereabout.

Southey. Passing Milton's oversights, we next notice his systematic defects. Fondness for Euripides made him too didactic when action was required. Perhaps the French drama kept him in countenance, although he seems to have paid little attention to it, comparatively.

Landor. The French drama contains some of the finest didactic poetry in the world, and is peculiarly adapted both to direct the reason and to control the passions. It is a well-lighted saloon of graceful eloquence, where the sword-knot is appended by the hand of Beauty, and where the snuff-box is composed of such brilliants as, after a peace or treaty, kings bestow on diplomatists. Whenever I read a French Alexandrine, I fancy I receive a box on the ear in the middle of it, and another at the end, sufficient, if not to pain, to weary me intolerably, and to make the book drop out of my hand. Molière and La Fontaine can alone by their homœopathy revive me. Such is the power of united wit and wisdom in ages the most desperate! These men, with Montaigne and Charron, will survive existing customs, and probably existing creeds. Millions will be captivated by them, when the eloquence of Bossuet himself shall interest extremely few. Yet the charms of language are less liable to be dissipated by time than the sentences of wisdom. While the incondite volumes of more profound philosophers are no longer in existence, scarcely one of writers who enjoyed in a high degree the gift of eloquence is altogether lost. Among the Athenians there are indeed some; but in general they were worthless men, squabbling on worthless matters: we have little to regret, excepting of Phocion and of Pericles. If we turn to Rome, we retain all the best of Cicero; and we patiently and almost indifferently hear that nothing is to be found of Marcus Antonius or Hortensius; for the eloquence of the bar is and ought always to be secondary.

Southey. You were remarking that our poet paid little at-

tention to the French drama. Indeed, in his preface he takes no notice of it whatsoever, — not even as regards the plot, in which consists its chief excellence, or perhaps I should say rather its superiority. He holds the opinion that "A plot, whether intricate or explicit, is nothing but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum." Surely, the French tragedians have observed this doctrine attentively.

Landor. It has rarely happened that dramatic events have followed one another in their natural order. The most remarkable instance of it is in the *King Œdipus* of Sophocles. But Racine is in general the most skilful of the tragedians, with little energy and less invention. I wish Milton had abstained from calling "Æschylus, Sophocles, and Eruipides the three tragic poets unequalled *yet* by any;" because it may leave a suspicion that he fancied he, essentially undramatic, could equal them, and had now done it; and because it exhibits him as a detractor from Shakspeare. I am as sorry to find him in this condition as I should have been to find him in a fit of the gout, or treading on a nail with naked foot in his blindness.

Southey. Unfortunately, it is impossible to exculpate him; for you must have remarked where, a few sentences above, are these expressions: "This is mentioned to vindicate from the *small esteem or rather infamy* which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing *comick stuff with tragick sadness and gravity*, or intermixing trivial and vulgar persons, which, by all judicious, hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people."

Landor. It may be questioned whether the people in the reign of Elizabeth, or indeed the queen herself, would have been contented with a drama without a smack of the indecent or the ludicrous. They had alike been accustomed to scenes of ribaldry and of bloodshed; and the palace opened on one wing to the brothel, on the other to the shambles. The clowns of Shakspeare are still admired by not the vulgar only.

Southey. The more the pity. Let them appear in their proper places. But a picture by Morland or Frank Hals

ought never to break a series of frescoes by the hand of Raphael, or of senatorial portraits animated by the sun of Titian. There is much to be regretted in, and (since we are alone I will say it) a little which might without loss or injury be rejected from, the treasury of Shakspeare.

Landor. It is difficult to sweep away any thing and not to sweep away gold-dust with it: but viler dust lies thick in some places. The grave Milton, too, has cobwebs hanging on his workshop, which a high broom, in a steady hand, may reach without doing mischief. But let children and short men, and unwary ones, stand out of the way.

Southey. Necessary warning! for nothing else occasions so general satisfaction as the triumph of a weak mind over a stronger. And this often happens; for the sutures of a giant's armor are most penetrable from below. Surely no poet is so deeply pathetic as the one before us, and nowhere more than in those verses which begin at the sixtieth and end with the eighty-fifth. There is much fine poetry after this; and perhaps the prolixity is very rational in a man so afflicted, but the composition is the worse for it. Samson could have known nothing of the *interlunar cave;* nor could he ever have thought about the light of the soul, and of the soul being *all in every part.*

Landor. Reminiscences of many sad afflictions have already burst upon the poet; but, instead of overwhelming him, they have endued him with redoubled might and majesty. Verses worthier of a sovereign poet, sentiments worthier of a pure, indomitable, inflexible republican, never issued from the human heart than these referring to the army, in the last effort made to rescue the English nation from disgrace and servitude: —

> Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,
> They had by this possest the towers of Gath,
> And lorded over them whom now they serve.
> But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt
> And by their vices brought to servitude,
> Than to love bondage more than liberty,
> Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty,
> And to despise or envy or suspect
> Whom God hath of his special favor rais'd
> As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
> How frequent to desert him! and at last
> To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

Southey. I shall be sorry to damp your enthusiasm, in however slight a degree, by pursuing our original plan in the detection of blemishes. Eyes the least clear-sighted could easily perceive one in —

> For of such doctrine never was there school
> But the heart of the fool.
> And no man therein doctor but himself. — V. 299.

They could discern here nothing but the quaint conceit; and it never occurred to them that the chorus knew nothing of schools and doctors. A line above, there is an expression not English. For "who believe not the existence of God," —

> Who *think* not God at all. — V. 295.

And is it captious to say that, when Manoah's locks are called "white as down," whiteness is no characteristic of down? Perhaps you will be propitiated by the number of words in our days equally accented on the first syllable, which in this drama the great poet, with all his authority, has stamped on the second; such as *impùlse, edìct, contràry, prescrìpt,* the substantive *contèst, instìnct, crystàlline, pretèxt.*

Landor. I wish we had preserved them all in that good condition, excepting the substantive *contest,* which ought to follow the lead of *conquest.* But "now we have got to the worst, let us keep to the worst," is the sound conservative maxim of the day.

Southey. I perceive you adhere to your doctrine in the termination of Aristo*teles.*

Landor. If we were to say Aris*totle,* why not Themis*tocle,* Empe*docle,* and Per*icle?* Here, too, *neath* has always a mark of elision before it, quite unnecessarily. From *neath* comes *nether,* which reminds me that it would be better spelled, as it was formerly, *nethe.*

But go on: we can do no good yet.

Southey.

> That *invincible* Samson, far renowned. — V. 341.

Here, unless we place the accent on the third syllable, the verse assumes another form, and such as is used only in the ludicrous or light poetry, scanned thus: —

> That invin | cible Sam | son, &c.

There is great eloquence and pathos in the speech of Manoah; but the "*scorpion's tail behind*," in verse 360, is inapposite. Perhaps my remark is unworthy of your notice; but, as you are reading on, you seem to ponder on something which is worthy.

Landor. How very much would literature have lost, if this marvellously great and admirable man had omitted the various references to himself and his contemporaries! He had grown calmer at the close of life, and saw in Cromwell as a fault what he had seen before as a necessity or a virtue. The indignities offered to the sepulchre and remains of the greatest of English sovereigns, by the most ignominious, made the tears of Milton gush from his darkened eyes, and extorted from his generous and grateful heart this exclamation: —

> Alas! methinks when God hath chosen one
> To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
> He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
> Subject him to so foul indignities,
> Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

How supremely grand is the close of Samson's speech!

Southey. In verse 439, we know what is meant by —

> Slewst them many a slain.

But the expression is absurd: he could not slay the slain. We also may object to —

> The use of strongest wines
> And strongest drinks,

knowing that wines were the "strongest drinks" in those times: perhaps they might have been made stronger by the infusion of herbs and spices. You will again be saddened by the deep harmony of those verses in which the poet represents his own condition. Verse 590: —

> All otherwise to me my thoughts portend, &c.

In verses 729 and 731, the words *address* and *addrest* are inelegant: —

> And words *addrest* seem into tears dissolved,
> Wetting the borders of her silken veil;
> But now again she *makes address* to speak.

In verse 734, —

> Which to have united, without excuse,
> I cannot but acknowledge,

— the comma should be expunged after *excuse*, else the sentence is ambiguous. And in 745, "what *amends is* in my power." We have no singular, as the French have, for this word; although many use it ignorantly, as Milton does inadvertently.

V. 934. Thy *fair* enchanted cup and warbling charms.

Here we are forced by the double allusion to recognize the later mythos of Circe. The cup alone, or the warbling alone, might belong to any other enchantress, — any of his own or of a preceding age, — since we know that in all times certain herbs and certain incantations were used by sorceresses.

The chorus in this tragedy is not always conciliating and assuaging. Never was any thing more bitter against the female sex than the verses from 1010 to 1060. The invectives of Euripides are never the outpourings of the chorus, and their venom is cold as hemlock; those of Milton are hot and corrosive: —

> It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
> *Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,*
> That woman's love *can win or long inherit;*
> But what it is, is hard to say,
> *Harder to hit,*
> Which way soever men refer it:
> Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
> Or seven, *though one should musing sit.*

Never has Milton, in poetry or prose, written worse than this. The beginning of the second line is untrue; the conclusion is tautological. In the third, it is needless to inform us that what is not to be gained is not to be inherited; or, in the fourth, that what is hard to *say* is hard to *hit;* but it really is a new discovery that it is harder. Where is the distinction in the idea he would present of *saying* and *hitting?* However, we will not "musing sit" on these dry thorns.

> Whate'er it be to wisest men and best,
> Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil, &c.

This is a very ugly misshapen Alexandrine. The verse would be better and more regular by the omission of "*seeming*" or "at first," neither of which is necessary.

Landor. The giant Harapha is not expected to talk wisely; but he never would have said to Samson, —

> Thou knowst me now,
> *If thou at all art known;* much I have heard
> Of thy prodigious strength. — V. 1031.

A pretty clear evidence of his being somewhat known.

> And black enchantments, some magician's art.

No doubt of that. But what glorious lines from 1167 to 1179! I cannot say so much of these: —

> Have they not sword-players and every sort
> Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
> Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics?

No, certainly not: the jugglers and the dancers they probably had, but none of the rest. *Mummers* are said to derive their appellation from the word *mum*. I rather think *mum* came corrupted from them. *Mummer* in reality is *mime*. We know how frequently the letter *r* has obtained an undue place at the end of words. The English mummers were men who acted, without speaking, in coarse pantomime. There are many things which I have marked between this place and verse 1665.

> V. 1634. That to the arched roof gave main support.

There were no arches in the time of Samson; but the mention of the two pillars in the centre makes it requisite to imagine such a structure. Verse 1660, —

> O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious.

It is Milton's practice to make vowels syllabically weak either coalesce with or yield to others. In no place but at the end of a verse would he protract *glorious* into a trisyllable. The structure of his versification was founded on the Italian, in which *io* and *ia* in some words are monosyllables in all places but the last. Verse 1665, —

> Among thy slain self-kill'd,
> Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
> Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined
> Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more
> Than all thy life hath slain before.

Milton differs extremely from the Athenian dramatists in neglecting the beauty of his choruses. Here the third line is among his usually bad Alexandrines; and there is not only a debility of rhythm, but also a redundancy of words. The verse would be better, and the sense too, without the words "*in death.*" And "*slaughtered*" is alike unnecessary in the next. Farther on, the chorus talks about the phœnix. Now the phœnix, although Oriental, was placed in the Orient by the Greeks. If the phœnix "*no second knows*," it is probable it knows "*no third.*" All this nonsense is prated while Samson is lying dead before them. But the poem is a noble poem; and the characters of Samson and Delilah are drawn with precision and truth. The Athenian dramatists, both tragic and comic, have always one chief personage, one central light: Homer has not in the *Iliad*, nor has Milton in the *Paradise Lost*, nor has Shakspeare in several of his best tragedies. We find it in Racine, in the great Corneille, in the greater Schiller. In Calderon, and the other dramatists of Spain, it rarely is wanting; but their principal delight is in what we call plot or intrigue, — in plainer English (and very like it), intricacy and trick. Hurd, after saying of the *Samson Agonistes*, that "it is, as might be expected, a masterpiece," tucks up his lawn sleeve and displays his slender wrist against Lowth. Nothing was ever equal to his cool effrontery when he says, "This critic, *and all such*, are greatly *out in* their judgments," &c. He might have profited, both in criticism and in style, by reading Lowth more attentively and patiently. In which case, he never would have written *out in*, nor *obliged to such freedoms*, nor twenty more such strange things. Lowth was against the chorus. Hurd says, "It will be constantly wanting to rectify the wrong conclusions of the audience." Would it not be quite as advisable to drop carefully a few drops of laudanum on a lump of sugar, to lull the excitement of the sufferers by the tragedy? The chorus in Milton comes well provided with this narcotic. Voltaire wrote an *opera*, and intended it for a

serious one, on the same subject. He decorated it with choruses sung to Venus and Adonis, and represented Samson more gallantly French than either. He pulled down the temple on the stage, and cried, —

J'ai réparé ma honte, et j'expire en vainqueur !

And yet Voltaire was often a graceful poet, and sometimes a judicious critic. It may be vain and useless to propose for imitation the chief excellences of a great author, such being the gift of transcendent genius, and not an acquisition to be obtained by study or labor; but it is only in great authors that defects are memorable when pointed out, and unsuspected until they are distinctly. For which reason, I think it probable that at no distant time I may publish your remarks, if you consent to it.

Southey. It is well known in what spirit I made them; and as you have objected to few, if any, I leave them at your discretion. Let us now pass on to *Lycidas*. It appears to me that Warton is less judicious than usual, in his censure of —

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

I find in his note, "The *mellowing* year could not affect the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle, and the ivy, which last is characterized before as *never sere*." The ivy sheds its leaves in the proper season, though never all at once, and several hang on the stem longer than a year. In verse 88, —

But now my oar proceeds
And listens to the herald of the sea.

Does the oar listen?

Blind mouths that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook. — V. 119.

Now, although mouths and bellies may designate the possessors or bearers, yet surely the *blind mouth* holding a shepherd's crook is a fitter representation of the shepherd's dog than of the shepherd. Verse 145, may he not have written the *gloming* violet, — not indeed well, but better than *glowing?*

V. 154. Ay me! while thee the *shores* and sounding seas
Wash far away.

Surely the *shores* did not.

V. 2750. And hears the *inexpressive* nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms *meek* of joy and love.

What can be the meaning?

Landor. It is to be regretted, not so much that Milton has adopted the language and scenery and mythology of the ancients, as that he confounds the real simple field-shepherds with the mitred shepherds of St. Paul's Churchyard and Westminster Abbey, and ties the two-handed sword against the crook. I have less objection to the luxury spread out before me than to be treated with goose and mince-pie on the same plate.

No poetry so harmonious had ever been written in our language; but in the same free metre both Tasso and Guarini had captivated the ear of Italy. In regard to poetry, the *Lycidas* will hardly bear a comparison with the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Many of the ideas in both are taken from Beaumont and Fletcher, from Raleigh and Marlowe, and from a poem in the first edition of Burton's *Melancholy*. Each of these has many beauties; but there are couplets in Milton's worth them all. We must, however, do what we set about. If we see the faun walk lamely, we must look at his foot, find the thorn, and extract it.

Southey. There are those who defend in the first verses the matrimonial, or other less legitimate, alliance of *Cerberus* and *Midnight;* but I have too much regard for *Melancholy* to subscribe to the filiation, especially as it might exclude her presently from the nunnery, whither she is invited as *pensive*, *devout*, and *pure*. The union of Erebus and Night is much spoken of in poetical circles, and we have authority for announcing it to the public; but *Midnight*, like *Cerberus*, is a misnomer. We have occasionally heard, in objurgation, a man called a son of a dog, on the mother's side; but never was there goddess of that parentage. You are pleased to find Milton writing *pincht* instead of *pinched*.

Landor. Certainly; for there never existed the word "pinch*ed*," and never can exist the word "pinc*h'd*." In the

same verse he writes *sed* for *said*. We have both of these, and we should keep them diligently. The pronunciation is always *sed*, excepting in rhyme. For the same reason, we should retain *agen* as well as *again*.

What a cloud of absurdities has been whiffed against me, by no unlearned men, about the *Conversation* of Tooke and Johnson! Their own petty conceits rise up between their eyes and the volume they are negligently reading, and utterly obscure or confound it irretrievably. One would represent me as attempting to undermine our native tongue; another as modernizing; a third as antiquating it. Whereas I am trying to underprop, not to undermine: I am trying to stop the man-milliner at his ungainly work of trimming and flouncing; I am trying to show how graceful is our English, not in its stiff decrepitude, not in its riotous luxuriance, but in its hale mid-life. I would make bad writers follow good ones, and good writers accord with themselves. If all cannot be reduced into order, is that any reason why nothing should be done toward it? If languages and men too are imperfect, must we never make an effort to bring them a few steps nearer to what is preferable? If we find on the road a man who has fallen from his horse, and who has three bones dislocated, must we refuse him our aid because one is quite broken? It is by people who answer in the affirmative to these questions, or seem to answer so, — it is by such writers that our language for the last half-century has fallen more rapidly into corruption and decomposition than any other ever spoken among men. The worst losses are not always those which are soonest felt, but those which are felt too late.

Southey. I should have adopted all your suggestions in orthography, if I were not certain that my bookseller would protest against it as ruinous. If you go no farther than to write *compell* and *foretell*, the compositor will correct your oversight; yet surely there should be some sign that the last syllable of those verbs ought to be spelled differently, as they are pronounced differently, from *shrivel* and *level*.

Landor. Let us run back to our plantain. But a bishop stands in the way, — a bishop no other than Hurd, who says that "Milton shows his judgment in celebrating Shakspeare's comedies rather than his tragedies." Pity he did not live earlier! — he would have served among the mummers both for

bishop and fool. We now come to the *Penseroso*, in which title there are many who doubt the propriety of the spelling. Marsand, an editor of Petrarca, has defended the poet who used equally *pensiero* and *pensero*. The mode is more peculiarly Lombard. The Milanese and Comascs invariably say *penser*. Yet it is wonderful how, at so short a distance, and professing to speak the same language, they differ in many expressions. The wonder ceases with those who have resided long in the country, and are curious about such matters, when they discover that at two gates of Milan two languages are spoken. The same thing occurs in Florence itself, where a street is inhabited by the Camaldolese, whose language is as little understood by learned academicians as that of Dante himself. Beyond the eastern gates a morning's walk, you come into Varlunga, a pastoral district, in which the people speak differently from both. I have always found a great pleasure in collecting the leaves and roots of these phonetic simples, especially in hill-countries. Nothing so conciliates many, and particularly the uneducated, as to ask and receive instruction from them. I have not hesitated to collect it from swineherds and Fra Diavolo: I should have looked for it in vain among universities and professors.

Southey. Turning back to the *Allegro*, I find an amusing note conveying the surprising intelligence, all the way from Oxford, that *eglantine* means really the *dog-rose;* and that both dog-rose and *honeysuckle* (for which Milton mistook it) "are often growing against the sides *or walls* of a house." Thus says Mr. Thomas Warton. I wish he had also told us in what quarter of the world a house has *sides* without *walls* of some kind or other. But it really is strange that Milton should have misapplied the word, at a time when botany was become the favorite study. I do not recollect whether Cowley had yet written his Latin poems on the appearances and qualities of plants. What are you smiling at?

Landor. Our old field of battle, where Milton

> Calls up him who left untold
> The story of Cambuscan bold.

Chaucer — like Shakspeare, like Homer, like Milton, like every great poet that ever lived — derived from open sources

the slender origin of his immortal works. Imagination is not a mere workshop of images, great and small, as there are many who would represent it; but sometimes *thoughts* also are imagined before they are felt, and descend from the brain into the bosom. Young poets imagine feelings to which in reality they are strangers.

Southey. Copy them rather.

Landor. Not entirely. The copybook acts on the imagination. Unless they felt the truth or the verisimilitude, it could not take possession of them. But feelings and images fly from distant coverts into their little field, without their consciousness whence they come, and rear young ones there which are properly their own. Chatterton hath shown as much imagination in the *Bristowe Tragedie* as in that animated allegory which begins, —

When Freedom dreste in blood-stain'd veste.

Keats is the most imaginative of our poets, after Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

Southey. I am glad you admit my favorite, Spenser.

Landor. He is my favorite too, if you admit the expression without the signification of precedency. I do not think him equal to Chaucer even in imagination; and he appears to me very inferior to him in all other points, excepting harmony. Here the miscarriage is in Chaucer's age, not in Chaucer, many of whose verses are highly beautiful, but never (as in Spenser) one whole period. I love the geniality of his temperature, — no straining, no effort, no storm, no fury. His vivid thoughts burst their way to us through the coarsest integuments of language.

The heart is the creator of the poetical world: only the atmosphere is from the brain. Do I then undervalue imagination? No indeed; but I find imagination where others never look for it, — in character multiform yet consistent. Chaucer first united the two glorious realms of Italy and England. Shakspeare came after, and subjected the whole universe to his dominion. But he mounted the highest steps of his throne under those bland skies which had warmed the congenial breasts of Chaucer and Boccaccio.

The powers of imagination are but slender when it can

invent only shadowy appearances : much greater are requisite to make an inert and insignificant atom grow up into greatness, — to give it form, life, mobility, and intellect. Spenser hath accomplished the one ; Shakspeare and Chaucer, the other. Pope and Dryden have displayed a little of it in their *Satires*. In passing, let me express my wish that writers who compare them in generalities, and who lean mostly toward the stronger, would attempt to trim the balance by placing Pope among our best critics on poetry, while Dryden is knee-deep below John Dennis. You do not like either: I read both with pleasure, so long as they keep to the couplet. But *St. Cecilia's* music-book is interlined with epigrams ; and *Alexander's Feast* smells of gin at second-hand, with true Briton fiddlers full of native *talent* in the orchestra.

Southey. Dryden says: "It were an easy matter to produce some *thousands* of Chaucer's verses *which* are lame for want of half, and sometimes a whole, foot, *which* no pronunciation can make otherwise."

Landor. Certainly no pronunciation but the proper one can do it.

Southey. On the opposite quarter, comparing him with Boccaccio, he says: "He has refined on the Italian, and has mended his stories in his way of telling. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage."

Landor. Certainly our brisk and vigorous poet carries with him no weight in criticism.

Southey. Vivacity and shrewd sense are Dryden's characteristics, with quickness of perception rather than accuracy of remark, and consequently a facility rather than a fidelity of expression.

We are coming to our last days, if, according to the prophet Joel, "blood and fire and pillars of smoke" are signs of them. Again to Milton and the *Penseroso*.

V. 90. What worlds, or what vast regions.

Are not *vast regions* included in *world?* In verses 119, 120, 121, 122, the same rhymes are repeated.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,

is the only verse of ten syllables, and should be reduced to

the ranks. You always have strongly objected to epithets which designate dresses and decoration; of which epithets, it must be acknowledged, both Milton and Shakspeare are unreasonably fond. *Civilsuited*, *frowned*, *kercheft*, come close together. I suspect they will find as little favor in your eyes as *embroidered*, *trimmed*, and *gilded*.

Landor. I am fond of gilding, not in our poetry, but in our apartments, where it gives a sunniness greatly wanted by the climate. Pindar and Virgil are profuse of *gold;* but they reject the *gilded*.

Southey. I have counted ninety-three lines in Milton where *gold* is used, and only four where *gilded* is. A question is raised whether *pale*, in —

To walk the studious cloisters *pale*,

is substantive or adjective. What is your opinion?

Landor. That it is an adjective. Milton was very Italian, as you know, in his custom of adding a second epithet after the substantive, where one had preceded it. The Wartons followed him. Yet Thomas Warton would read in this verse the substantive, giving as his reason that our poet is fond of the singular. In the present word there is nothing extraordinary in finding it thus. We commonly say, within the *pale* of the church, of the law, &c. But *pale* is an epithet to which Milton is very partial. Just before, he has written "*pale career*," and we shall presently see the "*pale-eyed priest*."

Southey.

With antick pillars massy-proof.

The Wartons are fond of repeating in their poetry the word *massy-proof*, — in my opinion an inelegant one, and, if a compound, compounded badly. It seems more applicable to castles, whose *massiveness* gave *proof* of resistance. *Antick* was probably spelled *antike* by the author, who disdained to follow the fashion in *antique*, *Pindaricque*, &c., affected by Cowley and others, who had been, or would be thought to have been, domiciliated with Charles II. in France.

Landor. Whenever I come to the end of these poems, or either of them, it is always with a sigh of regret. We will pass by the *Arcades*, of which the little that is good is copied from Shakspeare.

Southey. Nevertheless, we may consider it as a *nebula*, which was not without its efficiency in forming the star of *Comus*. This *Mask* is modelled on another by George Peele. Two brothers wander in search of a sister enthralled by a magician. They call aloud her name, and echo repeats it, as here in *Comus*. Much also has been taken from Puteanus, who borrowed at once the best and the worst of his poem from Philostratus. In the third verse, I find *spirits* a dissyllable, which is unusual in Milton.

Landor. I can account for his monosyllabic sound by his fondness of imitating the Italian *spirto*. But you yourself are addicted to these quavers, if you will permit me the use of the word here; and I find *spirit*, *peril*, &c., occupying no longer a time than if the second vowel were wanting. I do not approve of the apposition in —

> The *nodding horrour* of whose shady brows. — V. 47.

Before which I find —

> Sea-girt isles
> That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The *unadorned* bosom of the deep.

How can a bosom be *unadorned* which already is *inlaid* with gems?

Southey. You will object no less strongly to —

> Sounds and seas with all their finny drove,

sounds being parts of *seas*.

Landor. There are yet graver faults. Where did the young lady ever hear or learn such expressions as "Swilled insolence"?

> The *grey-hooded Even*,
> Like a sad votarist in *palmer's weed*,
> Rose from the hindmost *wheels* of Phœbus' wain.

Here is Eve, a manifest female, with her own proper hood upon her head, taking the other parts of male attire, and rising (by good luck) from under a wagon-wheel. But nothing in Milton, and scarcely any thing in Cowley, is viler than —

> Else, O *thievish* night,
> Why should'st thou, but for some *felonious* end,
> In thy *dark-lantern* thus close up the stars.

It must have been a capacious *dark-lantern* that held them all.

> That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
> With everlasting oil.

Hardly so bad; but very bad is —

> Does a *sable* cloud
> Turn forth her *silver lining* on the night?

A greater and more momentous fault is that three soliloquies come in succession for about 240 lines together.

> What time the labored ox
> In his loose traces from the furrow came
> And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat.

These are blamed by Warton, but blamed in the wrong place. The young lady, being in the wood, could have seen nothing of ox or hedger, and was unlikely to have made any previous observations on their work-hours. But, in the summer, — and this was in summer, — neither the ox nor the hedger are at work. That the ploughman always quits it at noon, as Warton says he does, is untrue. When he quits it at noon, it is for his dinner. Gray says, —

> The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

He may do that, but certainly not at the season when —

> The beetle wheels her drony flight.

Nevertheless, the stricture is captious: for the ploughman may return from the field, although not from ploughing; and *ploughman* may be accepted for any agriculturist. Certainly such must have been Virgil's meaning when he wrote —

> *Quos durus arator*
> Observans nido implumes detraxit.

For ploughing, in Italy more especially, is never the labor in June, when the nightingale's young are hatched. Gray's verse is a good one, which is more than can be said of Virgil's.

> Sweet Echo! sweetest nymph! that livest unseen
> *Within* thy airy shell!

The habitation is better adapted to an oyster than to Echo. We must, however, go on and look after the young gentlemen. Comus says, —

> I saw them under a green mantling vine
> Plucking ripe clusters, &c.

It is much to be regretted that the banks of the Severn in our days present no such facilities. You would find some difficulty in teaching the readers of poetry to read metrically the exquisite verses which follow. What would they make of —

> And as I | past I | worshipt it!

These are the true times; and they are quite unintelligible to those who divide our verses into iambics, with what they call *licences*.

Southey. We have found the two brothers; and never were two young gentlemen in stiffer doublets.

> *Unmuffle*, ye faint stars, &c.

The elder, although "as smooth as Hebe's his unrazor'd lip," talks not only like a man, but like a philosopher of much experience, —

> What need a *man* foretell his date of grief, &c.

How should he know that —

> Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
> Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
> Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
> To save her blossoms and defend her fruit, &c.?

Landor. We now come to a place where we have only the choice of a contradiction or nonsense: —

> She *plumes* her feathers and lets grow her wings.

There is no sense in *pluming* a plume. Beyond a doubt, Mil-

ton wrote *prunes*, and subsequently it was printed *plumes* to avoid what appeared a contrariety. And a contrariety it would be, if the word *prune* were to be taken in no other sense than the gardener's. We suppose it must mean to *cut shorter;* but its real signification is to *trim*, which is usually done by that process. Milton here means to *smoothen* and *put in order: prune* is better. Among the strange, unaccountable expressions which within our memory, or a little earlier, were carried down, like shingles by a sudden torrent, over our language, can you tell me what writer first wrote "*unbidden tears*"?

Southey. No indeed. The phrase is certainly a curiosity, although no rarity. I wish some logician, or (it being beyond the reach of any) some metaphysician, would attempt to render us an account of it. Milton has never used *unbidden* where it really would be significant, and only once *unbid.* Can you go forward with this "Elder brother"?

Landor. Let us try. I wish he would turn off his "liveried angels," verse 455, and would say nothing about lust. How could he have learned that lust —

> By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
> But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, &c.?

Can you tell me what wolves are "*stabled* wolves," verse 534?

Southey. Not exactly. But here is another verse of the same construction as you remarked before: —

> And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.

This was done by choice, not by necessity. He might have omitted the *But*, and have satisfied the herd bovine and porcine. Just below are two others in which three syllables are included in the time of two.

> But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt, &c. — V. 802.

> Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms, &c. — V. 605.

And again —

> And crumble all thy sinews. Why, prithee, shepherd. — V. 615.

Landor. You have crept unsoiled from —

Under the *sooty* flag of Acheron. — V. 600.

And you may add many dozens more of similar verses, if you think it worth your while to go back for them. In verse 610, I find "yet" redundant: —

I love thy courage *yet*, and bold emprise.

Commentators and critics boggle sadly a little farther on: —

But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower; *but* not in this soil.

On which hear T. Warton: "Milton, notwithstanding his singular skill in music, appears to have had a very bad ear." Warton was celebrated in his time for his great ability in raising a laugh in the common-room. He has here shown a capacity more extensive in that faculty. Two or three honest men have run to Milton's assistance, and have applied a remedy to his ear: they would help him to mend the verse. In fact, it is a bad one: he never wrote it so. The word *but* is useless in the second line, and comes with the worse grace after the *But* in the preceding. They who can discover faults in versification where there are none but of their own imagining have failed to notice verse 666: —

Why are you | vext, lady, | why do you | frown?

Now, this in reality is inadmissible, being of a metre quite different from the rest. It is dactylic; and consequently, although the number of syllables is just, the number of feet is defective. But Milton, in reciting it, would bring it back to the order he had established. He would read it —

Why ā̆re yŏu vēxt?

And then in a faltering and falling accent, and in the tender trochee, —

Lādy | why dō yŏu frōwn?

There are some who in a few years can learn all the harmony of Milton; there are others who must go into another state of existence for this felicity.

Southey. I am afraid I am about to check for a moment your enthusiasm, in bringing you —

> To those budge *doctors* of the Stoic *fur*,

whom Comus is holding in derision.

Landor. Certainly it is odd enough to find him in such company. It is the first time either Cynic or Stoic ever put on fur ; and it must be confessed it little becomes them. We are told that, verse 727, —

> And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,

— is taken from the Bible. Whencesoever it may be taken, the expression is faulty ; for a son may be a bastard, and quite as surely a bastard may be a son. In verse 732, "the unsought diamonds" are ill-placed ; and we are told that Doctors Warburton and Newton called these four lines "exceeding childish." They are so, for all that. I wonder none of the fraternity had his fingers at liberty to count the syllables in verse 753 : —

> If you let | slip time, like a neglected rose, &c.

I wish he had cast away the *yet* in verse 745.

> Think what ; and be advised ; you are but young yet.

Not only is *yet* an expletive, and makes the verse inharmonious, but the syllables *young* and *yet* coming together would of themselves be intolerable anywhere. What a magnificent passage ! How little poetry in any language is comparable to this, which closes the lady's reply, —

> Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced ! — Vs. 792–799.

This is worthy of Shakspeare himself in his highest mood, and is unattained and unattainable by any other poet. What a transport of enthusiasm ; what a burst of harmony ! He who writes one sentence equal to this will have reached a higher rank in poetry than any has done since this was written.

Southey. I thought it would be difficult to confine you to censure, as we first proposed. The anger and wit of Comus effervesce into flatness, one dashed upon the other.

Come, no more;
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation.

He rolls out from the "cynic tub" to put on cap and gown. The laughter of Milton soon assumed a wry, puritanical cast. Even while he had the *molle*, he wanted the *facetum* in all its parts and qualities. It is hard upon Milton, and harder still upon inferior poets, that every expression of his used by a predecessor should be noted as borrowed or stolen. Here, in verse 822, —

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight

is traced to several, and might be traced to more. Chaucer, in whose songs it is more beautiful than elsewhere, writes, —

His harte bathed in a bath of blisse.

Probably he took the idea from the bath of knights. You could never have seen Chaucer, nor the rest, when you wrote those verses at Rugby on Godiva: you drew them out of the *Square Pool*, and assimilated them to the tranquillity of prayer, — such a tranquillity as is the effect of prayer on the boyish mind, when it has any effect at all.

Landor. I have expunged many thoughts for their close resemblance to what others had written, whose works I never saw until after. But all thinking men must think, all imaginative men must imagine, many things in common, although they differ. Some abhor what others embrace; but the thought strikes them equally. With some an idea is productive, with others it lies inert. I have resigned and abandoned many things because I unreasonably doubted my legitimate claim to them, and many more because I believed I had enough substance in the house without them, and that the retention might raise a clamor in my court-yard. I do not look very sharply after the poachers on my property. One of your neighbors has broken down a shell in my grotto, and a town gentleman has lamed a rabbit in my warren: heartily welcome both. Do not shut your book: we have time left for the rest.

Southey. Sabrina in person is now before us. Johnson talks absurdly, not on the long narration, for which he has

reason, but in saying that "it is of no use, because it is false, and therefore unsuitable to a good being." Warton answers this objection with great propriety. It may be added that things in themselves very false are very true in poetry, and produce not only delight, but beneficial moral effects. This is an instance. The part before us is copied from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*. The Spirit, in his thanksgiving to Sabrina for liberating the lady, is extremely warm in good wishes. After the aspiration, —

> May thy lofty head be crown'd
> With many a tower and terrace round,

he adds, —

> And here and there, *thy banks upon*,
> With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

It would have been more reasonable to have said, —

> And here and there some fine fat geese,
> And ducklings waiting for green pease.

The conclusion is admirable, though it must be acknowledged that the piece is undramatic. Johnson makes an unanswerable objection to the prologue; but he must have lost all the senses that are affected by poetry, when he calls the whole drama *tediously instructive*. There is, indeed, here and there prolixity; yet refreshing springs burst out profusely in every part of the wordy wilderness. We are now at the *Sonnets*. I know your dislike of this composition.

Landor. In English, not in Italian; but Milton has ennobled it in our tongue, and has trivialized it in that. He who is deficient in readiness of language is half a fool in writing, and more than half in conversation. Ideas fix themselves about the tongue, and fall to the ground when they are in want of that support. Unhappily, Italian poetry in the age of Milton was almost at its worst, and he imitated what he heard repeated or praised. It is better to say no more about it, or about his *Psalms*, when we come to them.

Southey. Among his minor poems several are worthless.

Landor. True; but, if they had been lost, we should be glad to have recovered them. Cromwell would not allow Lely to omit or diminish a single wart upon his face; yet

there were many and great ones. If you had found a treasure of gold and silver, and afterward in the same excavation an urn in which only brass coins were contained, would you reject them? You will find in his English *Sonnets* some of a much higher strain than even the best of Dante's. The great poet is sometimes recumbent, but never languid; often unadorned, — I wish I could honestly say, not often inelegant. But what noble odes (for such we must consider them) are the eighth, the fifteenth, the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and, above all, the eighteenth! There is a mild and serene sublimity in the nineteenth. In the twentieth there is the festivity of Horace, with a due observance of his precept, applicable metaphorically, —

Simplici myrto nihil adlabores.

This is among the few English poems which are quite classical, according to our notions, as the Greeks and Romans have impressed them. It is pleasing to find Milton, in his later days, thus disposed to cheerfulness and conviviality. There are climates of the earth, it is said, in which a warm season intervenes between autumn and winter. Such a season came to reanimate, not the earth itself, but what was highest upon it.

A few of Milton's *Sonnets* are extremely bad: the rest are excellent. Among all Shakspeare's, not a single one is very admirable, and few sink very low. They are hot and pothery: there is much condensation, little delicacy; like raspberry jam without cream, without crust, without bread, to break its viscidity. But I would rather sit down to one of them again than to a string of such musty sausages as are exposed in our streets at the present dull season. Let us be reverent; but only where reverence is due, even in Milton and in Shakspeare. It is a privilege to be near enough to them to see their faults: never are we likely to abuse it. Those in high station, who have the folly and the impudence to look down on us, possess none such. Silks perish as the silkworms have perished; kings, as their carpets and canopies. There are objects too great for these animalcules of the palace to see well and wholly. Do you doubt that the most fatuous of the Georges, whichever it was, thought himself Newton's supe-

rior? Or that any minister, any peer of Parliament, held the philosopher so high as the assayer of the mint? Was it not always in a grated hole, among bars and bullion, that they saw whatever they could see of his dignity? Was it ever among the interminable worlds he brought down for men to contemplate? Yet Newton stood incalculably more exalted above the glorious multitude of stars and suns, than these ignorant and irreclaimable wretches above the multitude of the street. Let every man hold this faith, and it will teach him what is lawful and right in veneration; namely, that there are divine beings and immortal men on the one side, mortal men and brute beasts on the other. The two parties stand compact; each stands separate: the distance is wide, but there is nothing in the interval.

Will you go on, after a minute or two, for I am inclined to silence?

Southey. Next to the *Sonnets* come the *Odes*, written much earlier. One stanza in that *On the Morning of the Nativity* has been often admired. What think you of this stanza, the fourth? But the preceding and the following are beautiful too.

Landor. I think it incomparably the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language I am conversant with; and I regret that so much of the remainder throws up the bubbles and fetid mud of the Italian. In the thirteenth, what a rhyme is *harmony* with *symphony!* In the eighteenth, —

Swinges the scaly horror of his *folded* tail.

I wish you would unfold the folded tail for me: I do not like to meddle with it.

Southey. Better to rest on the fourth stanza, and then regard fresh beauties in the preceding and the following. Beyond these, very far beyond, are the nineteenth and twentieth. But why is the priest *pale-eyed?*

Landor. Who knows? I would not delay you with a remark on the modern spelling of what Milton wrote *kist*, and what some editors have turned into *kiss'd;* a word which could not exist in its contraction, and never did exist in speech even uncontracted. Yet they make *kiss'd* rhyme with *whist.* Let me remark again on the word *unexpressive*, verse 116, used before in *Lycidas*, verse 176, and defended by the authority of Shakspeare (*As You Like It.* Act III., 82.), —

The fair, the chaste, the *unexpressive* she.

This is quite as wrong as *resistless* for *irresistible*, and even more so. I suspect it was used by Shakspeare, who uses it only once, merely to turn into ridicule a fantastic *euphuism* of the day. Milton, in his youth, was fond of seizing on odd things wherever he found them.

Southey.

And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow. — V. 130.

Landor. No, I will not: I am too puritanical in poetry for that.

Southey. The twenty-third, "And sullen Moloch," is grand, until we come to —

The brutish gods of Nile, *as fast*
Isis and Osiris and the dog Anubis, haste.

As fast as what? We have heard nothing but the ring of cymbals calling the grisly king. We come to worse in twenty-six, —

So when the sun *in bed*
Curtain'd with cloudy *red*,
Pillows his chin, &c.

And all about the *courtly table*
Bright-harnest angels sit . . . in order *serviceable.*

They would be the less *serviceable* by being seated, and not the more so for being harnessed.

The Passion. — The five first verses of the sixth stanza are good, and very acceptable after the "letters where my tears have *washt a wannish white.*" The last two verses are guilty of such an offence as Cowley himself was never indicted for. The sixth stanza lies between two others full of putrid conceits, like a large pearl which has exhausted its oyster.

Landor. But can any thing be conceived more exquisite than —

Grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild?

This totally withdraws us from regarding the strange superfetation just below.

The Circumcision, verse 6 : —

> Now mourn ; and if sad *share* with us to *bear*.

Death of an Infant. — It is never at a time when the feelings are most acute that the poet expresses them ; but sensibility and taste shrink alike, on such occasions, from witticisms and whimsies. Here are too many ; but the last two stanzas are very beautiful. Look at the note. Here are six verses, four of them in Shakspeare, containing specimens of the orthography you recommend : —

> Sweet Rose ! fair flower, untimely *pluckt*, soon vaded,
> *Pluckt* in the bud and vaded in the spring,
> Bright Orient pearle, alack too timely shaded !
> Fair creature *kil'd* too soon by Death's sharp sting.

Again, —

> Sweete lovely Rose ! ill *pluckt* before thy time,
> Fair worthy sonne, not conquered, but *betraid*.

Southey. The spelling of Milton is not always to be copied, though it is better on the whole than any other writer's. He continues to write *fift* and *sixt*. In what manner would he write *eighth* ? If he omitted the final *h*, there would be irregularity and confusion. Beside, how would he continue ? Would he say the *tent* for the *tenth*, and the *thirtent*, *fourtent*, &c. ?

Landor. We have corrected and fixed a few inconsiderate and random spellings ; but we have as frequently taken the wrong and rejected the right. No edition of Shakspeare can be valuable unless it strictly follows the first editors, who knew and observed his orthography.

Southey.

> From thy prefixed seat didst *post*. — St. 9, v. 59.

We find the same expression more than once in Milton, — surely one very unfit for grave subjects in his time as in ours.

Let us, sitting beneath the sundial, look at the poem *On Time* : —

> Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours
> Whose speed is but the weary plummet's pace.

Now, although the Hours may be the lazier for the lead about them, the plummet is the quicker for it.

And glut thyself with what thy womb devours.

It is incredible how many disgusting images Milton indulges in.

Landor. In his age, and a century earlier, it was called strength. The Graces are absent from this chamber of Ilithyia. But the poet would have defended his position with the *horse* of Virgil, —

Uterumque armato milite complent.

Southey.

Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an *individual* kiss,

meaning *undivided;* and he employs the same word in the same sense again in the *Paradise Lost.* How much more properly than as we are now in the habit of using it, calling men and women, who never saw one another, *individuals*, and often employing it beyond the person: for instance, "a man's *individual* pleasure," although the pleasure is *divided* with another or with many. The last part, from "When every thing" to the end, is magnificent. The word *sincerely* bears its Latin signification.

The next is, *At a Solemn Music.* And I think you will agree with me that a sequence of rhymes never ran into such harmony as those at the conclusion, from "That we on earth."

Landor. Excepting the commencement of Dryden's *Religio Laici*, where indeed the poetry is of a much inferior order; for the head of Dryden does not reach so high as to the loins of Milton.

Southey. No, nor to the knees. We now come to the *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.* He has often much injured this beautiful metre by the prefix of a syllable which distorts every foot. The *entire* change in the *Allegro*, to welcome Euphrosyne, is admirably judicious. The flow in the poem before us is trochaic: he turns it into the iambic, which is exactly its opposite. The verses beginning —

The God that sits at marriage-feast

are infinitely less beautiful than Ovid's. These, —

> He at their invoking came,
> But with a scarce well-lighted flame,

— bear a faint resemblance to —

> Fax quoque quam tenuit lacrimoso stridula fumo
> Usque fuit, *nullosque invenit motibus ignes.*

Here the conclusion is ludicrously low, —

> No marchioness, but now a queen.

In *Vacation Exercise:* —

> Driving *dumb silence* from the *portal door*,
> Where he had *mutely sat* two years before.

What do you think of that?

Landor. Why, I think it would have been as well if he had sat there still. In the 27th verse, he uses the noun substantive *suspect* for *suspicion;* and why not? I have already given my reasons for its propriety. From verse 33 to 44 is again such a series of couplets as you will vainly look for in any other poet.

Southey. "*On the Ens.*" — Nothing can be more ingenious. It was in such subjects that the royal James took delight. I know not what the rivers have to do with the present; but they are very refreshing after coming out of the schools.

The Epitaph on Shakspeare is thought unworthy of Milton. I entertain a very different opinion of it, considering it was the first poem he ever published. Omit the two lines, —

> Thou in our wonder and astonishment
> Hast built thyself a live-long monument,

— and the remainder is vigorous, direct, and enthusiastic; after invention, the greatest qualities of all great poetry.

On the Forces of Conscience. — Milton is among the least witty of mankind. He seldom attempts a witticism unless he is angry; and then he stifles it by clenching his fist. His unrhymed translation of *Quis multâ gracilis* is beautiful for four lines only. *Plain in thy neatness* is almost an equivoke; *neat in thy plainness of attire* would be nearer the mark.

Landor. Simplex munditis does not mean that, nor *plain* in thy "ornaments," as Warton thinks; but, without any refer-

ence to ornaments, plain in *attire*. *Mundus muliebris* (and from *mundus munditiæ*) means the toilet; and always will mean it, as long as the world lasts. We now come upon the *Psalms;* so let us close the book.

Southey. Willingly; for I am desirous of hearing you say a little more about the Latin poetry of Milton than you have said in your *Dissertation.*

Landor. Johnson gives his opinion more freely than favorably. It is wonderful that a critic, so severe in his censures on the absurdities and extravagances of Cowley, should prefer the very worst of them to the gracefulness and simplicity of Milton. His gracefulness he seldom loses; his simplicity he not always retains. But there is no Latin verse of Cowley worth preservation. Thomas May, indeed, is an admirable imitator of Lucan; so good a one, that, if in Lucan you find little poetry, in May you find none. But his verses sound well upon the anvil. It is surprising that Milton, who professedly imitated Ovid, should so much more rarely have run into conceits than when he had no such leader. His early English poetry is full of them, and in the gravest the most. The best of his Latin poems is that addressed to Christina in the name of Cromwell: it is worthy of the classical and courtly Bembo. But, in the second verse, *lucida stella* violates the metre: *stella serena* would be more descriptive and applicable. It now occurs to me, that he who edited the last *Ainsworth's Dictionary* calls Cowley *poetarum sæculi sui facile princeps*, and totally omits all mention of Shakspeare in the obituary of illustrious men. Among these he has placed not only the most contemptible critics, who bore indeed some relation to learning, but even such people as Lord Cornwallis and Lord Thurlow. Egregious ass! above all other asses by a good ear's length! Ought a publication so negligent and injudicious to be admitted into our public schools, after the world has been enriched by the erudition of Facciolati and Furlani? Shall we open the book again, and go straight on?

Southey. If you please. But as you insist on me saying most about the English, I expect at your hands a compensation in the Latin.

Landor. I do not promise you a compensation; but I will waste no time in obeying your wishes. Severe and rigid as the character of Milton has been usually represented to us, it

is impossible to read his *Elegies* without admiration for his warmth of friendship and his eloquence in expressing it. His early love of Ovid, as a master in poetry, is enthusiastic.

> Non tunc Ionio quidquam cessisset Homero,
> *Neve* foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro !

Neve is often used by the moderns for *neque*, very improperly. Although we hear much about the *Metamorphoses* and the *Æneid* being left incomplete, we may reasonably doubt whether the authors could have much improved them. There is a deficiency of skill in the composition of both poems ; but every part is elaborately worked out. Nothing in Latin can excel the beauty of Virgil's versification. Ovid's at one moment has the fluency, at another the discontinuance, of mere conversation. Sorrow, passionate, dignified, and deep, is never seen in the *Metamorphoses*, as in the *Æneid;* nor in the *Æneid* is any eloquence so sustained, any spirit so heroic, as in the contest between Ajax and Ulysses. But Ovid frequently, in other places, wants that gravity and potency in which Virgil rarely fails : declamation is no substitute for it. Milton, in his Latin verses, often places words beginning with *sc*, *st*, *sp*, &c., before a dactyl, which is inadmissible.

> Ah ! quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
> Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis.

No such difficult a matter as he appears to represent it ; for Jupiter, to the very last, was much given to such reparations. This elegy, with many slight faults, has great facility and spirit of its own, and has caught more by running at the side of Ovid and Tibullus. In the second elegy, *alipes* is a dactyl ; *pes*, simple or compound, is long. This poem is altogether unworthy of its author. The third is on the death of Launcelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester. It is florid, puerile, and altogether deficient in pathos. The conclusion is curious : —

> Flebam turbatos Cepheleiâ pellice somnos ;
> *Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.*

Ovid has expressed the same wish in the same words ; but the aspiration was for somewhat very dissimilar to a Bishop of Winchester. The fourth is an epistle to Thomas Young, his

preceptor, a man whose tenets were puritanical, but who encouraged in his scholar the love of poetry. Much of this piece is imitated from Ovid. There are several thoughts which might have been omitted, and several expressions which might have been improved. For instance: —

> Namque eris ipse *Dei* radiante sub *ægide* tutus,
> Ille tibi custos et *pugil* ille tibi.

All the verses after these are magnificent. The next is on Spring, — very inferior to its predecessors.

> Nam dolus et cædes *et vis*, cum nocte recessit
> *Neve* giganteum Dii me*tuere* scelus.

How thick the faults lie here! But the invitation of the Earth to the Sun is quite Ovidian.

> Semicaperque deus semideusque caper

is too much so. Elegy the sixth is addressed to Deodati.

> Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
> Qua tu, distento, *fortē* carere potes.

I have often observed, in modern Latinists of the first order, that they use indifferently *forte* and *forsan* or *forsitan*. Here is an example. *Forte* is, *by accident*, without the implication of a doubt; *forsan* always implies one. Martial wrote bad Latin when he wrote "Si *forsan*." Runchenius himself writes questionably to D'Orville, "sed *forte* res non est tanti." It surely would be better to have written *fortasse*. I should have less wondered to find *forte* in any modern Italian (excepting Bembo, who always writes with as much precision as Cicero or Cæsar); because *ma forse*, their idiom, would prompt *sed forte*.

> Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris.

Untrue. He himself was discontented with them because they had lost their playfulness; but their only fault lies in their adulation. I doubt whether all the elegiac verses that have been written in the Latin language ever since are worth

the books of them he sent from Pontus. Deducting one couplet from Joannes Secundus, I would strike the bargain.

Si modo *saltem*.

The *saltem* is here redundant and contrary to Latinity.

Southey. This elegy, I think, is equable and pleasing, without any great fault or great beauty.

Landor. In the seventh, he discloses the first effects of love on him. Here are two verses which I never have read without the heart-ache : —

Ut mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.

We perceive at one moment the first indication of love and of blindness. Happy, had the blindness been as unreal as the love. Cupid is not exalted by a comparison with Paris and Hylas, nor the frown of Apollo magnified by the Parthian. He writes, as many did, *author* for *auctor*, very improperly. In the sixtieth verse is again *neve* for *nec;* nor is it the last time. But here come beautiful verses : —

Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores ;
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans.

I wish *cur* had been *quî*. Subjoined to this elegy are ten verses in which he regrets the time he had wasted in love. Probably it was on the day (for it could not have cost him more) on which he composed it.

Southey. The series of these compositions exhibits little more than so many exercises in mythology. You have repeated to me all that is good in them, and in such a tone of enthusiasm as made me think better of them than I had ever thought before. The first of his epigrams, on Leonora Baroni, has little merit ; the second, which relates to Tasso, has much.

Landor. I wish, however, that in the sixth line he had substituted *illâ* for *eâdem*, — and not on account of the metre ; for *eadem* becomes a spondee, as *eodem* in Virgil's " uno *eodemque* igni." And *sibi*, which ends the poem, is superfluous ; if there must be any word, it should be *ei*, which the metre re-

jects. The *Scazons* against Salmasius are a miserable copy of Persius's heavy prologue to his satires; and, moreover, a copy at second-hand: for Ménage had imitated it in his invective against Mommor, whom he calls Gargilius. He begins, —

Quis expedivit psittaco suo χαιρε.

But Persius's and Ménage's at least are metrical, which Milton's in one instance are not. The fifth foot should be an iambic. In *primatum* we have a spondee. The iambics which follow, on Salmasius again, are just as faulty. They start with a false quantity, and go on stumbling with the same infirmity. The epigram on More, the defender of Salmasius, is without wit: the pun is very poor. The next piece, a fable of the Farmer and Master, is equally vapid. But now comes the *Bellipotens Virgo*, of which we often have spoken, but of which no one ever spoke too highly. Christina was flighty and insane; but it suited the policy of Cromwell to flatter a queen almost as vain as Elizabeth, who could still command the veterans of Gustavus Adolphus. We will pass over the Greek verses. They are such as no boy of the sixth form would venture to show up in any of our public schools. We have only one Alcaic ode in the volume, and a very bad one it is. The canons of this metre were unknown in Milton's time. But, versed as he was in mythology, he never should have written —

Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
Horribiles *barathri* recessus.

The good Doctor Goslyn was not rowed in that direction, nor could any such place be discovered from the bark of Charon, from whom Dr. Goslyn had every right, as Vice-Chancellor of the University, to expect civility and attention.

Southey. We come now to a longer poem, and in heroic verse, on the *Gunpowder Plot.* It appears to me to be even more Ovidian than the *Elegies.* Monstrosus Typhoeus, Mavortigena Quirinus, the Pope, and the mendicant friars meet strangely. However, here they are; and now come Saint Peter and Bromius.

Landor.

Hic Dolus insortis semper sedet ater *ocellis.*

Though *ocellus* is often used for *oculus*, being a diminutive, it is, if not always a word of endearment, yet never applicable to what is terrific or heroic. In the 163d verse the Pope is represented as declaring the Protestant religion to be the true one.

Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ.

This poem, which ends poorly, is a wonderful work for a boy of seventeen, although much less so than Chatterton's *Bristowe Tragedie* and *Ælia*.

Southey. I suspect you will be less an admirer of the next, on *Obitum Prœulis Elienses*, —

Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet,

— where he wishes Death were dead.

Et imprecor neci necem.

Again, —

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
Sedesque subterraneas.

Landor. He never has descended before to such a bathos as this, where he runs against the coming blackamoor in the dark. However, he recovers from the momentary stupefaction ; and there follow twenty magnificent verses, such as Horace himself, who excels in this metre, never wrote in it. But the next, *Naturam non pati senium*, is still more admirable. I wish only he had omitted the third verse.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem.

Sublime as *volvit sub pectore noctem* is, the lumbering and ill-composed word, *Œdipodioniam*, spoils it. Beside, the sentence would go on very well, omitting the whole line. Gray has much less vigor and animation in the fragment of his philosophical poem. Robert Smith alone has more, — how much more ! Enough to rival Lucretius in his noblest passages, and to deter the most aspiring from an attempt at Latin poetry. The next is also on a philosophical subject, and en-

titled, *De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.* This is obscure. Aristoteles *knew*, as others do, that Plato entertained the whimsy of God working from an archetype; but he himself was too sound and solid for the admission of such a notion. The first five verses are highly poetical; the sixth is Cowleian. At the close, he scourges Plato for playing the fool so extravagantly, and tells him either to recall the poets he has turned out of doors, or to go out himself. There are people who look up in astonishment at this *archetypus gigas*, frightening God while he works at him. Milton has invested him with great dignity, and slips only once into the poetical corruptions of the age.

Southey. Lover as you are of Milton, how highly must you be gratified by the poem he addresses to his father!

Landor. I am happy, remote as we are, to think of the pleasure so good a father must have felt on this occasion, and how clearly he must have seen in prospective the glory of his son.

In the verses after the forty-second, —

> Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
> Cum nondum luxus vastæque immensa vorago
> Nota gulæ, et modico fumabat cœna Lyæo,
> Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates, &c.

I wish he had omitted the two intermediate lines, and had written, —

> Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
> Cum, de more, &c.

The four toward the conclusion, —

> At tibi, chare pater, &c.

— must have gratified the father as much almost by the harmony as the sentiment.

Southey. The scazons to Salsilli are a just and equitable return for his quatrain; for they are full of false quantities, without an iota of poetry.

Landor. But how gloriously he bursts forth again in all his splendor for Manso! — for Manso, who before had enjoyed the immortal honor of being the friend of Tasso!

Diis dilecte senex! te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; *neque enim nisi charus ab ortu.*
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.

And the remainder of the poem is highly enthusiastic. What a glorious verse is, —

Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!

Southey. I have often wondered that our poets, and Milton more especially, should be the partisans of the Britons rather than of the Saxons. I do not add the Normans; for very few of our poets are Norman by descent. The Britons seem to have been a barbarous and treacherous race, inclined to drunkenness and quarrels. Was the whole nation ever worth this noble verse of Milton? It seems to come sounding over the Ægean Sea, and not to have been modulated on the low country of the Tiber.

Landor. In his pastoral on the loss of Diodati, entitled *Epitaphium Damonis*, there are many beautiful verses: for instance, —

Ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

The pause at *mœrent*, and the word also, show the great master. In Virgil himself it is impossible to find any thing more scientific. Here, as in *Lycidas*, mythologies are intermixed, and the heroic bursts forth from the pastoral. Apollo could not for ever be disguised as the shepherd-boy of Admetus.

Supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, *fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.*

Southey. This is finely expressed; but he found the idea not untouched before. Gray and others have worked upon it since. It may be well to say little on the *Presentation of the poems to the Bodleian Library.* Strophes and antistrophes are here quite out of place; and on no occasion has any Latin poet so jumbled together the old metres. Many of these are irregular and imperfect.

Ion Acteâ genitus Creusâ

is not a verse; *authorum* is not Latin.

Et tutela dabit *sōlers* Roüsi

is defective in metre. This Pindaric ode to Rouse, the librarian, is indeed fuller of faults than any other of his Latin compositions. He tells us himself that he has admitted a spondee for the third foot in the Phalæcian verse, because Catullus had done so in the second. He never wrote such bad verses, or gave such bad reasons, all his life before. But beautifully and justly has he said, —

Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet.

Landor. I find traces in Milton of nearly all the best Latin poets, excepting Lucretius. This is singular; for there is in both of them a generous warmth and a contemptuous severity. I admire and love Lucretius. There is about him a simple majesty, a calm and lofty scorn of every thing pusillanimous and abject; and, consistently with this character, his poetry is masculine, plain, concentrated, and energetic. But since invention was precluded by the subject, and glimpses of imagination could be admitted through but few and narrow apertures, it is the insanity of enthusiasm to prefer his poetical powers to those of Virgil, of Catullus, and of Ovid; in all of whom every part of what constitutes the true poet is much more largely displayed. The excellence of Lucretius is, that his ornaments are never out of place, and are always to be found wherever there is a place for them. Ovid knows not what to do with his, and is as fond of accumulation as the frequenter of auction-rooms. He is playful so out of season, that he reminds me of a young lady I saw at Sta. Maria Novella, who at one moment crossed herself, and at the next tickled her companion; by which process they were both put upon their speed at their prayers, and made very good and happy. Small as is the portion of glory which accrues to Milton from his Latin poetry, there are single sentences in it, ay, single images, worth all that our island had produced before. In all the volume of Buchanan, I doubt whether you can discover a glimpse of poetry; and few sparks fly off the anvil of May.

There is a confidence of better days expressed in this closing poem. Enough is to be found in his Latin to insure him a high rank and a lasting name. It is, however, to be regretted that late in life he ran back to the treasures of his youth, and estimated them with the fondness of that undiscerning age. No poet ever was sorry that he abstained from early publication. But Milton seems to have cherished his first effusions with undue partiality. Many things written later by him are unworthy of preservation, especially those which exhibit men who provoked him into bitterness. Hatred, the most vulgar of vulgarisms, could never have belonged to his natural character. He must have contracted the distemper from theologians and critics. The scholar in his days was half clown and half trooper. College life could leave but few of its stains and incrustations on a man who had stepped forward so soon into the amenities of Italy, and had conversed so familiarly with the most polished gentlemen of the most polished nation.

Southey. In his attacks on Salmasius, and others more obscure, he appears to have mistaken his talent in supposing he was witty.

Landor. Is there a man in the world wise enough to know whether he himself is witty or not, to the extent he aims at? I doubt whether any question needs more self-examination. It is only the fool's heart that is at rest upon it. He never asks how the matter stands, and feels confident he has only to stoop for it. Milton's dough, it must be acknowledged, is never the lighter for the bitter barm he kneads up with it.

Southey. The Sabbath of his mind required no levities, — no excursions or amusements. But he was not ill-tempered. The worst-tempered men have often the greatest and readiest store of pleasantries. Milton, on all occasions indignant and wrathful at injustice, was unwilling to repress the signification of it when it was directed against himself. However, I can hardly think he felt so much as he expresses; but he seized on bad models in his resolution to show his scholarship. Disputants, and critics in particular, followed one another with invectives; and he was thought to have given the most manifest proof of original genius who had invented a new form of reproach. I doubt if Milton was so contented with his discomfiture of Satan, or even with his creation of

Eve, as with the overthrow of Salmasius under the loads of fetid brimstone he fulminated against him.

It is fortunate we have been sitting quite alone while we detected the blemishes of a poet we both venerate. The malicious are always the most ready to bring forward an accusation of malice; and we should certainly have been served, before long, with a writ pushed under the door.

Landor. Are we not somewhat like two little beggar-boys, who, forgetting that they are in tatters, sit noticing a few stains and rents in their father's raiment?

Southey. But they love him.

Let us now walk homeward. We leave behind us the Severn and the sea and the mountains; and, if smaller things may be mentioned so suddenly after greater, we leave behind us the sundial, which marks, as we have been doing in regard to Milton, the course of the great luminary by a slender line of shadow.

Landor. After witnessing his glorious ascension, we are destined to lower our foreheads over the dreary hydropathy and flannelly voices of the swathed and sinewless.

Southey. Do not be over-sure that you are come to the worst, even there. Unless you sign a certificate of their health and vigor, your windows and lamps may be broken by the mischievous rabble below.

Landor. Marauders will cook their greens and bacon, though they tear down cedar panels for the purpose.

Southey. There is an incessant chatterer, who has risen to the first dignities of State by the same means as nearly all men rise now by; namely, opposition to whatever is done or projected by those invested with authority. He will never allow us to contemplate greatness at our leisure: he will not allow us indeed to look at it for a moment. Cæsar must be stripped of his laurels and left bald; or some reeling soldier, some insolent swaggerer, some stilted ruffian, thrust before his triumph. If he fights, he does not know how to use his sword; if he speaks, he speaks vile Latin. I wonder that Cromwell fares no better; for he lived a hypocrite, and he died a traitor. I should not recall to you this ridiculous man, to whom the Lords have given the *run of the House*, — a man pushed off his chair by every party he joins, and enjoying all the disgraces he incurs, — were it not that he has also, in the

fulness of his impudence, raised his cracked voice and incondite language against Milton.

Landor. I hope his dapple fellow-creatures in the lanes will be less noisy and more modest as we pass along them homeward.

Southey. Wretched as he is in composition, superficial as he is in all things, without a glimmer of genius or a grain of judgment, yet his abilities and acquirements raise him somewhat high above those more quiescent and unaspiring ones you call his fellow-creatures.

Landor. The main difference is, that they are subject to have their usual burdens laid upon them all their lives, while his of the woolsack is taken off for ever. The allusion struck me from the loudness and dissonance of his voice, the wilfulness and perverseness of his disposition, and his habitude of turning round on a sudden and kicking up behind.

XIX. ANDREW MARVEL AND BISHOP PARKER.*

Parker. Most happy am I to encounter you, Mr. Marvel. It is some time, I think, since we met. May I take the

* He wrote a work entitled, as Hooker's was, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, in which are these words: "It is better to submit to the unreasonable impositions of Nero and Caligula than to hazard the dissolution of the State." It is plain enough to what *impositions* he recommended the duty of submission; for, in our fiscal sense of the word, none ever bore more lightly on the subject than Caligula's and Nero's: even the provinces were taxed very moderately and fairly by them. He adds, "Princes may with less danger give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences." Marvel answered him in his *Rehearsal Transposed*, in which he says of Milton: "I well remember that, being one day at his house, I there first met you, and accidentally. Then it was that you wandered up and down Moorfields, astrologizing upon the duration of His Majesty's government. You frequented John Milton incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used he is too generous to remember; but, he never having in the least provoked you, it is inhumanely and inhospitably done to insult thus over his old age. I hope it will be a warning to all others, as it is to me, to avoid, I will not say such a Judas, but a man that creeps into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them."

liberty of inquiring what brought you into such a lonely quarter as Bunhillfields?

Marvel. My lord, I return at this instant from visiting an old friend of ours, hard by, in Artillery Walk; who, you will be happy to hear, bears his blindness and asthma with truly Christian courage.

Parker. And pray, who may that old friend be, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. Honest John Milton.

Parker. The same gentleman whose ingenious poem, on our first parents, you praised in some elegant verses prefixed to it?

Marvel. The same who likewise, on many occasions, merited and obtained your lordship's approbation.

Parker. I am happy to understand that no harsh measures were taken against him, on the return of our most gracious sovereign. And it occurs to me that you, Mr. Marvel, were earnest in his behalf. Indeed, I myself might have stirred upon it, had Mr. Milton solicited me in the hour of need.

Marvel. He is grateful to the friends who consulted at the same time his dignity and his safety; but gratitude can never be expected to grow on a soil hardened by solicitation. Those who are the most ambitious of power are often the least ambitious of glory. It requires but little sagacity to foresee that a name will become invested with eternal brightness by belonging to a benefactor of Milton. *I might have served him!* is not always the soliloquy of late compassion or of virtuous repentance: it is frequently the cry of blind and impotent and wounded pride, angry at itself for having neglected a good bargain, a rich reversion. Believe me, my lord bishop, there are few whom God has promoted to serve the truly great. They are never to be superseded, nor are their names to be obliterated in earth or heaven. Were I to trust my observation rather than my feelings, I should believe that friendship is only a state of transition to enmity. The wise, the excellent in honor and integrity, whom it was once our ambition to converse with, soon appear in our sight no higher than the ordinary class of our acquaintance; then become fit objects to set our own slender wits against, to contend with, to interrogate, to subject to the arbitration, not of their

equals, but of ours ; and, lastly, — what indeed is less injustice and less indignity, — to neglect, abandon, and disown.

Parker. I never have doubted that Mr. Milton is a learned man, — indeed, he has proven it ; and there are many who, like yourself, see considerable merit in his poems. I confess that I am an indifferent judge in these matters ; and I can only hope that he has now corrected what is erroneous in his doctrines.

Marvel. Latterly, he hath never changed a jot, in acting or thinking.

Parker. Wherein I hold him blamable, well aware as I am that never to change is thought an indication of rectitude and wisdom. But if every thing in this world is progressive ; if every thing is defective ; if our growth, if our faculties, are obvious and certain signs of it, — then surely we should and must be different in different ages and conditions. Consciousness of error is, to a certain extent, a consciousness of understanding ; and correction of error is the plainest proof of energy and mastery.

Marvel. No proof of the kind is necessary to my friend ; and it was not always that your lordship looked down on him so magisterially in reprehension, or delivered a sentence from so commanding an elevation. I, who indeed am but a humble man, am apt to question my judgment where it differs from his. I am appalled by any supercilious glance at him, and disgusted by any austerity ill assorted with the generosity of his mind. When I consider what pure delight we have derived from it, what treasures of wisdom it has conveyed to us, I find him supremely worthy of my gratitude, love, and veneration ; and the neglect in which I now discover him leaves me only the more room for the free effusion of these sentiments. How shallow in comparison is every thing else around us, trickling and dimpling in the pleasure-grounds of our literature ! If we are to build our summer-houses against ruined temples, let us at least abstain from ruining them for the purpose.

Parker. Nay, nay, Mr. Marvel ! so much warmth is uncalled for.

Marvel. Is there any thing offensive to your lordship in my expressions ?

Parker. I am not aware that there is. But let us gener-

alize a little; for we are prone to be touchy and testy in favor of our intimates.

Marvel. I believe, my lord, this fault, or sin, or whatsoever it may be designated, is among the few that are wearing fast away.

Parker. Delighted am I, my dear sir, to join you in your innocent pleasantry. But, truly and seriously, I have known even the prudent grow warm and stickle about some close affinity.

Marvel. Indeed! so indecorous before your lordship?

Parker. We may remember when manners were less polite than they are now; and not only the seasons of life require an alteration of habits, but likewise the changes of society.

Marvel. Your lordship acts up to your tenets.

Parker. Perhaps you may blame me, and more severely than I would blame our worthy friend Mr. John Milton, upon finding a slight variation in my exterior manner, and somewhat more reserve than formerly; yet wiser and better men than I presume to call myself have complied with the situation to which it hath pleased the Almighty to exalt them.

Marvel. I am slow to censure any one for assuming an air and demeanor which, he is persuaded, are more becoming than what he has left off. And I subscribe to the justice of the observation, that wiser and better men than your lordship have adapted their language and their looks to elevated station. But sympathy is charity, or engenders it; and sympathy requires proximity, closeness, contact; and at every remove, and more especially at every gradation of ascent, it grows a little colder. When we begin to call a man our *worthy friend*, our friendship is already on the wane. In him who has been raised above his old companions, there seldom remains more warmth than what turns every thing about it vapid: familiarity sidles towards affability, and kindness courtesies into condescension.

Parker. I see, we are hated for rising.

Marvel. Many do really hate others for rising; but some, who appear to hate them for it, hate them only for the bad effects it produces on the character.

Parker. We are odious, I am afraid, sometimes for the gift, and sometimes for the giver; and malevolence cools

her throbs by running to the obscurity of neglected merit. We know whose merit that means.

Marvel. What! because the servants of a king have stamped no measure above a certain compass, and such only as the vulgar are accustomed to handle, must we disbelieve the existence of any greater in its capacity, or decline the use of it in things lawful and commendable? Little men like these have no business at all with the mensuration of higher minds: gaugers are not astronomers.

Parker. Really, Mr. Marvel, I do not understand metaphors.

Marvel. Leaving out arithmetic and mathematics, and the sciences appertaining to them, I never opened a page without one: no, not even a title-page with a dozen words in it. Perhaps I am unfortunate in my tropes and figures: perhaps they come, by my want of dexterity, too near your lordship. I would humbly ask, Is there any criminality in the calculation and casting up of manifold benefits, or in the employment of those instruments by which alone they are to be calculated and cast up?

Parker. Surely none whatever.

Marvel. It has happened to me and my schoolfellows, that, catching small fish in the shallows and ditches of the Humber, we called a minnow a perch, and a dace a pike; because they pleased us in the catching, and because we really were ignorant of their quality. In like manner do some older ones act in regard to men. They who are caught and handled by them are treated with distinction, because they are so caught and handled, and because self-love and self-conceit dazzle and delude the senses; while those whom they neither can handle nor catch are without a distinctive name. We are informed by Aristoteles, in his *Treatise on Natural History*, that solid horns are dropped and that hollow ones are permanent. Now, although we may find solid men cast on the earth and hollow men exalted, yet never will I believe in the long duration of the hollow, or in the long abasement of the solid. Milton, although the generality may be ignorant of it, is quite as great a genius as Bacon, bating the chancellorship, which goes for little where a great man is estimated by a wise one.

Parker. Rather enthusiastic! ay, Mr. Marvel!—the one

name having been established for almost a century, the other but recently brought forward, and but partially acknowledged. By coming so much later into the world, he cannot be quite so original in his notions as Lord Verulam.

Marvel. Solomon said that, even in his time, there was nothing new under the sun: he said it unwisely and untruly.

Parker. Solomon? untruly? unwisely?

Marvel. The spectacles which, by the start you gave, had so nearly fallen from the bridge of your nose, attest it. Had *he* any? It is said, and apparently with more reason than formerly, that there are no new thoughts. What do the fools mean who say it! They might just as well assert that there are no new men, because other men existed before with eyes, mouth, nostrils, chin, and many other appurtenances. But as there are myriads of forms between the forms of Scarron and Hudson * on one side, and of Mercury and Apollo on the other, so there are myriads of thoughts, of the same genus, each taking its peculiar conformation. Æschylus and Racine, struck by the same idea, would express a sentiment very differently. Do not imagine that the idea is the thought: the idea is that which the thought generates, rears up to maturity, and calls after its own name. Every note in music has been sounded frequently; yet a composition of Purcell may be brilliant by its novelty. There are extremely few roots in a language; yet the language may be varied, and novel too, age after age. Chessboards and numerals are less capable of exhibiting new combinations than poetry; and prose likewise is equally capable of displaying new phases and phenomena in images and reflections. Good prose, to say nothing of the original thoughts it conveys, may be infinitely varied in modulation. It is only an extension of metres, an amplification of harmonies, of which even the best and most varied poetry admits but few. Comprehending at once the prose and poetry of Milton, we could prove, before "fit audience," that he is incomparably the greatest master of harmony that ever lived.

There may be, even in these late days, more originality of thought, and flowing in more channels of harmony, more bursts and breaks and sinuosities, than we have yet discovered.

* A dwarf in that age.

The admirers of Homer never dreamed that a man more pathetic, more sublime, more thoughtful, more imaginative, would follow.

Parker. Certainly not.

Marvel. Yet Shakspeare came, in the memory of our fathers.

Parker. Mr. William Shakspeare, of Stratford upon Avon? A remarkably clever man: nobody denies it.

Marvel. At first, people did not know very well what to make of him. He looked odd; he seemed witty; he drew tears. But a grin and a pinch of snuff can do that.

Every great author is a great reformer; and the reform is either in thought or language. Milton is zealous and effective in both.

Parker. Some men conceive that, if their name is engraven in Gothic letters, it signifies and manifests antiquity of family; and others, that a congestion of queer words and dry chopped sentences, which turn the mouth awry in reading, make them look like original thinkers. I have seen fantastical folks of this description who write *wend* instead of *go*, and are so ignorant of grammar as even to put *wended* for *went*. I do not say that Mr. Milton is one of them; but he may have led weak men into the fault.

Marvel. Not only is he not one of them, but his language is never a patchwork of old and new: all is of a piece. Beside, he is the only writer whom it is safe to follow in spelling: others are inconsistent; some for want of learning, some for want of reasoning, some for want of memory, and some for want of care. But there are certain words which ceased to be spelled properly just before his time: the substantives *childe* and *wilde*, and the verbs *finde* and *winde*, for instance.

Parker. Therein we agree. We ought never to have deviated from those who delivered to us our Litany, of which the purity is unapproachable and the harmony complete. Our tongue has been drooping ever since.

Marvel. Until Milton touched it again with fire from heaven.

Parker. Gentlemen seem now to have delegated the correction of the press to their valets, and the valets to have devolved it on the chambermaids. But I would not advise you to start a fresh reformation in this quarter; for the

Roundheads can't spell, and the Royalists won't; and, if you bring back an ancient form retaining all its beauty, they will come forward from both sides against you on a charge of coining. We will now return, if you please, to the poets we were speaking of. Both Mr. Shakspeare and Mr. Milton have considerable merit in their respective ways; but both, surely, are unequal. Is it not so, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. Under the highest of their immeasurable Alps, all is not valley and verdure: in some places there are frothy cataracts, there are the fruitless beds of noisy torrents, and there are dull and hollow glaciers. He must be a bad writer, or however a very indifferent one, in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such table-land are diminutive, and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude and at the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb and valleys to repose in. Is there any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.

Parker. I can listen to this; but where the authority of Solomon is questioned and rejected, I must avoid the topic. Pardon me; I collect from what you threw out previously, that, with strange attachments and strange aversions, you cherish singular ideas about greatness.

Marvel. To pretermit all reference to myself, our evil humors, and our good ones too, are brought out whimsically. We are displeased by him who would be similar to us, or who would be near, unless he consent to walk behind. To-day we are unfriendly to a man of genius, whom ten days hence we shall be zealous in extolling, — not because we know any thing more of his works or his character, but because we have dined in his company and he has desired to be introduced to us. A flat ceiling seems to compress those animosities which flame out furiously under the open sky.

Parker. Sad prejudices! sad infirmities!

Marvel. The sadder are opposite to them. Usually men, in distributing fame, do as old maids and old misers do: they give every thing to those who want nothing. In literature, often a man's solitude, and oftener his magnitude, disinclines

us from helping him if we find him down. We are fonder of warming our hands at a fire already in a blaze than of blowing one. I should be glad to see some person as liberal of fame in regard to Milton as in regard to those literators of the town who speedily run it out.

Parker. I have always called him a man of parts. But, Mr. Marvel, we may bestow as injudiciously as we detract.

Marvel. Perhaps as injudiciously, certainly not as injuriously. If indeed we are to be called to account for the misapplication of our bestowals, a heavy charge will lie against me for an action I committed in my journey hither from Hull. I saw an old man working upon the road, who was working upon the same road, and not far from the same spot, when I was first elected to represent that city in Parliament. He asked me for *something to make him drink;* which, considering the heat of the weather and the indication his nose exhibited of his propensities, did appear superfluous. However, I gave him a shilling, in addition to as many good wishes as he had given me.

Parker. Not reflecting that he would probably get intoxicated with it?

Marvel. I must confess I had all that reflection, with its whole depth of shade, upon my conscience; and I tried as well as I could to remove the evil. I inquired of him whether he was made the happier by the shilling. He answered, that, if I was none the worse for it, he was none. "Then," said I, "honest friend! since two are already the happier, prythee try whether two more may not become so: therefore, drink out of it at supper with thy two best friends."

Parker. I would rather have advised frugality and laying-by. Perhaps he might have had a wife and children.

Marvel. He could not then, unless he were a most unlucky man, be puzzled in searching for his two best friends. My project gave him more pleasure than my money; and I was happy to think that he had many hours for his schemes and anticipations between him and sunset.

Parker. When I ride or walk, I never carry loose money about me, lest, through an inconsiderate benevolence, I be tempted in some such manner to misapply it. To be robbed would give me as little or less concern.

Marvel. A man's self is often his worst robber. He

steals from his own bosom and heart what God has there deposited, and he hides it out of his way, as dogs and foxes do with bones. But the robberies we commit on the body of our superfluities, and store up in vacant places, — in places of poverty and sorrow, — these, whether in the dark or in the daylight, leave us neither in nakedness nor in fear, are marked by no burning-iron of conscience, are followed by no scourge of reproach; they never deflower prosperity, they never distemper sleep.

Parker. I am ready at all times to award justice to the generosity of your character, and no man ever doubted its consistency. Believing you to be at heart a loyal subject, I am thrown back on the painful reflection that all our acquaintance are not equally so. Mr. Milton, for example, was a republican; yet he entered into the service of a usurper: you disdained it.

Marvel. Events proved that my judgment of Cromwell's designs was correcter than his; but the warier man is not always the wiser, nor the more active and industrious in the service of his country.

Parker. His opinions on religion varied also considerably, until at last the vane almost wore out the socket, and it could turn no longer.

Marvel. Is it nothing in the eyes of an Anglican bishop to have carried the gospel of Christ against the Talmudists of Rome; the word of God against the traditions of men; the liberty of conscience against the conspiracy of tyranny and fraud? If so, then the Protector, — such was Milton, — not of England only, but of Europe, was nothing.

Parker. You are warm, Mr. Marvel.

Marvel. Not by any addition to my cloth, however.

Parker. He hath seceded, I hear, from every form of public worship; and doubts are entertained whether he believes any longer in the co-equality of the Son with the Father, or indeed in his atonement for our sins. Such being the case, he forfeits the name and privileges of a Christian.

Marvel. Not with Christians, if they know that he keeps the ordinances of Christ. Papists, Calvinists, Lutherans, and every other kind of scoria, exploding in the furnace of zeal, and cracking off from Christianity, stick alike to the

side of this gloomy, contracted, and unwholesome doctrine. But the steadiest believer in the divinity of our Lord, and in his atonement for us, if pride, arrogance, persecution, malice, lust of station, lust of money, lust of power, inflame him, is incomparably less a Christian than he who doubteth all that ever was doubted of his genealogy and hereditary rights, yet who never swerveth from his commandments. A wise man will always be a Christian, because the perfection of wisdom is to know where lies tranquillity of mind, and how to attain it, which Christianity teaches; but men equally wise may differ and diverge on the sufficiency of testimony, and still farther on matters which no testimony can affirm and no intellect comprehend. To strangle a man because he has a narrow swallow, shall never be inserted among the "infallible cures" in my *Book of Domestic Remedies*.

Parker. We were talking gravely: were it not rather more seemly to continue in the same strain, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. I was afraid that my gravity might appear too specific; but, with your lordship's permission and exhortation, I will proceed in serious reflections, — to which indeed, on this occasion, I am greatly more inclined. Never do I take the liberty to question or examine any man on his religion, or to look over his shoulder on his account-book with his God. But I know that Milton, and every other great poet, must be religious; for there is nothing so godlike as a love of order, with a power of bringing great things into it. This power, — unlimited in the one, limited (but incalculably and inconceivably great) in the other, — belongs to the Deity and the poet.

Parker. I shudder.

Marvel. Wherefore? at seeing a man what he was designed to be by his Maker, — his Maker's image? But pardon me, my lord! the surprise of such a novelty is enough to shock you.

Reserving to myself for a future time the liberty of defending my friend on theology, in which alone he shifted his camp, I may remark what has frequently happened to me. I have walked much: finding one side of the road miry, I have looked toward the other and thought it cleaner; I have then gone over, and when there I have found it just as bad, although it did not seem nearly so, until it was tried. This,

however, has not induced me to wish that the overseer would bar it up; but only to wish that both sides were mended effectually with smaller and more binding materials, not with large loose stones, nor with softer stuff, soon converted into mud.

Parker. Stability, then, and consistency are the qualities most desirable; and these I look for in Mr. Milton. However fond he was of Athenian terms and practices, he rejected them after he had proved them.

Marvel. It was not in his choice to reject or establish. He saw the nation first cast down and lacerated by fanaticism, and then utterly exhausted by that quieter blood-sucker, hypocrisy. A powerful arm was wanted to drive away such intolerable pests, and it could not but be a friendly one. Cromwell and the saner part of the nation were unanimous in beating down Presbyterianism, which had assumed the authority of the Papacy without its lenity.

Parker. He, and those saner people, had subverted already the better form of Christianity which they found in the Anglican church. Your Samson had shaken its pillars by his attack on prelaty.

Marvel. He saw the prelates, in that reign, standing as ready there as anywhere to wave the censer before the king, and under its smoke to hide the people from him. He warned them as an angel would have done, — nay, as our Saviour has done, — that the wealthy and the proud, the flatterer at the palace and the flatterer at the altar, in short, the man for the world, is not the man for heaven.

Parker. We must lay gentle constructions and liberal interpretations on the Scriptures.

Marvel. Then let us never open them. If they are true, we should receive them as they are; if they are false, we should reject them totally. We cannot pick and choose: we cannot say to the Omniscient, "We think you right here; we think you wrong there; however, we will meet you halfway, and talk it over with you." This is such impiety as shocks us even in saying we must avoid it; yet our actions tend to its countenance and support. We clothe the ministers of Christ in the same embroidery as was worn by the proudest of his persecutors, and they mount into Pilate's chair. The Reformation has effected little more than melt-

ing down the gold lace of the old wardrobe, to make it enter the pocket more conveniently.

Parker. Who would have imagined Mr. John Milton should ever have become a seceder and sectarian? — he who, after the days of adolescence, looked with an eye of fondness on the idle superstitions of our forefathers, and celebrated them in his poetry!

Marvel. When superstitions are only idle, it is wiser to look on them kindly than unkindly. I have remarked that those which serve best for poetry have more plumage than talon, and those which serve best for policy have more talon than plumage. Milton never countenanced priestcraft, never countenanced fraud and fallacy.

Parker. The business is no easy one to separate devotion from practices connected with it. There is much that may seem useless, retained through ages in an intermixture with what is better; and the better would never have been so good as it is, if you had cast away the rest. What is chaff when the grain is threshed was useful to the grain before its threshing.

Marvel. Since we are come unaware on religion, I would entreat of your lordship to enlighten me, and thereby some others of weak minds and tender consciences, in regard to the criminality of pretence to holiness.

Parker. The Lord abominates, as you know, Mr. Marvel, from the Holy Scriptures, all hypocrisy.

Marvel. If we make ourselves or others who are not holy seem holy, are we worthy to enter his kingdom?

Parker. No; most unworthy.

Marvel. What if we set up, not only for good men, but for exquisitely religious, such as violate the laws and religion of the country?

Parker. Pray, Mr. Marvel, no longer waste your time and mine in such idle disquisitions. We have beheld such men lately, and abominate them.

Marvel. Happily for the salvation of our souls, as I conceive, we never went so far as to induce, much less to authorize, much less to command, any one to fall down and worship them.

Parker. Such insolence and impudence would have brought about the blessed Restoration much earlier.

Marvel. We are now come to the point. It seems wonderful to pious and considerate men, unhesitating believers in God's holy word, that although the Reformation under his guidance was brought about by the prayers and fasting of the bishops, and others well deserving the name of saints, chiefly of the equestrian order, no place in the calendar hath ever been assigned to them.

Parker. Perhaps, as there were several, a choice might have seemed particular and invidious. Perhaps, also, the names of many as excellent having been removed from the rubric, it was deemed unadvisable to inaugurate them.

Marvel. Yet, my lord bishop, we have inserted Charles the Martyr. Now, there have been saints not martyrs, but no martyr not a saint.

Parker. Do you talk in this manner, — you who had the manliness to praise his courage and constancy to Cromwell's face?

Marvel. Cromwell was not a man to undervalue the courage and constancy of an enemy; and, had he been, I should have applauded one in his presence. But how happens it that the bishops, priests, and deacons throughout England treat Charles as a saint and martyr, and hold his death-day sacred, who violated those ecclesiastical ordinances the violation whereof you would not only reprobate in another, but visit with exemplary punishment? Charles was present at plays in his palace on the Sabbath. Was he a saint in his lifetime; or only after his death? If in his lifetime, the single miracle performed by him was to act against his established church without a diminution of holiness. If only in his death, he holds his canonization by a different tenure from any of his blessed predecessors.

It is curious and sorrowful that Charles the Martyr should have suffered death on the scaffold for renewing the custom of arbitrary loans and forced benevolences, which the usurper Richard III. abolished. Charles, to be sure, had the misfortune to add the practice of torture and mutilation, to which those among the English who are most exposed to it bear a great dislike. Being a martyr, he is placed above the saints in dignity: they tortured only themselves.

Parker. Let me bring to your recollection, that plays were not prohibited on the Sabbath by our great Reformers.

Marvel. But if it is unChristianlike now, it was then ; and a saint must have been aware of it, although it escaped a reformer.

Parker. You scoff, Mr. Marvel! I never answer the scoffer.

Marvel. I will now be serious. Is the canonization of Charles the effect of a firm conviction that he was holier than all those ejected from the calendar ; or is it merely an ebullition of party-spirit, an ostentatious display of triumphant spite against his enemies ? In this case, — and there are too many and too cogent reasons for believing it, — would it not be wiser never to have exhibited to the scrutinizing Church of Rome a *consecration* more reprehensible than the former *desecrations ?* Either you must acknowledge that saints are not always to be followed in their practices, or you must allow men, women, and children to dance and frequent the playhouses on Sundays, as our martyr did before he took to mutilating and maiming ; and he never left off the custom by his own free-will.

Parker. I think, Mr. Marvel, you might safely leave these considerations to us.

Marvel. Very safely, my lord ! for you are perfectly sure never to meddle with them : you are sure to leave them as they are, — solely from the pious motive that there may be peace in our days, according to the Litany. On such a principle, there have been many, and still perhaps there may be some remaining, who would not brush the dust from the bench, lest they should raise the moths and discover the unsoundness and corrosions. But there is danger lest the people at some future day should be wiser, braver, more inquisitive, more pertinacious : there is danger lest, on finding a notorious cheat and perjurer set up by Act of Parliament among the choice and sterling old saints, they undervalue not only saints but Parliaments.

Parker. I would rather take my ground where politics are unmingled with religion ; and I see better reason to question the wisdom of Mr. Milton than the wisdom of our most gracious King's privy council. We enjoy, thank God ! liberty of conscience. I must make good my objection on the quarter of consistency, lest you think me resolute to find fault where there is none. Your friend continued to serve the Pro-

tector when he had reconstructed a House of Lords, which formerly he called an abomination.

Marvel. He never served Cromwell but when Cromwell served his country; and he would not abandon her defence for the worst wounds he had received in it. He was offended at the renewal of that house, after all the labor and pains he had taken in its demolition; and he would have given his life, if one man's life could have paid for it, to throw down again so unshapely and darkening an obstruction. From his youth upward, he had felt the Norman rust entering into our very vitals; and he now saw that, if we had received from the bravest of nations a longer sword, we wore a heavier chain to support it. He began his *History* from a love of the Saxon institutions, than which the most enlightened nations had contrived none better; nor can we anywhere discover a worthier object for the meditations of a philosophical or for the energies of a poetical mind.

Parker. And yet you republicans are discontented even with this.

Marvel. We are not mere Saxons. A wise English republican will prefer (as having grown up with him) the Saxon institutions generally and mainly, both in spirit and practice, to those of Rome and Athens. But the Saxon institutions, however excellent, are insufficient. The moss must be rasped off the bark, and the bark itself must be slit, to let the plant expand. Nothing is wholesomer than milk from the udder; but would you always dine upon it? The seasons of growth, physical and intellectual, require different modes of preparation, different instruments of tillage, different degrees of warmth and excitement. Whatever is bad in our Constitution we derive from the Normans, or from the glosses put against the text under their Welsh and Scotch successors: the good is thrown back to us out of what was ours before. Our boasted Magna Charta is only one side of the old Saxon coat; and it is the side that has the broken loopholes in it. It hangs loose, and at every breeze 'tis a hard matter to keep it on. In fact, the Magna Charta neither is, nor ever was long together, of much value to the body of the people. Our princes could always do what they wished to do, until lately; and this palladium was so light a matter that it was easily taken from the town-hall to the palace. It has been holden

back or missing whenever the people most loudly called for it. Municipalities — in other words, small republics — are a nation's main-stay against aristocratical and regal encroachments.

Parker. If I speak in defence of the peerage, you may think me interested.

Marvel. Bring forward what may fairly recommend the institution, and I shall think you less interested than ingenious.

Parker. Yet surely you, who are well connected, cannot be insensible of the advantages it offers to persons of family.

Marvel. Is that any proof of its benefit to the public? And persons of family! — who are they? Between the titled man of ancient and the titled man of recent times, the difference if any is in favor of the last. Suppose them both raised for merit (here indeed we do come to theory!), the benefits that society has received from him are nearer us. It is probable that many in the poor and abject are of very ancient families, and particularly in our county, where the contests of the York and Lancaster broke down, in many places, the high and powerful. Some of us may look back six or seven centuries, and find a stout ruffian at the beginning; but the great ancestor of the pauper, who must be somewhere, may stand perhaps far beyond.

Parker. If we ascend to the Tower of Babel, and come to the confusion of tongues, we come also to a confusion of ideas. A man of family, in all countries, is he whose ancestor attracted by some merit, real or imputed, the notice of those more eminent, who promoted him in wealth and station. Now, to say nothing of the humble, the greater part even of the gentry had no such progenitors.

Marvel. I look to a person of very old family as I do to any thing else that is very old; and I thank him for bringing to me a page of romance which probably he himself never knew or heard about. Usually, with all his pride and pretensions, he is much less conscious of the services his ancestor performed than my spaniel is of his own when he carries my glove or cane for me. I would pat them both on the head for it; and the civiler and more reasonable of the two would think himself well rewarded.

Parker. The additional name may light your memory to the national service.

Marvel. We extract this benefit from an ancient peer; this phosphorus, from a rotten post.

Parker. I do not complain or wonder that an irreligious man should be adverse not only to prelaty, but equally to a peerage.

Marvel. Herodotus tells us that among the Egyptians a herald was a herald because he was a herald's son, and not for the clearness of his voice. He had told us before that the Egyptians were worshippers of cats and crocodiles; but he was too religious a man to sneer at that. It was an absurdity that the herald should hold his office for no better reason than because his father held it. Herodotus might peradventure have smiled within his sleeve at no other being given for the privileges of the peer; unless he thought a loud voice, which many do, more important than information and discretion.

Parker. You will find your opinions discountenanced by both our universities.

Marvel. I do not want anybody to corroborate my opinions. They keep themselves up by their own weight and consistency. Cambridge on one side and Oxford on the other could lend me no effectual support; and my skiff shall never be impeded by the sedges of Cam, nor grate on the gravel of Isis.

Parker. Mr. Marvel, the path of what we fondly call patriotism is highly perilous. Courts at least are safe.

Marvel. I would rather stand on the ridge of Etna than lower my head in the Grotto del Cane. By the one I may share the fate of a philosopher; by the other I must suffer the death of a cur.

Parker. We are all of us dust and ashes.

Marvel. True, my lord; but in some we recognize the dust of gold and the ashes of the phœnix; in others, the dust of the gateway and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyænas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or

churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commensurate with the vault of heaven.

Parker. Mr. Marvel, I am admiring the extremely fine lace of your cravat.

Marvel. It cost me less than lawn would have done; and it wins me a reflection. Very few can think that man a great man, whom they have been accustomed to meet, dressed exactly like themselves; more especially if they happen to find him, not in park, forest, or chase, but warming his limbs by the reflected heat of the bricks in Artillery Walk. In England, a man becomes a great man by living in the middle of a great field; in Italy, by living in a walled city; in France, by living in a courtyard: no matter what lives they lead there.

Parker. I am afraid, Mr. Marvel, there is some slight bitterness in your observation.

Marvel. Bitterness, it may be, from the bruised laurel of Milton.

What falsehoods will not men put on, if they can only pad them with a little piety! And how few will expose their whole faces, from a fear of being frost-bitten by poverty! But Milton was among the few.

Parker. Already have we had our Deluge: we are now once more upon dry land again, and we behold the same creation as rejoiced us formerly. Our late gloomy and turbulent times are passed for ever.

Marvel. Perhaps they are, if any thing is for ever; but the sparing Deluge may peradventure be commuted for unsparing fire, as we are threatened. The arrogant, the privileged, the stiff upholders of established wrong, the deaf opponents of equitable reformation, the lazy consumers of ill-requited industry, the fraudulent who, unable to stop the course of the sun, pervert the direction of the gnomon, — all these, peradventure, may be gradually consumed by the process of silent contempt, or suddenly scattered by the tempest of popular indignation. As we see in masquerades the real judge and the real soldier stopped and mocked by the fictitious, so do we see in the carnival of to-day the real man of dignity hustled, shoved aside, and derided by those who are invested with the semblance by the milliners of the court. The populace is taught

to respect this livery alone, and is proud of being permitted to look through the grating at such ephemeral frippery. And yet false gems and false metals have never been valued above real ones. Until our people alter these notions; until they estimate the wise and virtuous above the silly and profligate, the man of genius above the man of title; until they hold the knave and cheat of St. James's as low as the knave and cheat of St. Giles's, — they are fitter for the slave-market than for any other station.

Parker. You would have no distinctions, I fear.

Marvel. On the contrary, I would have greater than exist at present. You cannot blot or burn out an ancient name; you cannot annihilate past services; you cannot subtract one single hour from eternity, nor wither one leaf on his brow who hath entered into it. Sweep away from before me the soft grubs of yesterday's formation, generated by the sickliness of the plant they feed upon; sweep them away unsparingly, — then will you clearly see distinctions, and easily count the men who have attained them worthily.

Parker. In a want of respect to established power and principles, originated most of the calamities we have latterly undergone.

Marvel. Say rather, in the averseness of that power and the inadequacy of those principles to resist the encroachment of injustice; say rather, on their tendency to distort the poor creatures swaddled up in them; add, moreover, the reluctance of the old women who rock and dandle them to change their habiliments for fresh and wholesome ones. A man will break the windows of his own house, that he may not perish by foul air within; now, whether is he, or those who bolted the door on him, to blame for it? If he is called mad or inconsiderate, it is only by those who are ignorant of the cause and insensible of the urgency. I declare I am rejoiced at seeing a gentleman, whose ancestors have signally served their country, treated with deference and respect; because it evinces a sense of justice and of gratitude in the people, and because it may incite a few others, whose ambition would take another course, to desire the same. Different is my sentence, when he who has not performed the action claims more honor than he who performed it, and thinks himself the worthier if twenty are between them than if there be one

or none. Still less accordant is it with my principles, and less reducible to my comprehension, that they who devised the ruin of cities and societies should be exhibited as deserving much higher distinction than they who have corrected the hearts and enlarged the intellects, and have performed it not only without the hope of reward, but almost with the certainty of persecution.

Parker. Ever too hard upon great men, Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. Little men in lofty places, who throw long shadows because our sun is setting, — the men so little and the places so lofty, that, casting my pebble, I only show where they stand. They would be less contented with themselves, if they had obtained their preferment honestly. Luck and dexterity always give more pleasure than intellect and knowledge ; because they fill up what they fall on to the brim at once, and people run to them with acclamations at the splash. Wisdom is reserved and noiseless, contented with hard earnings, and daily letting go some early acquisition, to make room for better specimens. But great is the exultation of a worthless man, when he receives, for the chips and raspings of his Bridewell logwood, a richer reward than the best and wisest for extensive tracts of well-cleared truths ; when he who has sold his country —

Parker. Forbear, forbear, good Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. When such is higher in estimation than he who would have saved it ; when his emptiness is heard above the voice that hath shaken fanaticism in her central shrine, that hath bowed down tyrants to the scaffold, that hath raised up nations from the dust, that alone hath been found worthy to celebrate, as angels do, creating and redeeming Love, and to precede with its solitary sound the trumpet that will call us to our doom.

Parker. I am unwilling to feign ignorance of the gentleman you designate ; but really now you would make a very Homer of him.

Marvel. It appears to me that Homer is to Milton what a harp is to an organ, though a harp under the hand of Apollo.

Parker. I have always done him justice: I have always called him a learned man.

Marvel. Call him henceforward the most glorious one that

ever existed upon earth. If two — Bacon and Shakspeare — have equalled him in diversity and intensity of power, did either of these spring away with such resolution from the sublimest heights of genius, to liberate and illuminate with patient labor the manacled human race? And what is his recompense? The same recompense as all men like him have received, and will receive for ages. Persecution follows righteousness: the Scorpion is next in succession to Libra. The fool, however, who ventures to detract from Milton's genius, in the night which now appears to close on him, will, when the dawn has opened on his dull ferocity, be ready to bite off a limb, if he might thereby limp away from the trap he has prowled into. Among the gentler, the better, and the wiser, few have entered yet the awful structure of his mind; few comprehend, few are willing to contemplate, its vastness. Politics now occupy scarcely a closet in it. We seldom are inclined to converse on them; and, when we do, it is jocosely rather then austerely. For even the bitterest berries grow less acrid when they have been hanging long on the tree. Beside, it is time to sit with our hats between our legs, since so many grave men have lately seen their errors, and so many brave ones have already given proofs enough of their bravery, and trip aside to lay down their laurels on gilt tables and velvet cushions. If my friend condemns any one now, it is Cromwell, and principally for reconstructing a hereditary house of peers. He perceives that it was done for the purpose of giving the aristocracy an interest in the perpetuation of power in his family, of which he discovered the folly just before his death. He derides the stupidity of those who bandy about the battered phrase of *useful checks and necessary counterpoises*. He would not desire a hinderance on his steward in the receipt of his rent, if he had any, nor on his attorney in prosecuting his suit; he would not recommend any interest in opposition to that of the people; he would not allow an honest man to be arrested and imprisoned for debt, while a dishonest one is privileged to be exempt from it; and he calls that nation unwise, and those laws iniquitous, which tolerate so flagrant an abuse. He would not allow a tradesman, who lives by his reputation for honesty, to be calumniated as dishonest, without the means of vindicating his character unless by an oppressive and dilatory procedure,

while a peer, who perhaps may live by dishonesty, as some are reported to have done in former reigns, recurs to an immediate and uncostly remedy against a similar accusation. He would not see Mother Church lie with a lawyer on the woolsack, nor the ministry of the apostles devolve on the Crown, sacred and uncontaminated as we see it is.

Parker. No scoffs at the Crown, I do beseech you, Mr. Marvel! whatever enmity you and Mr. Milton may bear against the peers. He would have none of them, it seems.

Marvel. He would have as many as can prove, by any precedent or argument, that virtue and abilities are hereditary; and I believe he would stint them exactly to that number. In regard to their services, he made these observations a few days ago: "Why, in God's name, friend Andrew, do we imagine that a thing can be made stable by pulling at it perpetually in different directions? Where there are contrary and conflicting interests, one will predominate at one time, another at another. Now, what interest at any time ought to predominate against the public? We hear, indeed, that when the royal power is oppressive to them, the peers push their horns against the leopards; but did they so in the time of James or his son? And are not the people strong enough to help and right themselves, if they were but wise enough? And if they were wise enough, would they whistle for the wolves to act in concert with the shepherd-dogs? Our consciences tell us," added he, "that we should have done some good, had our intentions been well seconded and supported. Collegians and barristers and courtiers may despise the poverty of our intellects, throw a few of their old scraps into our satchels, and send the beadle to show us the road we ought to take: nevertheless, we are wilful, and refuse to surrender our old customary parochial footpath."

Parker. And could not he let alone the poor innocent collegians?

Marvel. Nobody ever thought them more innocent than he, unless when their square caps were fanning the flames round heretics; and every man is liable to be a heretic in his turn. Collegians have always been foremost in the cure of the *lues* of heresy by sweating and caustic.

Parker. Sir! they have always been foremost in maintaining the unity of the faith.

Marvel. So zealously, that whatever was the king's faith was theirs. And thus it will always be, until their privileges and immunities are in jeopardy; then shall you see them the most desperate incendiaries.

Parker. After so many species of religion, generated in the sty of old corruptions, we return to what experience teaches us is best. If the Independents, or any other sect, had reason on their side and truly evangelical doctrine, they would not die away and come to nothing as they have done.

Marvel. Men do not stick very passionately and tenaciously to a pure religion: there must be honey on the outside of it, and warmth within, and latitude around, or they make little bellow and bustle about it. That Milton has been latterly no frequenter of public worship may be lamented, but is not unaccountable. He has lived long enough to perceive that all sects are animated by a spirit of hostility and exclusion, — a spirit the very opposite to the gospel. There is so much malignity, hot-blooded and cold-blooded, in zealots, that I do not wonder at seeing the honest man, who is tired of dissension and controversy, wrap himself up in his own quiet conscience, and indulge in a tranquillity somewhat like sleep apart. Nearly all are of opinion that devotion is purer and more ardent in solitude, but declare to you that they believe it to be their duty to set an example by going to church. Is not this pride and vanity? What must they conceive of their own value and importance, to imagine that others will necessarily look up to them as guides and models! A hint of such an infirmity arouses all their choler; and from that moment we are unworthy of being saved by them. But if they abandon us to what must appear to them so hopeless a condition, can we doubt whether they would not abandon a babe floating like Moses in a basket on a wide and rapid river? I have always found these people, whatever may be the sect, self-sufficient, hard-hearted, intolerant, and unjust, — in short, the opposite of Milton. What wonder, then, if he abstain from their society; particularly in places of worship, where it must affect a rational and religious man the most painfully? He thinks that churches, as now constituted, are to religion what pest-houses are to health, — that they often infect those who ailed nothing, and withhold them from freedom and exercise. Austerity hath oftener been objected to

him than indifference. That neither of the objections is well-founded, I think I can demonstrate by an anecdote. Visiting him last month, I found him hearing read by his daughter the treatise of Varro *On Agriculture;* and I said, laughingly, "We will walk over your farm together." He smiled, although he could not see that I did; and he answered, "I never wish to possess a farm, because I can enjoy the smell of the hay and of the hawthorn in a walk to Hampstead, and can drink fresh milk there." After a pause, he added, "I cannot tell (for nobody is more ignorant in these matters) in what our agriculture differs from the ancient; but I am delighted to be reminded of a custom which my girl has been recalling to my memory, — the custom of crowning with a garland of sweet herbs, once a year, the brink of wells. Andrew! the old moss-grown stones were not neglected, from under which the father and son, the wife and daughter, drew the same pure element with the same thankfulness as their hale progenitors." His piety is infused into all the moods of his mind: here it was calm and gentle, at other times it was ardent and enthusiastic. The right application of homely qualities is of daily and general use. We all want glass for the window: few want it for the telescope.

Parker. It is very amiable to undertake the defence of a person who, whatever may be his other talents, certainly has possessed but in a moderate degree the talent of making or of retaining friends.

Marvel. He, by the constitution of the human mind, or rather by its configuration under those spiritual guides who claim the tutelage of it, must necessarily have more enemies than even another of the same principles. The great abhor the greater, who can humble but cannot raise them. The king's servants hate God's as much (one would fancy) as if he fed them better, dressed them finelier, and gave them more plumy titles. Poor Milton has all these against him: what is wanting in weight is made up by multitude and multiformity. Judges and privy counsellors throw axes and halters in his path; divines grow hard and earthy about him; slim, straddling, blotchy writers, those of quality in particular, feel themselves cramped and stunted under him; and people of small worth in every way detract from his,

stamping on it as if they were going to spring over it. Whatever they pick up against him, they take pains to circulate; and are sorrier at last that the defamation is untrue than that they helped to propagate it. I wish truth were as prolific as falsehood, and as many were ready to educate her offspring. But although we see the progeny of falsehood shoot up into amazing stature, and grow day by day more florid, yet they soon have reached their maturity, — soon lose both teeth and tresses. As the glory of England is in part identified with Milton's, his enemies are little less than parricides. If they had any sight beyond to-day, what would they give, how would they implore and supplicate, to be forgotten!

Parker. Very conscientious men may surely have reprehended him, according to the lights that God has lent them.

Marvel. They might have burned God's oil in better investigations. Your conscientious men are oftener conscientious in withholding than in bestowing.

Parker. Writers of all ranks and conditions, from the lowest to the highest, have disputed with Mr. Milton on all the topics he has undertaken.

Marvel. And I am grieved to think that he has noticed some of them. Salmasius alone was not unworthy *sublimi flagello.* But what would your lordship argue from the imprudence and irreverence of the dwarfs? The most prominent rocks and headlands are most exposed to the violence of the sea; but those which can repel the waves are in little danger from the corrosion of the limpets.

Parker. Mr. Milton may reasonably be censured for writing on subjects whereof his knowledge is imperfect or null: on courts, for instance. The greater part of those who allow such a license to their pens, and he among the rest, never were admitted into them. I am sorry to remark that our English are the foremost beagles in this cry.

Marvel. If Milton was never admitted within them, he never was importunate for admittance; and, if none were suffered to enter but such as are better and wiser than he, the gates of Paradise are themselves less glorious, and with less difficulty thrown open. The great, as we usually call the fortunate, are only what Solomon says about them, — "the highest part of the dust of the world;" and this highest part

is the lightest. Do you imagine that all the ministers and kings under the canopy of heaven are, in the sight of a pure Intelligence, equivalent to him whom this pure Intelligence hath enabled to penetrate with an unfailing voice the dense array of distant generations? Can princes give more than God can; or are their gifts better? That they are usually thought so, is no conclusive proof of the fact. On the contrary, with me at least, what is usually thought on any subject of importance, and on many of none, lies under the suspicion of being wrong; for surely the number of those who think correctly is smaller than of those who think incorrectly, even where passions and interests interfere the least. Of those who appear to love God, and who sincerely think they do, the greater part must be conscious that they are not very fond of the men whom he hath shown himself the most indulgent to, and the most enriched with abilities and virtues. Among the plants of the field we look out for the salubrious, and we cultivate and cull them; to the wholesomer of our fellow-creatures we exhibit no such partiality: we think we do enough when we only pass them without treading on them; if we leave them to blossom and run to seed, it is forbearance.

Parker. Mr. Milton hath received his reward from his employers.

Marvel. His services are hardly yet begun; and no mortal man, no series of transitory generations, can repay them. God will not delegate this; no, not even to his angels. I venture no longer to stand up for him on English ground; but, since we both are Englishmen by birth, I may stand up for the remainder of our countrymen. Your lordship is pleased to remark that they are the first *beagles* in the cry against courts. Now I speak with all the freedom and all the field-knowledge of a Yorkshireman, when I declare that your lordship is a bad sportsman in giving a *hound's* title to dogs that hunt vermin.

Parker. Mr. Marvel! a person of your education should abstain from mentioning thus contemptuously men of the same rank and condition as yourself.

Marvel. All are of the same rank and condition with me who have climbed as high, who have stood as firmly, and who have never yet descended. Neglect of time, subserviency to

fortune, compliance with power and passions, would thrust men far below me, although they had been exalted higher, to the uncalculating eye, than mortal ever was exalted. Sardanapalus had more subjects and more admirers than Cromwell; whom, nevertheless, I venture to denominate the most sagacious and prudent, the most tolerant and humane, the most firm and effective, prince in the annals of our country.

Parker. Usurpers should not be thus commended.

Marvel. Usurpers are the natural and imprescriptible successors of imbecile, unprincipled, and lawless kings. In general, they too are little better furnished with virtues, and even their wisdom seems to wear out under the ermine. Ambition makes them hazardous and rash: these qualities raise the acclamations of the vulgar, to whom meteors are always greater than stars, and the same qualities which raised them precipitate them into perdition. Sometimes obstreperous mirth, sometimes gipsy-like mysteriousness, sometimes the austerity of old republicanism, and sometimes the stilts of modern monarchy, come into play, until the crowd hisses the actor off the stage, pelted, broken-headed, and stumbling over his sword. Cromwell used none of these grimaces. He wore a mask while it suited him; but its features were grave, and he threw it off in the heat of action.

Parker. On the whole, you speak more favorably of a man who was only your equal than of those whom legitimate power has raised above you.

Marvel. Never can I do so much good as he did. He was hypocritical, and, in countermining perfidy, he was perfidious; but his wisdom, his valor, and his vigilance saved the nation at Worcester and Dunbar. He took unlawful and violent possession of supreme authority; but he exercised it with moderation and discretion. Even fanaticism had with him an English cast of countenance. He never indulged her appetite in blood, nor carried her to hear the music of tortures reverberated by the arch of a dungeon. He supplied her with no optical glass at the spectacle of mutilations; he never thought, as Archbishop Laud did, he could improve God's image by amputating ears and slitting noses; he never drove men into holy madness with incessant howlings, like the lycanthropic saints of the North.

Having, then, before me not only his arduous achievements, but likewise his abstinence from those evil practices in which all our sovereigns, his predecessors, had indulged, I should be the most insolent and the most absurd of mortals if I supposed that the Protector of England was only my equal. But I am not obliged by the force of truth and duty to admit even to this position those whom court servility may proclaim to the populace as my superiors. A gardener may write *sweet lupin* on the cover of rape-seed; but the cover will never turn rape-seed into sweet lupin. Something more than a couple of beasts, couchant or rampant, blue or blazing, or than a brace of birds with a claw on a red curtain, is requisite to raise an earl or a marquis up to me, although lion-king-at-arms and garter-kings-at-arms equip them with all their harness, and beget them a grandfather each. I flap down with the border of my glove, and brush away and blow off these gossamer pretensions; and I take for my motto, what the king bears for his, I hope as a model for all his subjects, — "Dieu et mon droit."

Parker. Mr. Marvel! Mr. Marvel! I did not think you so proud a man.

Marvel. No, my lord?—not when you know that Milton is my friend? If you wish to reduce me and others to our level, pronounce that name, and we find it. The French motto, merely from its being French, recalls my attention to what I was about to notice when your lordship so obligingly led me to cover. I will now undertake to prove that the English beagles are neither the first nor the best in scenting what lieth about courts. A French writer, an ecclesiastic, a dignitary, a bishop, wrote lately, —

"Courts are full of ill offices: it is there that all the passions are in an uproar;* it is there that hatred and friendship change incessantly for interest, and nothing is constant but the desire of injuring. Friend, as Jeremiah says, is fraudulent to friend, brother to brother. The art of ensnaring has nothing dishonorable in it excepting ill success. In short, virtue herself, often false, becomes more to be dreaded than vice."

Now, if there were any like place upon earth, would not even the worst prince, the worst people, insist on its destruction?

* The original is defective in logic. "C'est là que toutes les passions se réunissent pour s'entre-chocquer et *se détruire*." So much the better, were it true.

What brothel, what gaming-house, what den of thieves, what wreck, what conflagration, ought to be surrounded so strictly by the protectors of property, the guardians of morals, and the ministers of justice? Should any such conspirator, any aider or abettor, any familiar or confidant, of such conspiracy be suffered to live at large? Milton, in the mildness of his humanity, would at once let loose the delinquents, and would only nail up for ever the foul receptacle.

Parker. The description is exaggerated.

Marvel. It is not a schoolboy's theme, beginning with, "Nothing is more sure," or, "Nothing is more deplorable;" it is not an undergraduate's exercise, drawn from pure fresh thoughts, where there are only glimpses through the wood before him, or taken up in reliance on higher men to whom past ages have bowed in veneration: no, the view is taken on the spot by one experienced and scientific in it, — by the dispassionate, the disinterested, the clear-sighted, and clear-souled Massillon.

Parker. To show his eloquence, no doubt.

Marvel. No eloquence is perfect, none worth showing, none becoming a Christian teacher, but that in which the postulates are just, and the deductions not carried beyond nor cast beside them, nor strained hard, nor snatched hastily. I quote not from stern republicans; I quote not from loose lay people: but from the interior of the court, from the closet of the palace, from under the canopy and cope of Episcopacy herself. In the same spirit, the amiable and modest Fénélon speaks thus: "Alas! to what calamities are kings exposed! The wisest of them are often taken by surprise; men of artifice, swayed by self-interest, surround them; the good retire from them, because they are neither supplicants nor flatterers, and because they wait to be inquired for, and princes know not where they are to be found. Oh how unhappy is a king, to be exposed to the designs of the wicked!"

It is impossible to draw any other deduction from this hypothesis than the necessity of abolishing the kingly office, not only for the good of the people, but likewise of the functionaries. Why should the wisest and the best among them be subject to so heavy a calamity, — a calamity so easily avoided? Why should there be tolerated a focus and point of attraction for wicked men? Why should we permit the good

to be excluded, whether by force or shame, from any place which ought to be a post of honor? Why do we suffer a block to stand in their way, which by its nature hath neither eyes to discern them, nor those about it who would permit the use of the discovery if it had?

Parker. Horrible questions! leading God knows whither!

Marvel. The questions are originally not mine. No person who reasons on what he reads can ever have read the works of Fénélon, and not have asked them. If what he says is true, they follow necessarily; and the answer is ready for every one of them. That they are true we may well surmise; for surely nobody was less likely to express his sentiments with prejudice or precipitancy or passion. He and Massillon are such witnesses against courts and royalty as cannot be rejected. They bring forward their weighty and conclusive evidence, not only without heat, but without intention, and disclose what they overheard as they communed with their conscience. There may be malice in the thoughts, and acrimony in the expressions, of those learned men who, as you remark, were never admitted into courts; although malice and acrimony are quite as little to be expected in them as in the spectators at a grand amphitheatre, because they could only be retired and look on, and were precluded from the arena in the combat of man and beast.

Parker. There may be malice where there is no acrimony: there may be here.

Marvel. The existence of either is impossible in well-regulated minds.

Parker. I beg your pardon, Mr. Marvel.

Marvel. What, my lord! do you admit that even in well-regulated minds the worst passions may be excited by royalty? It must, then, be bad indeed; worse than Milton, worse than Massillon, worse than Fénélon, represents it. The frugal republican may detest it for its vicious luxury and inordinate expenditure; the strict religionist, as one of the worst curses an offended God inflicted on a disobedient and rebellious people; the man of calmer and more indulgent piety may grieve at seeing it, with all its devils, possess the swine, pitying the poor creatures into which it is permitted to enter, not through their fault, but their infirmity, — not by their will, but their position.

Parker. And do you imagine it is by their will that what is inrooted is taken away from them?

Marvel. Certainly not. Another proof of their infirmity. Did you ever lose a rotten tooth, my lord, without holding up your hand against it? Or was there ever one drawn at which you did not rejoice when it was done? All the authorities we have brought forward may teach us, that the wearer of a crown is usually the worse for it; that it collects the most vicious of every kind about it, as a nocturnal blaze in uncultivated lands collects poisonous reptiles; and that it renders bad those who, without it, might never have become so. But no authority, before your lordship, ever went so far as to throw within its noxious agency the little that remained uncorrupted: none ever told us, for our caution, that it can do what nothing else can; namely, that it can excite the worst passions in well-regulated minds.

O Royalty! if this be true, I, with my lord bishop, will detest and abhor thee as the most sweeping leveller! Go, go, thou indivisible in the infernal triad with Sin and Death!

Parker. I must not hear this.

Marvel. I spoke hypothetically, and stood within your own premises, referring to no actual state of things, and least of all inclined to touch upon the very glorious one in which we live. Royalty is in her place, and sits gracefully by the side of our second Charles.

Parker. Here, Mr. Marvel, we have no divergence of opinion.

Marvel. Enjoying this advantage, I am the more anxious that my friend should partake in it, whose last political conversation with me was greatly more moderate than the language of the eloquent French bishop. "We ought," said he, "to remove any thing by which a single fellow-creature may be deteriorated: how much rather, then, that which deteriorates many millions, and brands with the stamp of servitude the brow of the human race!"

Parker. Do you call this more moderate?

Marvel. I call it so, because it is more argumentative. It is in the temper and style of Milton to avoid the complaining tone of the one prelate, and the declamatory of the other. His hand falls on his subject without the softener of cuff or ruffle.

Parker. So much the worse. But better as it is than with an axe in it; for God knows where it might fall.

Marvel. He went on saying that the most clear-sighted kings can see but a little way before them and around them, there being so many mediums; and that delegated authority is liable to gross abuses.

Parker. Republics, too, must delegate a portion of their authority to agents at a distance.

Marvel. Every agent in a well-regulated republic is a portion of itself. Citizen must resemble citizen in all political essentials; but what is privileged bears little resemblance to what is unprivileged. In fact, the words *privilege* and *prerogative* are *manifestoes* of injustice, without one word added.

Parker. Yet the people would not have your republic when they had tried it.

Marvel. Nor would the people have God when they had tried him. But is this an argument why we should not obey His ordinances, and serve Him with all our strength?

Parker. Oh, strange comparison! I am quite shocked, Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. What! at seeing any work of the Deity at all resemble the Maker, at all remind us of him? May I be often so shocked, that light thoughts and troublesome wishes and unworthy resentments may be shaken off me; and that the Giver of all good may appear to me and converse with me in the garden he has planted!

Parker. Then walk humbly with him, Mr. Marvel.

Marvel. Every day I bend nearer to the dust that is to receive me; and, if this were not sufficient to warn me, the sight of my old friend would. I repress my own aspirations that I may continue to repeat his words, tending to prove the vast difference between the administration of a kingly government and a commonwealth, where all offices in contact with the people are municipal, where the officers are chosen on the spot by such as know them personally, and by such as have an immediate and paramount interest in giving them the preference. This, he insisted, is the greatest of all advantages; and this alone (but truly it is *not* alone) would give the republican an incontestable superiority over every other system.

Parker. Supposing it in theory to have its merits, the laws no longer permit us to recommend it in practice.

Marvel. I am not attempting to make or to reclaim a convert. The foot that has slipped back is less ready for progress than the foot that never had advanced.

Parker. Sir! I know my duty to God and my king.

Marvel. I also have attempted to learn mine, however unsuccessfully.

Parker. There is danger, sir, in holding such discourses. The cause is no longer to be defended without a violation of the statutes.

Marvel. I am a republican, and will die one; but rather, if the choice is left me, in my own bed; yet on turf or over the ladder unreluctantly, if God draws thitherward the cause and conscience, and strikes upon my heart to waken me. I have been, I will not say tolerant and indulgent (words applicable to children only), but friendly and cordial toward many good men whose reason stood in opposition and almost (if reason can be hostile) in hostility to mine. When we desire to regulate our watches, we keep them attentively before us, and touch them carefully, gently, delicately, with the finest and best-tempered instrument, day after day. When we would manage the minds of men, finding them at all different from our own, we thrust them away from us with blind impetuosity, and throw them down in the dirt to make them follow us the quicklier. In the turbulence of attack from all directions, our cause hath been decried by some, not for being bad in itself, but for being supported by bad men. What! are there no pretenders to charity, to friendship, to devotion? Should we sit uneasy and shuffling under it, and push our shoulders against every post to rub it off, merely for the Scotch having worn it in common with us, and for their having shortened, unstitched, and sold it?

Parker. Their history is overrun more rankly than any other, excepting the French, with blood and treachery.*

Marvel. Half of them are Menteiths.† Even their quiet-

* Undoubtedly such were the sentiments of Milton and Marvel; and they were just. But Scotland in our days has produced not only the calmest and most profound reasoners, she has also given birth to the most enlightened and energetic patriots.

† Menteith was the betrayer of Wallace, the bravest hero, the hero in most points, our island has gloried in since Alfred.

est and most philosophical spirits are alert and clamorous in defence of any villany committed by power or compensated by wealth. In the degeneracy of Greece, in her utter subjugation, was there one historian or one poet vile enough to represent as blameless the conduct of Clytemnestra? Yet what labors of the press are bestowed on a Queen of Scotland, who committed the same crime without the same instigation, who had been educated in the principles of Christianity, who had conversed from her girlhood with the polite and learned, and who had spent only a very few years among the barbarians of the North!

Parker. Her subjects were angry, not that she was punished, but that she was unpaid for. They would have sold her cheaper than they sold her grandson; and, being so reasonable, they were outrageous that there were no bidders. Mr. Marvel! the Scotch have always been cringing when hungry, always cruel when full: their avarice is without satiety, their corruption is without shame, and their ferocity is without remorse.

Marvel. Among such men there may be demagogues, there cannot be republicans; there may be lovers of free quarters, there cannot be of freedom. Reverencing the bold and the sincere, and in them the character of our country, we Englishmen did not punish those ministers who came forth uncited, and who avowed in the House of Commons that they had been the advisers of the Crown in all the misdemeanors against which we brought the heaviest charges. We bethought us of the ingratitude, of the injuries, of the indignities, we had sustained; we bethought us of our wealth transferred from the nation to raise up enemies against it; we bethought us of patient piety and of tranquil courage in chains, in dungeons, tortured, maimed, mangled, for the assertion of truth and of freedom, of religion and of law.

Parker. Our most gracious king is disposed to allow a considerable latitude, repressing at the same time that obstinate spirit which prevails across the border. Much of the Scottish character may be attributed to the national religion, in which the damnatory has the upper hand of the absolving.

Marvel. Our judges are merciful to those who profess the king's reputed and the duke's acknowledged tenets; but let a man stand up for the Independents, and out pops Mr. Attor-

ney-General, throws him on his back, claps a tongue-scraper into his mouth, and exercises it resolutely and unsparingly.

Parker. I know nothing of your new-fangled sects; but the doctrines of the Anglican and the Romish church approximate.

Marvel. The shepherd of the seven hills teaches his sheep in what tone to bleat before him, just as the Tyrolean teaches his bullfinch, — first by depriving him of sight, and then by making him repeat a certain series of notes at stated intervals. Prudent and quiet people will choose their churches as they choose their ale-houses, — partly for the wholesomeness of the draught, and partly for the moderation of the charges; but the host in both places must be civil, and must not damn you, body and soul, by way of invitation. The wheat-sheaf is a very good sign for the one, and a very bad one for the other. Tithes are more ticklish things than tenets, when men's brains are sound; and there are more and worse stumbling-blocks at the barn-door than at the church-porch. I never saw a priest, Romanist or Anglican, who would tuck up his surplice to remove them. Whichever does it first will have the most voices for him: but he must be an Englishman, and serve only Englishmen; he must resign the cook's perquisites to the Spaniard; he must give up not only the fat, but the blood; and he must keep fewer fagots in the kitchen. Since whatever the country, whatever the state of civilization, the Church of Rome remains the same; since under her influence the polite Louis at the present day commits as much bloodshed and perfidy, and commands as many conflagrations and rapes to her honor and advancement as the most barbarous kings and prelates in times past, — I do hope that no insolence, no rapacity, no profligacy, no infidelity, in our own lord spiritual will render us either the passive captives of her insinuating encroachments, or the indifferent spectators of her triumphal entrance. We shall be told it was the religion of Alfred, the religion of the Plantagenets. There may be victory, there may be glory, there may be good men, under all forms and fabrics of belief. Titus, Trajan, the two Antonines, the two Gordians, Probus, Tacitus, rendered their countrymen much happier than the Plantagenets, or the greater and better Alfred, could do. Let us receive as brethren our countrymen of every creed, and reject as Christians those only who refuse to receive them.

Parker. Most willingly, if such is the pleasure of the King and Privy Council. And I am delighted to find you, who are so steadfast a republican, extolling the emperors.

Marvel. Your idea of *emperor* is incorrect or inadequate. Cincinnatus and Cato were emperors in the Roman sense of the word. The Germans and Turks and Marocchines cut out theirs upon another model. These Romans, and many more in the same station, did nothing without the consent, the approbation, the *command* (for such was the expression), of the senate and the people. They lived among the wiser and better citizens, with whom they conversed as equals, and, where it was proper (for instance, on subjects of literature), as inferiors. From these they took their wives, and with the sons and daughters of these they educated their children. In the decline of the Commonwealth, kings themselves, on the boundaries of the empire, were daily and hourly conversant with honest and learned men. All princes in our days are so educated as to detest the unmalleable and unmelting honesty which will receive no impression from them; nor do they even let you work for them unless they can bend you double. We must strip off our own clothes, or they never will let us be measured for their livery, which has now become our only protection.

Parker. It behooves us to obey; otherwise we can expect no forbearance and no tranquillity.

Marvel. I wish the tranquillity of our country may last beyond our time, although we should live (which we cannot expect to do) twenty years.

Parker. God grant we may!

Marvel. Life clings with the pertinacity of an impassioned mistress to many a man who is willing to abandon it, while he who too much loves it loses it.

Parker. Twenty years!

Marvel. I have enjoyed but little of it at a time when it becomes a necessary of life, and I fear I shall leave as little for a heritage.

Parker. But in regard to living, — we are both of us hale men; we may hope for many days yet; we may yet see many changes.

Marvel. I have lived to see one too many.

Parker. Whoever goes into political life must be contented

with the same fare as others of the same rank who embark in the same expedition.

Marvel. Before his cruise is over, he learns to be satisfied with a very small quantity of fresh provisions. His nutriment is from what is stale, and his courage from what is heady; he looks burly and bold, but a fatal disease is lying at the bottom of an excited and inflated heart. We think to thrive by surrendering our capacities; but we can no more live, my lord bishop, with breathing the breath of other men, than we can by not breathing our own. Compliancy will serve us poorly and ineffectually. Men, like columns, are only strong while they are upright.

Parker. You were speaking of other times; and you always speak best among the Greeks and Romans. Continue, pray!

Marvel. Sovereignty, in the heathen world, had sympathies with humanity; and power never thought herself contaminated by touching the hand of wisdom. It was before Andromache came on the stage, painted and patched and powdered, with a hogshead-hoop about her haunches and a pack-saddle on her pole, surmounted with upright hair larded and dredged; it was before Orestes was created monseigneur; it was before there strutted under a triumphal arch of curls, and through a Via Sacra of plumery, Louis the Fourteenth.

Parker. The ally of His Majesty —

Marvel. And something more. A gilded organ-pipe, puffed from below for those above to play.

Parker. Respect the cousin —

Marvel. I know not whose cousin; but the acknowledged brat of milliner and furrier, with *perruquier* for godfather. And such, forsooth, are the *make-believes* we must respect! A nucleus of powder! an efflorescence of frill!

Parker. Subject and prince stand now upon another footing than formerly.

Marvel. Indeed they do. How dignified is the address of Plutarch to Trajan! how familiar is Pliny's to Vespasian! how tender, how paternal, is Fronto's to Antoninus! how totally free from adulation and servility is Julius Pollux to the ungentle Commodus! Letters were not trampled down disdainfully either in the groves of Antioch or under the colonnades of Palmyra. Not pleasure, the gentle enfeebler of the

human intellect; not tyranny and bigotry, its violent assailants, — crossed the walk of the philosopher, to stand between him and his speculations. What is more: two ancient religions, the Grecian and Egyptian, met in perfectly good temper at Alexandria, lived and flourished there together for many centuries, united in honoring whatever was worthy of honor in each communion, and never heard of persecution for matters of opinion until Christianity came and taught it. Thenceforward, for fifteen hundred years, blood has been perpetually spouting from underneath her footsteps; and the wretch, clinging exhausted to the cross, is left naked by the impostor, who pretends to have stripped him only to heal his wounds.

Parker. Presbyterians, and other sectaries, were lately as cruel and hypocritical as any in former times.

Marvel. They were certainly not less cruel, and perhaps even more hypocritical. English hearts were contracted and hardened by an open exposure to the North: they now are collapsing into the putridity of the South. We were ashamed of a beggarly distemper, but parasitical and skin-deep; we are now ostentatious of a gentlemanly one, eating into the very bones.

Parker. Our children may expect from Lord Clarendon a fair account of the prime movers in the late disturbances.

Marvel. He knew but one party, and saw it only in its gala suit. He despises those whom he left on the old litter; and he fancies that all who have not risen want the ability to rise. No doubt, he will speak unfavorably of those whom I most esteem: be it so; if their lives and writings do not controvert him, they are unworthy of my defence. Were I upon terms of intimacy with him, I would render him a service by sending him the best translations, from Greek and Latin authors, of maxims left us by the wisest men, — maxims which my friends held longer than their fortunes, and dearer than their lives. And are the vapors of such quagmires as Clarendon to overcast the luminaries of mankind? Should a Hyde lift up, — I will not say his hand, I will not say his voice, — should he lift up his eyes against a Milton?

Parker. Mr. Milton would have benefited the world much more by coming into its little humors, and by complying with it cheerfully.

Marvel. As the needle turns away from the rising sun,

from the meridian, from the Occident, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the North, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth.

Parker. The nation in general thanks him little for what he has been doing.

Marvel. Men who have been unsparing of their wisdom, like ladies who have been unfrugal of their favors, are abandoned by those who owe most to them, and hated or slighted by the rest. I wish beauty in her lost estate had consolations like genius.

Parker. Fie, fie! Mr. Marvel! Consolations for frailty!

Marvel. What wants them more? The reed is cut down, and seldom does the sickle wound the hand that cuts it. There it lies; trampled on, withered, and soon to be blown away.

Parker. We should be careful and circumspect in our pity, and see that it falls on clean ground. Such a laxity of morals can be taught only in Mr. Milton's school. He composed, I remember, a *Treatise on Divorce*, and would have given it great facilities.

Marvel. He proved by many arguments what requires but few, — that happiness is better than unhappiness; that, when two persons cannot agree, it is wiser and more Christianlike that they should not disagree; that, when they cease to love each other, it is something if they be hindered by the gentlest of checks from running to the extremity of hatred; and, lastly, how it conduces to circumspection and forbearance to be aware that the bond of matrimony is not indissoluble, and that the bleeding heart may be saved from bursting.

Parker. Monstrous sophistry! abominable doctrines! What more, sir! what more?

Marvel. He proceeds to demonstrate that boisterous manners, captious contradictions, jars, jealousies, suspicions, dissensions, are juster causes of separation than the only one leading to it through the laws; — which fault, grievous as it is to morality and religion, may have occurred but once, and

may have been followed by immediate and most sorrowful repentance, and by a greater anxiety to be clear of future offence than before it was committed; in itself, it is not so irreconcilable and inconsistent with gentleness, good-humor, generosity, and even conjugal affection.

Parker. Palpable perversion!

Marvel. I suppose it to have been committed but once; and then there is the fairest inference, the most reasonable as well as the most charitable supposition, — nay, almost the plainest proof, — of the more legitimate attachment.

Parker. Fear, apprehension of exposure, of shame, of abandonment, may force the vagrant to retrace her steps.

Marvel. God grant, then, the marks of them never may be discovered!

Parker. Let the laws have their satisfaction.

Marvel. Had ever the Harpies theirs, or the Devil his? And yet when were they stinted? Are the laws or are we the better or the milder for this satisfaction? — or is keenness of appetite a sign of it?

Parker. Reverence the laws of God, Mr. Marvel, if you contemn those of your country. Even the Parliament, which you and Mr. Milton must respect, since no King was coexistent with it, discountenanced and chastised such laxity.

Marvel. I dare not look back upon a Parliament which was without the benefit of a King, and had also lost its spiritual guides, — the barons of your bench; but well do I remember that our blessed Lord and Saviour was gentler in his rebuke to the woman who had offended, than he was to Scribes and Pharisees.

Parker. There is no argument of any hold on men of slippery morals.

Marvel. My morals have indeed been so slippery that they have let me down on the ground and left me there. Every year I have grown poorer; yet never was I conscious of having spent my money among the unworthy, until the time came for them to show it by their ingratitude. My morals have not made me slip into an Episcopal throne —

Parker. Neither have mine me, sir! and I would have you to know it, Mr. Marvel!

Marvel. Your lordship has already that satisfaction.

Parker. Pardon my interruption, my dear sir! and the

appearance of warmth, such as truth and sincerity at times put on.

Marvel. It belongs to your lordship to grant pardon; it is ours, who have offended, to receive it.

Parker. Mr. Marvel, I have always admired your fine gentlemanly manners, and regretted that you never have turned your wit to good account, in an age when hardly any thing else is held of value. Sound learning rises indeed, but rises slowly; piety, although in estimation with the King, is less prized by certain persons who have access to his presence; wit, Mr. Marvel, when properly directed, — not too high nor too low, — will sooner or later find a patron. It is well at all times to avoid asperity and acrimony, and to submit with a willing mind to God's dispensations, be what they may. Probably a great part of your friend's misfortunes may be attributed to the intemperance of his rebukes.

Marvel. Then what you call immoral and impious did him less harm?

Parker. I would not say *that* altogether. To me, indeed, his treatise on *Divorce* is most offensive: the treatise on *Prelaty* is contemptible.

Marvel. Nevertheless, in the narrow view of my humble understanding, there is no human eloquence at all comparable to certain parts of it. And permit me to remind your lordship, that you continued on the most friendly terms with him long after its publication.

Parker. I do not give up a friend for a trifle.

Marvel. Your lordship, it appears, must have more than a trifle for the surrender. I have usually found that those who make faults of foibles, and crimes of faults, have within themselves an impulse toward worse, and give ready way to such impulse whenever they can secretly or safely. There is a gravity which is not austere nor captious, which belongs not to melancholy, nor dwells in contraction of heart, but arises from tenderness and hangs upon reflection.

Parker. Whatsoever may be the gravity of Mr. Milton, I have heard indistinctly that he has not always been the kindest of husbands. Being a sagacious and a prudent man, he ought never to have taken a wife until he had ascertained her character.

Marvel. Pray inform me whether the wisest men have

been the most fortunate, or, if you prefer the expression, the most provident, in their choice? Of Solomon's wives (several hundreds) is it recorded that a single one sympathized with him, loved him, respected him, or esteemed him? His wisdom and his poetry flowed alike on barren sand; his cedar frowned on him; his lily drooped and withered before he had raised up his head from its hard, cold glossiness, or had inhaled its fragrance with a second sigh. Disappointments sour most the less experienced. Young ladies are ready in imagining that marriage is all cake and kisses; but very few of them are housewives long, before they discover that the vinous fermentation may be followed too soon by the acetous. Rarely do they discover, and more rarely do they admit, that such is the result of their own mismanagement. What woman can declare with sincerity that she never in the calmer days of life has felt surprise — and shame also, if she is virtuous and sensible — at recollecting how nearly the same interest was excited in her by the most frivolous and least frivolous of her admirers. The downy thistle-seed, hard to be uprooted, is carried by the lightest breath of air, and takes an imperceptible hold on what it catches: it falls the more readily into the more open breast; but sometimes the less open is vainly buttoned up against it.

Milton has, I am afraid, imitated too closely the authoritative voice of the patriarchs, and been somewhat too Oriental (I forbear to say Scriptural) in his relations as a husband. But who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough? Is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardor of her enthusiasm subsides; if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn; if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible; if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder, — what an outcry is there! what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy! what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth, and all that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts. But let it also be remem-

bered that marriage is the metempsychosis of women, — that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper; the little pervicacity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness; negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It oftens happens that, if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander, — one, however, like the vases of the Danaides, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but, of contrition for their own delinquencies, not one.

Milton, in writing his treatise, of which probably the first idea was suggested from his own residence, was aware that the laws should provide, not only against our violence and injustice, but against our levity and inconstancy; and that a man's capriciousness or satiety should not burst asunder the ties by which families are united. Do you believe that the crime of adultery has never been committed to the end of obtaining a divorce? Do you believe that murder, that suicide, never has been committed because a divorce was unattainable? Thus the most cruel tortures are terminated by the most frightful crimes. Milton has made his appeal to the authority of religion: we lower our eyes from him, and point to the miseries and guilt on every side before us, caused by the corrosion or the violent disruption of bonds which humanity would have loosened. He would have tried with a patient ear and with a delicate hand the chord that offended by its harshness; and, when he could not reduce it to the proper tone, he would remove it for another.

Parker. Mr. Marvel! Mr. Marvel! I cannot follow

you among these fiddlesticks. The age is notoriously irreligious.

Marvel. I believe it; I know it; and, without a claim to extraordinary acuteness, I fancy I can discover by what means, and by whose agency, it became so. The preachers who exhibit most vehemence are the very men who support the worst corruptions, — corruptions not a portion of our nature, but sticking thereto by our slovenly supineness. Of what use is it to rail against our infirmities, of what use even to pity and bemoan them, if we help not in removing the evils that rise perpetually out of them? Were every man to sweep the mire from before his house every morning, he would have little cause to complain of dirty streets. Some dust might be carried into them by the wind; the tread of multitudes would make unsound what was solid, — yet, nothing being accumulated, the labor of removing the obstructions would be light. Another thing has increased the irreligion and immorality of the people, beside examples in elevated stations. Whatever is over-constrained will relax or crack. The age of Milton (for that was his age in which he was heard and honored) was too religious, if any thing can be called so. Prelaty now lays a soft and frilled hand upon our childishness. Forty years ago she stripped up her sleeve, scourged us heartily, and spat upon us, — to remove the smart, no doubt! This treatment made people run in all directions from her; not unlike the primeval man described by Lucretius, fleeing before the fiercer and stronger animals:

> Viva videns vivo sepeliri viscera busto,
> At quos ecfugium servarat, corpore adeso
> Posterius, tremulas super ulcera tetra tenentes
> Palmas, horrificis adcibant vocibus orcum.

Parker. Dear me! what a memory you possess, good Mr. Marvel! You pronounce Latin verses charmingly. I wish you would go on to the end of the book.

Marvel. Permit me to go on a shorter distance, — to the conclusion of my remarks. As popery caused the violence of the Reformers, so did prelaty (the same thing under another name) the violence of the Presbyterians and Anabaptists. She treated them inhumanly: she reduced to poverty, she exiled, she maimed, she mutilated, she stabbed,

she shot, she hanged, those who followed Christ in the narrow and quiet lane, rather than along the dust of the market-road, and who conversed with him rather in the cottage than the tollbooth. She would have nothing pass unless through her hands; and she imposed a heavy and intolerable tax on the necessaries both of physical and of spiritual life. This baronial privilege our Parliament would have suppressed: the King rose against the suppression, and broke his knuckles in the cogs of the mill.

Parker. Sad times, Mr. Marvel, sad times! It fills me with heaviness to hear of them.

Marvel. Low places are foggy first; days of sadness wet the people to the skin; they hang loosely for some time upon the ermine, but at last they penetrate it, and cause it to be thrown off. I do not like to hear a man cry out with pain; but I would rather hear one than twenty. Sorrow is the growth of all seasons: we had much, however, to relieve it. Never did our England, since she first emerged from the ocean, rise so high above surrounding nations. The rivalry of Holland, the pride of Spain, the insolence of France, were thrust back by one finger each; yet those countries were then more powerful than they had ever been. The sword of Cromwell was preceded by the mace of Milton; by that mace which, when Oliver had rendered his account, opened to our contemplation the garden-gate of Paradise. And there were some around not unworthy to enter with him. In the compass of sixteen centuries, you will not number on the whole earth so many wise and admirable men as you could have found united in that single day, when England showed her true magnitude and solved the question, *Which is most, one or a million?* There were giants in those days; but giants who feared God, and not who fought against him. Less men, it appears, are braver. They show him a legal writ of ejectment, seize upon his house, and riotously carouse therein. But the morning must come; and heaviness, we know, cometh in the morning.

Parker. Wide is the difference between carousal and austerity. Your friend miscalculated the steps to fortune, in which as we all are the architects of our own, if we omit the insertion of one or two, the rest are useless in furthering our ascent. He was too passionate, Mr. Marvel he was indeed.

Marvel. Superficial men have no absorbing passion: there are no whirlpools in a shallow. I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the very presence of, Milton. What do they see? — dark clothes, gray hair, and sightless eyes! Other men have better things: other men, therefore, are nobler! The stars themselves are only bright by distance; go close, and all is earthy. But vapors illuminate these: from the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they, — worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakspeare and of Milton.

Parker. After all, I doubt whether much of his doctrine is remaining in the public mind.

Marvel. Others are not inclined to remember all that we remember, and will not attend to us if we propose to tell them half. Water will take up but a certain quantity of salt, even of the finest and purest. If the short memories of men are to be quoted against the excellence of instruction, your lordship would never have censured them from the pulpit for forgetting what was delivered by their Saviour. It is much, my lord bishop, that you allow my friend even the pittance of praise you have bestowed; for, if you will permit me to express my sentiments in verse, which I am in the habit of doing, I would say, —

> Men like the ancient kalends, nones, and ides,
> Are reckoned backward, and the first stand last.

I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none; and that he never looks toward those somewhat more eminent, between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious. In fame he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his conflict with the false, I should scarcely feel greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the

bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no quiet or safe resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? Or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?

Parker. We may best show our fidelity by our discretion. It becomes my station, and suits my principles, to defend the English Constitution, both in Church and State.

Marvel. You highly praised the *Defence of the English People:* you called it a masterly piece of rhetoric and ratiocination.

Parker. I might have admired the subtilty of it, and have praised the Latinity.

Marvel. Less reasonably. But his godlike mind shines gloriously throughout his work; only perhaps we look the more intently at it for the cloud it penetrates. Those who think we have enough of his poetry still regret that we possess too little of his prose, and wish especially for more of his historical compositions. Davila and Bacon —

Parker. You mean Lord Verulam.

Marvel. That idle title was indeed thrown over his shoulders; but the trapping was unlikely to rest long upon a creature of such proud paces. He and Davila are the only men of high genius among the moderns who have attempted it; and the greater of them has failed. He wanted honesty, he perverted facts, he courted favor: the present in his eyes was larger than the future.

Parker. The Italians, who far excel us in the writing of history, are farther behind the ancients.

Marvel. True enough. From Guicciardini and Machiavelli, the most celebrated of them, we acquire a vast quantity of trivial information. There is about them a sawdust which absorbs much blood and impurity, and of which the level surface is dry; but no traces by what agency rose such magnificent cities above the hovels of France and Germany, — none

Ut fortis Etruria crevit,

or, on the contrary, how the mistress of the world sank in the ordure of her priesthood.

Scilicet et rerum facta est nequissima Roma.

We are captivated by no charms of description, we are detained by no peculiarities of character: we hear a clamorous scuffle in the street, and we close the door. How different the historians of antiquity! We read Sallust, and always are incited by the desire of reading on, although we are surrounded by conspirators and barbarians; we read Livy, until we imagine we are standing in an august pantheon, covered with altars and standards, over which are the four fatal letters that spellbound all mankind.* We step forth again among the modern Italians: here we find plenty of rogues, plenty of receipts for making more; and little else. In the best passages, we come upon a crowd of dark reflections, which scarcely a glimmer of glory pierces through; and we stare at the tenuity of the spectres, but never at their altitude.

Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.

Parker. At your time of life, Mr. Marvel?

Marvel. At mine, my lord bishop! I have lived with Milton. Such creative and redeeming spirits are like kindly and renovating Nature. Volcano comes after volcano; yet covereth she with herbage and foliage, with vine and olive, and with whatever else refreshes and gladdens her, the Earth that has been gasping under the exhaustion of her throes.

Parker. He has given us such a description of Eve's beauty as appears to me somewhat too pictorial, too luxuriant, too suggestive, too — I know not what.

Marvel. The sight of beauty, in her purity and beatitude, turns us from all unrighteousness, and is death to sin.

Parker. Before we part, my good Mr. Marvel, let me assure you that we part in amity, and that I bear no resent-

* S. P. Q. R.

ment in my breast against your friend. I am patient of Mr. Milton; I am more than patient, — I am indulgent, seeing that his influence on society is past.

Marvel. Past it is, indeed. What a deplorable thing is it that folly should so constantly have power over wisdom, and wisdom so intermittently over folly! But we live morally, as we used to live politically, under a representative system; and the majority (to employ a phrase of people at elections) carries the day.

Parker. Let us piously hope, Mr. Marvel, that God in his good time may turn Mr. Milton from the error of his ways, and incline his heart to repentance, and that so he may finally be prepared for death.

Marvel. The wicked can never be prepared for it; the good always are. What is the preparation which so many ruffled wrists point out? — to gabble over prayer and praise and confession and contrition. My lord, heaven is not to be won by short hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end; coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. Instead of which, I have known many old playfellows of the Devil spring up suddenly from their beds, and strike at him treacherously; while he, without a cuff, laughed and made grimaces in the corner of the room.

XX. STEELE AND ADDISON.

Addison. Dick! I am come to remonstrate with you on those unlucky habits which have been so detrimental to your health and fortune.

Steele. Many thanks, Mr. Addison: but really my fortune is not much improved by your arresting me for the hundred pounds; nor is my health, if spirits are an indication of it, on seeing my furniture sold by auction to raise the money.

Addison. Pooh, pooh, Dick! what furniture had you about the house?

Steele. At least I had the arm-chair, of which you never before had dispossessed me longer than the evening; and happy should I have been to enjoy your company in it again and again, if you had left it me.

Addison. We will contrive to hire another. I do assure you, my dear Dick, I have really felt for you.

Steele. I only wish, my kind friend, you had not put out your feelers quite so far, nor exactly in this direction; and that my poor wife had received an hour's notice: she might have carried a few trinkets to some neighbor. She wanted her salts; and the bailiff thanked her for the bottle that contained them, telling her the gold head of it was worth pretty nearly half-a-guinea.

Addison. Lady Steele then wanted her smelling-bottle? Dear me! the weather, I apprehend, is about to change. Have you any symptoms of your old gout?

Steele. My health has been long on the decline, you know.

Addison. Too well I know it, my dear friend, and I hinted it as delicately as I could. Nothing on earth beside this consideration should have induced me to pursue a measure in appearance so unfriendly. You must grow more temperate, — you really must.

Steele. Mr. Addison, you did not speak so gravely and so firmly when we used to meet at Will's. You always drank as much as I did, and often invited and pressed me to continue, when I was weary, sleepy, and sick.

Addison. You thought so, because you were drunk. Indeed, at my own house I have sometimes asked you to take another glass, in compliance with the rules of society and hospitality.

Steele. Once, it is true, you did it at your house, — the only time I ever had an invitation to dine in it. The countess was never fond of the wit that smells of wine: her husband could once endure it.

Addison. We could talk more freely, you know, at the tavern. There we have dined together some hundred times.

Steele. Most days, for many years.

Addison. Ah, Dick! since we first met there, several of our friends are gone off the stage.

Steele. And some are still acting.

Addison. Forbear, my dear friend, to joke and smile at

infirmities or vices. Many have departed from us in consequence, I apprehend, of indulging in the bottle. When passions are excited, when reason is disturbed, when reputation is sullied, when fortune is squandered, and when health is lost by it, a retreat is sounded in vain. Some cannot hear it; others will not profit by it.

Steele. I must do you the justice to declare, that I never saw any other effect of hard drinking upon you than to make you more circumspect and silent.

Addison. If ever I urged you, in the warmth of my heart, to transgress the bounds of sobriety, I entreat you, as a Christian, to forgive me.

Steele. Most willingly, most cordially.

Addison. I feel confident that you will think of me, speak of me, and write of me, as you have ever done, without a diminution of esteem. We are feeble creatures: we want one another's aid and assistance, — a want ordained by Providence to show us at once our insufficiency and our strength. We must not abandon our friends from slight motives, nor let our passions be our interpreters in their own cause. Consistency is not more requisite to the sound Christian than to the accomplished politician.

Steele. I am inconsistent in my resolutions of improvement, — no man ever was more so; but my attachments have a nerve in them neither to be deadened by ill-treatment nor loosened by indulgence. A man grievously wounded knows by the acuteness of the pain that a spirit of vitality is yet in him: I know that I retain my friendship for you by what you have made me suffer.

Addison. Entirely for your own good, I do protest, if you could see it.

Steele. Alas! all our sufferings are so; the only mischief is, that we have no organs for perceiving it.

Addison. You reason well, my worthy sir; and, relying on your kindness in my favor (for every man has enemies, and those mostly who serve their friends best), — I say, Dick, on these considerations, since you never broke your word with me, and since I am certain you would be sorry it were known that only fourscore pounds' worth could be found in the house, I renounce for the present the twenty yet wanting. Do not beat about for an answer; say not one word; farewell!

Steele. Ah! could not that cold heart,* often and long as I reposed on it, bring me to my senses? I have indeed been drunken; but it is hard to awaken in such heaviness as this of mine is. I shared his poverty with him: I never aimed to share his prosperity. Well, well; I cannot break old habits: I love my glass; I love Addison. Each will partake in killing me. Why cannot I see him again in the arm-chair, his right hand upon his heart under the fawn-colored waistcoat, his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measurely curls and antithetical top-knots, like his style; the calmest poet, the most quiet patriot: dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, foaming over with truth and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the worse in one ruffle for the wine.

XXI. LA FONTAINE AND DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

La Fontaine. I am truly sensible of the honor I receive, M. de la Rochefoucault, in a visit from a personage so distinguished by his birth and by his genius. Pardon my ambition, if I confess to you that I have long and ardently wished for the good fortune, which I never could promise myself, of knowing you personally.

Rochefoucault. My dear M. de la Fontaine!

La Fontaine. Not "*de* la," not "*de* la." I am *La* Fontaine purely and simply.

Rochefoucault. The whole; not derivative. You appear, in the midst of your purity, to have been educated at court, in the lap of the ladies. What was the last day (pardon!) I had the misfortune to miss you there?

La Fontaine. I never go to court. They say one cannot go without silk stockings; and I have only thread, —

* Doubts are now entertained whether the character of Addison is fairly represented by Pope and Johnson. It is better to make this statement than to omit a *Conversation* which had appeared elsewhere.

plenty of them indeed, thank God! Yet (would you believe it?) Nanon, in putting a *solette* to the bottom of one, last week, sewed it so carelessly she made a kind of cord across; and I verily believe it will lame me for life, for I walked the whole morning upon it.

Rochefoucault. She ought to be whipped.

La Fontaine. I thought so too, and grew the warmer at being unable to find a wisp of osier or a roll of packthread in the house. Barely had I begun with my garter, when in came the Bishop of Grasse, my old friend Godeau, and another lord, whose name he mentioned; and they both interceded for her so long and so touchingly, that at last I was fain to let her rise up and go. I never saw men look down on the erring and afflicted more compassionately. The bishop was quite concerned for me also. But the other, although he professed to feel even more, and said that it must surely be the pain of purgatory to me, took a pinch of snuff, opened his waistcoat, drew down his ruffles, and seemed rather more indifferent.

Rochefoucault. Providentially, in such moving scenes, the worst is soon over. But Godeau's friend was not too sensitive.

La Fontaine. Sensitive! no more than if he had been educated at the butcher's or the Sorbonne.

Rochefoucault. I am afraid there are as many hard hearts under satin waistcoats, as there are ugly visages under the same material in miniature-cases.

La Fontaine. My lord, I could show you a miniature-case which contains your humble servant, in which the painter has done what no tailor in his senses would do: he has given me credit for a coat of violet silk, with silver frogs as large as tortoises. But I am loath to get up for it while the generous heart of this dog (if I mentioned his name, he would jump up) places such confidence on my knee.

Rochefoucault. Pray do not move on any account; above all, lest you should disturb that amiable gray cat, fast asleep in his innocence on your shoulder.

La Fontaine. Ah, rogue! art thou there? Why, thou hast not licked my face this half-hour!

Rochefoucault. And more too, I should imagine. I do not judge from his somnolency, which if he were president of the Parliament could not be graver, but from his natural

sagacity. Cats weigh practicabilities. What sort of tongue has he?

La Fontaine. He has the roughest tongue and the tenderest heart of any cat in Paris. If you observe the color of his coat, it is rather blue than gray, — a certain indication of goodness in these contemplative creatures.

Rochefoucault. We were talking of his tongue alone; by which cats, like men, are flatterers.

La Fontaine. Ah! you gentlemen of the court are much mistaken in thinking that vices have so extensive a range. There are some of our vices, like some of our diseases, from which the quadrupeds are exempt; and those, both diseases and vices, are the most discreditable.

Rochefoucault. I do not bear patiently any evil spoken of the court; for it must be acknowledged, by the most malicious, that the court is the purifier of the whole nation.

La Fontaine. I know little of the court, and less of the whole nation; but how can this be?

Rochefoucault. It collects all ramblers and gamblers; all the market-men and market-women who deal in articles which God has thrown into their baskets, without any trouble on their part; all the seducers, and all who wish to be seduced; all the duellists who erase their crimes with their swords, and sweat out their cowardice with daily practice; all the nobles whose patents of nobility lie in gold snuff-boxes, or have worn Mechlin ruffles, or are deposited within the archives of knee-deep waistcoats; all stock-jobbers and church-jobbers, the black-legged and the red-legged game, the flower of the *justaucorps*, the *robe*, and the *soutane*. If these were spread over the surface of France, instead of close compressure in the court or cabinet, they would corrupt the whole country in two years. As matters now stand, it will require a quarter of a century to effect it.

La Fontaine. Am I not right, then, in preferring my beasts to yours? But if yours were loose, mine (as you prove to me) would be the last to suffer by it, poor dear creatures! Speaking of cats, I would have avoided all personality that might be offensive to them: I would not exactly have said in so many words, that, by their tongues, they are flatterers, like men. Language may take a turn advantageously in favor of our friends. True, we resemble all animals in something.

I am quite ashamed and mortified that your lordship, or anybody, should have had the start of me in this reflection. When a cat flatters with his tongue, he is not insincere: you may safely take it for a real kindness. He is loyal, M. de la Rochefoucault! my word for him, he is loyal. Observe, too, if you please, no cat ever licks you when he wants any thing from you; so that there is nothing of baseness in such an act of adulation, if we must call it so. For my part, I am slow to designate by so foul a name that (be it what it may) which is subsequent to a kindness. Cats ask plainly for what they want.

Rochefoucault. And, if they cannot get it by protocols, they get it by invasion and assault.

La Fontaine. No! no! usually they go elsewhere, and fondle those from whom they obtain it. In this I see no resemblance to invaders and conquerors. I draw no parallels: I would excite no heart-burnings between us and them. Let all have their due.

I do not like to lift this creature off, for it would waken him, else I could find out, by some subsequent action, the reason why he has not been on the alert to lick my cheek for so long a time.

Rochefoucault. Cats are wary and provident. He would not enter into any contests with you, however friendly. He only licks your face, I presume, while your beard is but a match for his tongue.

La Fontaine. Ha! you remind me. Indeed, I did begin to think my beard was rather of the roughest; for yesterday Madame de Rambouillet sent me a plate of strawberries, the first of the season, and raised (would you believe it?) under glass. One of these strawberries was dropping from my lips, and I attempted to stop it. When I thought it had fallen to the ground, "Look for it, Nanon; pick it up and eat it," said I.

"Master!" cried the wench, "your beard has skewered and spitted it." — "Honest girl," I answered, "come cull it from the bed of its adoption."

I had resolved to shave myself this morning; but our wisest and best resolutions too often come to nothing, poor mortals!

Rochefoucault. We often do very well every thing but the

only thing we hope to do best of all; and our projects often drop from us by their weight. A little while ago, your friend Molière exhibited a remarkable proof of it.

La Fontaine. Ah, poor Molière! the best man in the world; but flighty, negligent, thoughtless. He throws himself into other men, and does not remember where. The sight of an eagle, M. de la Rochefoucault, but the memory of a fly!

Rochefoucault. I will give you an example; but perhaps it is already known to you.

La Fontaine. Likely enough. We have each so many friends, neither of us can trip but the other is invited to the laugh. Well, I am sure he has no malice, and I hope I have none; but who can see his own faults?

Rochefoucault. He had brought out a new edition of his *Comedies*.

La Fontaine. There will be fifty; there will be a hundred: nothing in our language, or in any, is so delightful, so graceful, — I will add, so clear at once and so profound.

Rochefoucault. You are among the few who, seeing well his other qualities, see that Molière is also profound. In order to present the new edition to the Dauphin, he had put on a sky-blue velvet coat, powdered with fleur-de-lis. He laid the volume on his library-table; and, resolving that none of the courtiers should have an opportunity of ridiculing him for any thing like absence of mind, he returned to his bedroom, which, as may often be the case in the economy of poets, is also his dressing-room. Here he surveyed himself in his mirror, as well as the creeks and lagoons in it would permit.

La Fontaine. I do assure you, from my own observation, M. de la Rochefoucault, that his mirror is a splendid one. I should take it to be nearly three feet high, reckoning the frame with the Cupid above and the elephant under. I suspected it was the present of some great lady; and, indeed, I have since heard as much.

Rochefoucault. Perhaps, then, the whole story may be quite as fabulous as the part of it which I have been relating.

La Fontaine. In that case, I may be able to set you right again.

Rochefoucault. He found his peruke a model of perfection:

tight, yet easy; not an inch more on one side than on the other. The black patch on the forehead —

La Fontaine. Black patch, too! I would have given a fifteen-sous piece to have caught him with that black patch.

Rochefoucault. He found it lovely, marvellous, irresistible. Those on each cheek —

La Fontaine. Do you tell me he had one on each cheek?

Rochefoucault. Symmetrically. The cravat was of its proper descent, and with its appropriate charge of the best Strasburg snuff upon it. The waistcoat, for a moment, puzzled and perplexed him. He was not quite sure whether the right number of buttons were in their holes; nor how many above nor how many below it was the fashion of the week to leave without occupation. Such a piece of ignorance is enough to disgrace any courtier on earth. He was in the act of striking his forehead with desperation; but he thought of the patch, fell on his knees, and thanked Heaven for the intervention.

La Fontaine. Just like him! just like him! good soul!

Rochefoucault. The breeches — ah! those require attention: all proper; every thing in its place, — magnificent! The stockings rolled up, neither too loosely nor too negligently, — a picture! The buckles in the shoes — all but one — soon set to rights, — well thought of! And now the sword, — ah, that cursed sword! it will bring at least one man to the ground if it has its own way much longer. — Up with it! up with it higher! — *Allons!* we are out of danger.

La Fontaine. Delightful! I have him before my eyes. What simplicity! ay, what simplicity!

Rochefoucault. Now for hat. Feather in? Five at least. Bravo!

He took up hat and plumage, extended his arm to the full length, raised it a foot above his head, lowered it thereon, opened his fingers, and let them fall again at his side.

La Fontaine. Something of the comedian in that; ay, M. de la Rochefoucault? But, on the stage or off, all is natural in Molière.

Rochefoucault. Away he went. He reached the palace, stood before the Dauphin. — Oh, consternation! Oh, despair! "Morbleu! bête que je suis," exclaimed the hapless man, "le

livre, où donc est-il?" You are forcibly struck, I perceive, by this adventure of your friend.

La Fontaine. Strange coincidence! quite unaccountable! There are agents at work in our dreams, M. de la Rochefoucault, which we shall never see out of them, on this side the grave. [*To himself.*] Sky-blue? No. — Fleurs de-lis? Bah! bah! — Patches? I never wore one in my life.

Rochefoucault. It well becomes your character for generosity, M. la Fontaine, to look grave and ponder and ejaculate on a friend's untoward accident, instead of laughing, as those who little know you might expect. I beg your pardon for relating the occurrence.

La Fontaine. Right or wrong, I cannot help laughing any longer. Comical, by my faith! above the tip-top of comedy. Excuse my flashes and dashes and rushes of merriment. Incontrollable! incontrollable! Indeed the laughter is immoderate. And you all the while are sitting as grave as a judge; I mean a criminal one, who has nothing to do but to keep up his popularity by sending his rogues to the gallows. The civil, indeed, have much weighty matter on their minds: they must displease one party; and sometimes a doubt arises whether the fairer hand or the fuller shall turn the balance.

Rochefoucault. I congratulate you on the return of your gravity and composure.

La Fontaine. Seriously now: all my lifetime I have been the plaything of dreams. Sometimes they have taken such possession of me, that nobody could persuade me afterward they were other than real events. Some are very oppressive, very painful, M. de la Rochefoucault! I have never been able, altogether, to disembarrass my head of the most wonderful vision that ever took possession of any man's. There are some truly important differences; but in many respects this laughable adventure of my innocent, honest friend, Molière, seemed to have befallen myself. I can only account for it by having heard the tale when I was half-asleep.

Rochefoucault. Nothing more probable.

La Fontaine. You absolutely have relieved me from an incubus.

Rochefoucault. I do not yet see how.

La Fontaine. No longer ago than when you entered this chamber, I would have sworn that I myself had gone to the

Louvre, that I myself had been commanded to attend the Dauphin, that I myself had come into his presence,* had fallen on my knee, and cried, "Peste! où est donc le livre!" Ah, M. de la Rochefoucault! permit me to embrace you: this is really to find a friend at court.

Rochefoucault. My visit is even more auspicious than I could have ventured to expect: it was chiefly for the purpose of asking your permission to make another at my return to Paris. I am forced to go into the country on some family affairs; but, hearing that you have spoken favorably of my *Maxims*, I presume to express my satisfaction and delight at your good opinion.

La Fontaine. Pray, M. de la Rochefoucault, do me the favor to continue here a few minutes: I would gladly reason with you on some of your doctrines.

Rochefoucault. For the pleasure of hearing your sentiments on the topics I have treated, I will, although it is late, steal a few minutes from the court, of which I must take my leave on parting for the province.

La Fontaine. Are you quite certain that all your Maxims are true, or, what is of greater consequence, that they are all original? I have lately read a treatise written by an Englishman, M. Hobbes; so loyal a man that, while others tell you kings are appointed by God, he tells you God is appointed by kings.

Rochefoucault. Ah! such are precisely the men we want. If he establishes this verity, the rest will follow.

La Fontaine. He does not seem to care so much about the rest. In his treatise I find the ground-plan of your chief positions.

Rochefoucault. I have indeed looked over his publication; and we agree on the natural depravity of man.

La Fontaine. Reconsider your expression. It appears to me that what is natural is not depraved, — that depravity is deflection from nature. Let it pass: I cannot, however, concede to you that the generality of men are naturally bad. Badness is accidental, like disease. We find more tempers good than bad, where proper care is taken in proper time.

Rochefoucault. Care is not nature.

* This happened.

La Fontaine. Nature is soon inoperative without it; so soon, indeed, as to allow no opportunity for experiment or hypothesis. Life itself requires care, and more continually than tempers and morals do. The strongest body ceases to be a body in a few days without a supply of food. When we speak of men as being naturally bad or good, we mean susceptible and retentive and communicative of them. In this case (and there can be no other true or ostensible one), I believe that the more are good; and nearly in the same proportion as there are animals and plants produced healthy and vigorous than wayward and weakly. Strange is the opinion of M. Hobbes, that, when God hath poured so abundantly his benefits on other creatures, the only one capable of great good should be uniformly disposed to greater evil.

Rochefoucault. Yet Holy Writ, to which Hobbes would reluctantly appeal, countenances the supposition.

La Fontaine. The Jews, above all nations, were morose and splenetic. Nothing is holy to me that lessens in my view the beneficence of my Creator. If you could show him ungentle and unkind in a single instance, you would render myriads of men so throughout the whole course of their lives, and those too among the most religious. The less that people talk about God, the better. He has left us a design to fill up. He has placed the canvas, the colors, and the pencils within reach; his directing hand is over ours incessantly; it is our business to follow it, and neither to turn round and argue with our master, nor to kiss and fondle him. We must mind our lesson, and not neglect our time: for the room is closed early, and the lights are suspended in another, where no one works. If every man would do all the good he might within an hour's walk from his house, he would live the happier and the longer; for nothing is so conducive to longevity as the union of activity and content. But, like children, we deviate from the road, however well we know it, and run into mire and puddles in despite of frown and ferule.

Rochefoucault. Go on, M. la Fontaine! pray go on. We are walking in the same labyrinth, always within call, always within sight of each other. We set out at its two extremities, and shall meet at last.

La Fontaine. I doubt it. From deficiency of care proceed many vices, both in men and children, and more still from

care taken improperly. M. Hobbes attributes not only the order and peace of society, but equity and moderation and every other virtue, to the coercion and restriction of the laws. The laws, as now constituted, do a great deal of good; they also do a great deal of mischief. They transfer more property from the right owner in six months than all the thieves of the kingdom do in twelve. What the thieves take, they soon disseminate abroad again; what the laws take, they hoard. The thief takes a part of your property; he who prosecutes the thief for you takes another part; he who condemns the thief goes to the tax-gatherer and takes the third. Power has been hitherto occupied in no employment but in keeping down wisdom. Perhaps the time may come when wisdom shall exert her energy in repressing the sallies of power.

Rochefoucault. I think it more probable that they will agree; that they will call together their servants of all liveries, to collect what they can lay their hands upon; and that meanwhile they will sit together like good housewives, making nets from our purses to cover the coop for us. If you would be plump and in feather, pick up your millet and be quiet in your darkness. Speculate on nothing here below, and I promise you a nosegay in Paradise.

La Fontaine. Believe me, I shall be most happy to receive it there at your hands, my lord duke.

The greater number of men, I am inclined to think, with all the defects of education, all the frauds committed on their credulity, all the advantages taken of their ignorance and supineness, are disposed, on most occasions, rather to virtue than to vice, rather to the kindly affections than the unkindly, rather to the social than the selfish.

Rochefoucault. Here we differ; and, were my opinion the same as yours, my book would be little read and less commended.

La Fontaine. Why think so?

Rochefoucault. For this reason. Every man likes to hear evil of all men; every man is delighted to take the air of the common, though not a soul will consent to stand within his own allotment. No inclosure-act! no finger-posts! You may call every creature under heaven fool and rogue, and your auditor will join with you heartily: hint to him the slightest of his own defects or foibles, and he draws the ra-

pier. You and he are the judges of the world, but not its denizens.

La Fontaine. M. Hobbes has taken advantage of these weaknesses. In his dissertation, he betrays the timidity and malice of his character. It must be granted he reasons well, according to the view he has taken of things; but he has given no proof whatever that his view is a correct one. I will believe that it is, when I am persuaded that sickness is the natural state of the body, and health the unnatural. If you call him a sound philosopher, you may call a mummy a sound man. Its darkness, its hardness, its forced uprightness, and the place in which you find it, may commend it to you; give me rather some weakness and peccability, with vital warmth and human sympathies. A shrewd reasoner is one thing; a sound philosopher is another. I admire your power and precision. Monks will admonish us how little the author of the *Maxims* knows of the world; and heads of colleges will cry out, "A libel on human nature!" but when they hear your titles, and, above all, your credit at court, they will cast back cowl and peruke, and lick your boots. You start with great advantages. Throwing off from a dukedom, you are sure of enjoying, if not the tongue of these puzzlers, the full cry of the more animating, and will certainly be as long-lived as the imperfection of our language will allow. I consider your *Maxims* as a broken ridge of hills, on the shady side of which you are fondest of taking your exercise; but the same ridge hath also a sunny one. You attribute (let me say it again) all actions to self-interest. Now a sentiment of interest must be preceded by calculation, long or brief, right or erroneous. Tell me, then, in what region lies the origin of that pleasure which a family in the country feels on the arrival of an unexpected friend. I say a family in the country; because the sweetest souls, like the sweetest flowers, soon canker in cities, and no purity is rarer there than the purity of delight: if I may judge from the few examples I have been in a position to see, no earthly one can be greater. There are pleasures which lie near the surface, and which are blocked up by artificial ones, or are diverted by some mechanical scheme, or are confined by some stiff evergreen vista of low advantage. But these pleasures do occasionally burst forth in all their brightness; and, if ever you shall by chance

find one of them, you will sit by it, I hope, complacently and cheerfully, and turn toward it the kindliest aspect of your meditations.

Rochefoucault. Many, indeed most people, will differ from me. Nothing is quite the same to the intellect of any two men, much less of all. When one says to another, "I am entirely of your opinion," he uses in general an easy and indifferent phrase, believing in its accuracy without examination, without thought. The nearest resemblance in opinions, if we could trace every line of it, would be found greatly more divergent than the nearest in the human form or countenance, and in the same proportion as the varieties of mental qualities are more numerous and fine than of the bodily. Hence, I do not expect nor wish that my opinions should in all cases be similar to those of others; but in many I shall be gratified if, by just degrees and after a long survey, those of others approximate to mine. Nor does this my sentiment spring from a love of power, as in many good men quite unconsciously, when they would make proselytes, — since I shall see few and converse with fewer of them, and profit in no way by their adherence and favor, — but it springs from a natural and a cultivated love of all truths whatever, and from a certainty that these delivered by me are conducive to the happiness and dignity of man. You shake your head.

La Fontaine. Make it out.

Rochefoucault. I have pointed out to him at what passes he hath deviated from his true interest, and where he hath mistaken selfishness for generosity, coldness for judgment, contraction of heart for policy, rank for merit, pomp for dignity, — of all mistakes, the commonest and the greatest. I am accused of paradox and distortion. On paradox I shall only say that every new moral truth has been called so. Inexperienced and negligent observers see no difference in the operations of ravelling and unravelling: they never come close enough; they despise plain work.

La Fontaine. The more we simplify things, the better we descry their substances and qualities. A good writer will not coil them up and press them into the narrowest possible space, nor macerate them into such particles that nothing shall be remaining of their natural contexture. You are accused of this too, by such as have forgotten your title-

page, and who look for treatises where maxims only have been promised. Some of them, perhaps, are spinning out sermons and dissertations from the poorest paragraph in the volume.

Rochefoucault. Let them copy and write as they please; against or for, modestly or impudently. I have hitherto had no assailant who is not of too slender a make to be detained an hour in the stocks he has unwarily put his foot into. If you hear of any, do not tell of them. On the subjects of my remarks, had others thought as I do, my labor would have been spared me. I am ready to point out the road where I know it to whosoever wants it; but I walk side by side with few or none.

La Fontaine. We usually like those roads which show us the fronts of our friends' houses and the pleasure-grounds about them, and the smooth garden-walks, and the trim espaliers, and look at them with more satisfaction than at the docks and nettles that are thrown in heaps behind. The *Offices* of Cicero are imperfect: yet who would not rather guide his children by them than by the line and compass of harder-handed guides; such as Hobbes, for instance?

Rochefoucault. Imperfect as some gentlemen in hoods may call the *Offices*, no founder of a philosophical or of a religious sect has been able to add to them any thing important.

La Fontaine. Pity, that Cicero carried with him no better authorities than reason and humanity! He neither could work miracles, nor damn you for disbelieving them. Had he lived fourscore years later, who knows but he might have been another Simon Peter, and have talked Hebrew as fluently as Latin, all at once! Who knows but we might have heard of his patrimony! Who knows but our venerable popes might have claimed dominion from him, as descendant from the kings of Rome!

Rochefoucault. The hint, some centuries ago, would have made your fortune, and that saintly cat there would have kittened in a mitre.

La Fontaine. Alas! the hint could have done nothing: Cicero could not have lived later.

Rochefoucault. I warrant him. Nothing is easier to correct than chronology. There is not a lady in Paris, nor a jockey in Normandy, that is not eligible to a professor's chair in it.

I have seen a man's ancestor, whom nobody ever saw before, spring back over twenty generations. Our Vatican Jupiters have as little respect for old Chronos as the Cretan had: they mutilate him when and where they think necessary, limp as he may by the operation.

La Fontaine. When I think, as you make me do, how ambitious men are, even those whose teeth are too loose (one would fancy) for a bite at so hard an apple as the devil of ambition offers them, I am inclined to believe that we are actuated not so much by selfishness as you represent it, but under another form, — the love of power. Not to speak of territorial dominion or political office, and such other things as we usually class under its appurtenances, do we not desire an exclusive control over what is beautiful and lovely, — the possession of pleasant fields, of well-situated houses, of cabinets, of images, of pictures, and indeed of many things pleasant to see but useless to possess; even of rocks, of streams, and of fountains? These things, you will tell me, have their utility. True, but not to the wisher; nor does the idea of it enter his mind. Do not we wish that the object of our love should be devoted to us only; and that our children should love us better than their brothers and sisters, or even than the mother who bore them? Love would be arrayed in the purple robe of sovereignty, mildly as he may resolve to exercise his power.

Rochefoucault. Many things which appear to be incontrovertible are such for their age only, and must yield to others which, in their age, are equally so. There are only a few points that are always above the waves. Plain truths, like plain dishes, are commended by everybody, and everybody leaves them whole. If it were not even more impertinent and presumptuous to praise a great writer in his presence than to censure him in his absence, I would venture to say that your prose, from the few specimens you have given of it, is equal to your verse. Yet, even were I the possessor of such a style as yours, I would never employ it to support my *Maxims*. You would think a writer very impudent and self-sufficient who should quote his own works: to defend them is doing more. We are the worst auxiliaries in the world to the opinions we have brought into the field. Our business is to measure the ground, and to calculate the forces; then

let them try their strength. If the weak assails me, he thinks me weak; if the strong, he thinks me strong. He is more likely to compute ill his own vigor than mine. At all events, I love inquiry, even when I myself sit down. And I am not offended in my walks if my visitor asks me whither does that alley lead? It proves that he is ready to go on with me; that he sees some space before him; and that he believes there may be something worth looking after.

La Fontaine. You have been standing a long time, my lord duke: I must entreat you to be seated.

Rochefoucault. Excuse me, my dear M. la Fontaine; I would much rather stand.

La Fontaine. Mercy on us! have you been upon your legs ever since you rose to leave me?

Rochefoucault. A change of position is agreeable: a friend always permits it.

La Fontaine. Sad doings! sad oversight! The other two chairs were sent yesterday evening to be scoured and mended. But that dog is the best-tempered dog, an angel of a dog, I do assure you: he would have gone down in a moment, at a word. I am quite ashamed of myself for such inattention. With your sentiments of friendship for me, why could you not have taken the liberty to shove him gently off, rather than give me this uneasiness?

Rochefoucault. My true and kind friend! we authors are too sedentary; we are heartily glad of standing to converse, whenever we can do it without any restraint on our acquaintance.

La Fontaine. I must reprove that animal when he uncurls his body. He seems to be dreaming of Paradise and Houris. Ay, twitch thy ear, my child! I wish at my heart there were as troublesome a fly about the other: God forgive me! The rogue covers all my clean linen! — shirt and cravat! What cares he!

Rochefoucault. Dogs are not very modest.

La Fontaine. Never say that, M. de la Rochefoucault! The most modest people upon earth! Look at a dog's eyes; and he half-closes them, or gently turns them away, with a motion of the lips, which he licks languidly, and of the tail, which he stirs tremulously, begging your forbearance. I am neither blind nor indifferent to the defects of these good

and generous creatures. They are subject to many such as men are subject to: among the rest, they disturb the neighborhood in the discussion of their private causes; they quarrel and fight on small motives, such as a little bad food, or a little vainglory, or the sex. But it must be something present or near that excites them; and they calculate not the extent of evil they may do or suffer.

Rochefoucault. Certainly not: how should dogs calculate?

La Fontaine. I know nothing of the process. I am unable to inform you how they leap over hedges and brooks, with exertion just sufficient, and no more. In regard to honor and a sense of dignity, let me tell you, a dog accepts the subsidies of his friends, but never claims them. A dog would not take the field to obtain power for a son, but would leave the son to obtain it by his own activity and prowess. He conducts his visitor or inmate out a-hunting, and makes a present of the game to him as freely as an emperor to an elector. Fond as he is of slumber, — which is indeed one of the pleasantest and best things in the universe, particularly after dinner, — he shakes it off as willingly as he would a gadfly, in order to defend his master from theft or violence. Let the robber or assailant speak as courteously as he may, he waives your diplomatical terms, gives his reasons in plain language, and makes war. I could say many other things to his advantage; but I never was malicious, and would rather let both parties plead for themselves: give me the dog, however.

Rochefoucault. Faith! I will give you both, and never boast of my largess in so doing.

La Fontaine. I trust I have removed from you the suspicion of selfishness in my client, and I feel it quite as easy to make a properer disposal of another ill attribute, — namely, cruelty, — which we vainly try to shuffle off our own shoulders upon others, by employing the offensive and most unjust term "brutality." But to convince you of my impartiality, now I have defended the dog from the first obloquy, I will defend the man from the last, hoping to make you think better of each. What you attribute to cruelty, both while we are children and afterward, may be assigned for the greater part to curiosity. Cruelty tends to the extinction of life, the dissolution of matter, the imprisonment and sepulture of truth; and, if it were our ruling and chief propensity, the human race

would have been extinguished in a few centuries after its appearance. Curiosity, in its primary sense, implies care and consideration.

Rochefoucault. Words often deflect from their primary sense. We find the most curious men the most idle and silly, the least observant and conservative.

La Fontaine. So we think, because we see every hour the idly curious, and not the strenuously; we see only the persons of the one set, and only the works of the other.

More is heard of cruelty than of curiosity, because, while curiosity is silent both in itself and about its object, cruelty on most occasions is like the wind, — boisterous in itself, and exciting a murmur and bustle in all the things it moves among. Added to which, many of the higher topics, whereto our curiosity would turn, are intercepted from it by the policy of our guides and rulers; while the principal ones on which cruelty is most active are pointed to by the sceptre and the truncheon, and wealth and dignity are the rewards of their attainment. What perversion! He who brings a bullock into a city for its sustenance is called a butcher, and nobody has the civility to take off the hat to him, although knowing him as perfectly as I know Matthieu le Mince, who served me with those fine kidneys you must have remarked in passing through the kitchen: on the contrary, he who reduces the same city to famine is styled M. le General, or M. le Marechal; and gentlemen like you, unprejudiced (as one would think) and upright, make room for him in the antechamber.

Rochefoucault. He obeys orders, without the degrading influence of any passion.

La Fontaine. Then he commits a baseness the more, a cruelty the greater. He goes off at another man's setting, as ingloriously as a rat-trap: he produces the worst effects of fury, and feels none, — a Cain unirritated by a brother's incense.

Rochefoucault. I would hide from you this little rapier, which, like the barber's pole, I have often thought too obtrusive in the streets.

La Fontaine. Never shall I think my countrymen half civilized, while on the dress of a courtier is hung the instrument of a cut-throat. How deplorably feeble must be that honor which requires defending at every hour of the day!

Rochefoucault. Ingenious as you are, M. la Fontaine, I do not believe that, on this subject, you could add any thing to what you have spoken already; but, really, I do think one of the most instructive things in the world would be a dissertation on dress by you.

La Fontaine. Nothing can be devised more commodious than the dress in fashion. Perukes have fallen among us by the peculiar dispensation of Providence. As in all the regions of the globe the indigenous have given way to stronger creatures, so have they (partly at least) on the human head. At present the wren and the squirrel are dominant there. Whenever I have a mind for a filbert, I have only to shake my foretop. Improvement does not end in that quarter. I might forget to take my pinch of snuff when it would do me good, unless I saw a store of it on another's cravat. Furthermore, the slit in the coat behind tells in a moment what it was made for, — a thing of which, in regard to ourselves, the best preachers have to remind us all our lives. Then the central part of our habiliment has either its loop-hole or its portcullis in the opposite direction, still more demonstrative. All these are for very mundane purposes; but religion and humanity have whispered some later utilities. We pray the more commodiously, and of course the more frequently, for rolling up a royal ell of stocking round about our knees; and our high-heeled shoes must surely have been worn by some angel, to save those insects which the flat-footed would have crushed to death.

Rochefoucault. Ah! the good dog has awakened: he saw me and my rapier, and ran away. Of what breed is he? for I know nothing of dogs.

La Fontaine. And write so well!

Rochefoucault. Is he a trufler?

La Fontaine. No, not he; but quite as innocent.

Rochefoucault. Something of the sheperd-dog, I suspect?

La Fontaine. Nor that neither; although he fain would make you believe it. Indeed, he is very like one: pointed nose, pointed ears, apparently stiff, but readily yielding; long hair, particularly about the neck; noble tail over his back, three curls deep, exceedingly pleasant to stroke down again; straw-color all above, white all below. He might take it ill if you looked for it; but so it is, upon my word. An ermeline might envy it.

Rochefoucault. What are his pursuits?

La Fontaine. As to pursuit and occupation, he is good for nothing. In fact, I like those dogs best, — and those men too.

Rochefoucault. Send Nanon, then, for a pair of silk stockings, and mount my carriage with me: it stops at the Louvre.

XXII. MELANCTHON AND CALVIN.

Calvin. Are you sure, O Melancthon, that you yourself are among the elect?

Melancthon. My dear brother, so please it God, I would rather be among the many.

Calvin. Of the damned?

Melancthon. Alas! no. But I am inclined to believe that the many will be saved and will be happy, since Christ came into the world for the redemption of sinners.

Calvin. Hath not our Saviour said explicitly that many are called, but few chosen?

Melancthon. Our Saviour? — hath he said it?

Calvin. Hath he, forsooth! Where is your New Testament?

Melancthon. In my heart.

Calvin. Without this page, however.

Melancthon. When we are wiser and more docile, that is, when we are above the jars and turmoils and disputations of the world, — our Saviour will vouchsafe to interpret what, through the fumes of our intemperate vanity, is now indistinct or dark. He will plead for us before no inexorable judge. He came to remit the sins of man; not the sins of a few, but of many; not the sins of many, but of all.

Calvin. What! of the benighted heathen too? — of the pagan? of the idolater?

Melancthon. I hope so; but I dare not say it.

Calvin. You would include even the negligent, the indifferent, the sceptic, the unbeliever.

Melancthon. Pitying them for a want of happiness in a want of faith. They are my brethren ; they are God's children. He will pardon the presumption of my wishes for their welfare ; my sorrow that they have fallen, some through their blindness, others through their deafness, others through their terror, others through their anger peradventure at the loud denunciations of unforgiving man. If I would forgive a brother, may not he, who is immeasurably better and more merciful, have pity on a child? He came on earth to take our nature upon him: will he punish, will he reprehend us, for an attempt to take as much as may be of his upon ourselves?

Calvin. There is no bearing any such fallacies.

Melancthon. Is it harder to bear these fallacies (as they appear to you, and perhaps are, for we all are fallible, and many even of our best thoughts are fallacies), — is it harder, O my friend, to bear these, than to believe in the eternal punishment of the erroneous?

Calvin. Erroneous, indeed! Have they not the Book of Life, now at last laid open before them, for their guidance?

Melancthon. No, indeed ; they have only two or three places, dog-eared and bedaubed, which they are commanded to look into and study. These are so uninviting that many close again the volume of salvation, clasp it tight, and throw it back in our faces. I would rather show a man green fields than gibbets ; and, if I called him to enter the service of a plenteous house and powerful master, he may not be rendered the more willing to enter it by my pointing out to him the stocks in the gateway, and telling him that nine-tenths of the household, however orderly, must occupy that position. The book of *good news*, under your interpretation, tells people not only that they *may* go and be damned, but that, unless they are lucky, they *must* inevitably. Again, it informs another set of inquirers that, if once they have been under what they feel to be the influence of grace, they never can relapse. All must go well who have once gone well ; and a name once written in the list of favorites can never be erased.

Calvin. This is certain.

Melancthon. Let us hope, then, and in holy confidence let us believe, that the book is large and voluminous ; that it begins at an early date of man's existence ; and that, amid

the agitation of inquiry, it comprehends the humble and submissive doubter. For doubt itself, between the richest patrimony and utter destitution, is quite sufficiently painful; and surely it is a hardship to be turned over into a criminal court for having lost in a civil one. But if all who have once gone right can never go astray, how happens it that so large a part of the angels fell off from their allegiance? They were purer and wiser than we are, and had the advantage of seeing God face to face. They were the ministers of his power; they knew its extent, yet they defied it. If we err, it is in relying too confidently on his mercies, not in questioning his omnipotence. If our hopes forsake us, if the bonds of sin bruise and corrode us, so that we cannot walk upright, there is, in the midst of these calamities, no proof that we are utterly lost. Danger far greater is there in the presumption of an especial favor, which men incomparably better than ourselves can never have deserved. Let us pray, O Calvin, that we may hereafter be happier than our contentions and animosities will permit us to be at present; and that our opponents, whether now in the right or in the wrong, may come at last where all error ceases.

Calvin. I am uncertain whether such a wish is rational; and I doubt more whether it is religious. God hath willed them to walk in their blindness. To hope against it, seems like repining at his unalterable decree, — a weak indulgence in an unpermitted desire; an unholy entreaty of the heart that he will forego his vengeance, and abrogate the law that was from the beginning. Of one thing I am certain: we must lop off the unsound.

Melancthon. What a curse hath metaphor been to religion! It is the wedge that holds asunder the two great portions of the Christian world. We hear of nothing so commonly as fire and sword. And here, indeed, what was metaphor is converted into substance and applied to practice. The unsoundness of doctrine is not cut off nor cauterized; the professor is. The head falls on the scaffold, or fire surrounds the stake, because a doctrine is bloodless and incombustible. Fierce, outrageous animals, for want of the man who has escaped them, lacerate and trample his cloak or bonnet. This, although the work of brutes, is not half so brutal as the practice of theologians, — seizing the man himself, instead of bonnet or cloak.

Calvin. We must leave such matters to the magistrate.

Melancthon. Let us instruct the magistrate in his duty: this is ours. Unless we can teach humanity, we may resign the charge of religion. For fifteen centuries, Christianity has been conveyed into many houses, in many cities, in many regions, but always through slender pipes; and never yet into any great reservoir in any part of the earth. Its principal ordinances have never been observed in the polity of any State whatever. Abstinence from spoliation, from oppression, from bloodshed, has never been inculcated by the chief priests of any. These two facts excite the doubts of many in regard to a Divine origin and a Divine protection. Wherefore, it behooves us the more especially to preach forbearance. If the people are tolerant one toward another in the same country, they will become tolerant in time toward those whom rivers or seas have separated from them. For, surely, it is strange and wonderful that nations which are near enough for hostility should never be near enough for concord. This arises from bad government; and bad government arises from a negligent choice of counsellors by the prince, usually led or terrified by a corrupt, ambitious, wealthy (and therefore un-Christian) priesthood. While their wealth lay beyond the visible horizon, they tarried at the cottage, instead of pricking on for the palace.

Calvin. By the grace and help of God, we will turn them back again to their quiet and wholesome resting-place, before the people lay a rough hand upon the silk.

But you evaded my argument on predestination.

Melancthon. Our blessed Lord himself, in his last hours, ventured to express a wish before his Heavenly Father that the bitter cup might pass away from him. I humbly dare to implore that a cup much bitterer may be removed from the great body of mankind, — a cup containing the poison of eternal punishment, where agony succeeds to agony, but never death.

Calvin. I come armed with the gospel.

Melancthon. Tremendous weapon! — as we have seen it through many ages, if man wields it against man; but, like the fabled spear of old mythology, endued with the faculty of healing the saddest wound its most violent wielder can inflict. Obscured and rusting with the blood upon it, let us

hasten to take it up again, and apply it, as best we may, to its appointed uses.

The life of our Saviour is the simplest exposition of his words. Strife is what he both discountenanced and forbade. We ourselves are right-minded, each of us all ; and others are right-minded in proportion as they agree with us, chiefly in matters which we insist are well worthy of our adherence, but which whosoever refuses to embrace displays a factious and un-Christian spirit. These for the most part are matters which neither they nor we understand, and which, if we did understand them, would little profit us. The weak will be supported by the strong, if they can ; if they cannot, they are ready to be supported even by the weaker, and cry out against the strong as arrogant or negligent, or deaf or blind ; at last, even their strength is questioned, and the more if, while there is fury all around them, they are quiet.

I remember no discussion on religion in which religion was not a sufferer by it, if mutual forbearance and belief in another's good motives and intentions are (as I must always think they are) its proper and necessary appurtenances.

Calvin. Would you never make inquiries ?

Melancthon. Yes, and as deep as possible: but into my own heart ; for that belongs to me, and God hath entrusted it most especially to my own superintendence.

Calvin. We must also keep others from going astray by showing them the right road, and, if they are obstinate in resistance, then by coercing and chastising them through the magistrate.

Melancthon. It is sorrowful to dream that we are scourges in God's hand, and that he appoints for us no better work than lacerating one another. I am no enemy to inquiry where I see abuses, and where I suspect falsehood. The Romanists, our great oppressors, think it presumptuous to search into things abstruse ; and let us do them the justice to acknowledge that, if it is a fault, it is one which they never commit. But surely we are kept sufficiently in the dark by the infirmity of our nature: no need to creep into a corner and put our hands before our eyes. To throw away or turn aside from God's best gifts is verily a curious sign of obedience and submission. He not only hath given us a garden to walk in ; but he hath planted it also for us, and he

wills us to know the nature and properties of every thing that grows up within it. Unless we look into them and handle them and register them, how shall we discover this to be salutary, that to be poisonous; this annual, that perennial?

Calvin. Here we coincide; and I am pleased to find in you less apathy than I expected. It becomes us, moreover, to denounce God's vengeance on a sinful world.

Melancthon. Is it not better and pleasanter to show the wanderer by what course of life it may be avoided? Is it not better and pleasanter to enlarge on God's promises of salvation, than to insist on his denunciations of wrath? Is it not better and pleasanter to lead the wretched up to his mercy-seat, than to hurl them by thousands under his fiery chariot?

Calvin. We have no option. By our Heavenly Father many are called, but few are chosen.

Melancthon. There is scarcely a text in the Holy Scriptures to which there is not an opposite text, written in characters equally large and legible; and there has usually been a sword laid upon each. Even the weakest disputant is made so conceited by what he calls religion, as to think himself wiser than the wisest who thinks differently from him; and he becomes so ferocious by what he calls holding it fast, that he appears to me as if he held it fast much in the same manner as a terrier holds a rat, and you have about as much trouble in getting it from between his incisors. When at last it does come out, it is mangled, distorted, and extinct.

Calvin. M. Melancthon, you have taken a very perverse view of the subject. Such language as yours would extinguish that zeal which is to enlighten the nations, and to consume the tares by which they are overrun.

Melancthon. The tares and the corn are so intermingled throughout the wide plain which our God hath given us to cultivate, that I would rather turn the patient and humble into it to weed it carefully, than a thresher who would thresh wheat and tare together before the grain is ripened, or who would carry fire into the furrows when it is.

Calvin. Yet even the most gentle, and of the gentler sex, are inflamed with a holy zeal in the propagation of the faith.

Melancthon. I do not censure them for their earnestness in maintaining truth. We not only owe our birth to them, but also the better part of our education; and, if we were not

divided after their first lesson, we should continue to live in a widening circle of brothers and sisters all our lives. After our infancy and removal from home, the use of the rod is the principal thing we learn of our alien preceptors; and, catching their dictatorial language, we soon begin to exercise their instrument of enforcing it, and swing it right and left, even after we are paralyzed by age, and until death's hand strikes it out of ours. I am sorry you have cited the gentler part of the creation to appear before you, obliged as I am to bear witness that I myself have known a few specimens of the fair sex become a shade less fair among the perplexities of religion. Indeed, I am credibly informed that certain of them have lost their patience, running up and down in the dust where many roads diverge. This, surely, is not walking humbly with their God, nor walking with him at all; for those who walk with him are always readier to hear *his* voice than their own, and to admit that it is more persuasive. But at last the zealot is so infatuated, by the serious mockeries he imitates and repeats, that he really takes his own voice for God's. Is it not wonderful that the words of eternal life should have hitherto produced only eternal litigation; and that, in our progress heavenward, we should think it expedient to plant unthrifty thorns over bitter wells of blood in the wilderness we leave behind us?

Calvin. It appears to me that you are inclined to tolerate even the rank idolatry of our persecutors. Shame! shame!

Melancthon. Greater shame if I tolerated it within my own dark heart, and waved before it the foul incense of self-love.

Calvin. I do not understand you. What I do understand is this, and deny it at your peril, — I mean at the peril of your salvation, — that God is a jealous God: he himself declares it.

Melancthon. We are in the habit of considering the God of Nature as a jealous God, and idolatry as an enormous evil, — an evil which is about to come back into the world, and to subdue or seduce once more our strongest and most sublime affections. Why do you lift up your eyes and hands?

Calvin. An evil *about* to come back! — *about* to come! Do we not find it in high places?

Melancthon. We do indeed, and always shall, while there

are any high places upon earth. Thither will men creep, and there fall prostrate.

Calvin. Against idolatry we still implore the Almighty that he will incline our hearts to keep his law.

Melancthon. The Jewish law; the Jewish idolatry: you fear the approach of this, and do not suspect the presence of a worse.

Calvin. A worse than that which the living God hath denounced?

Melancthon. Even so.

Calvin. Would it not offend, would it not wound to the quick, a mere human creature, to be likened to a piece of metal or stone, a calf or monkey?

Melancthon. A mere human creature might be angry; because his influence among his neighbors arises in great measure from the light in which he appears to them; and this light does not emanate from himself, but may be thrown on him by any hand that is expert at mischief. Beside, the likeness of such animals to him could never be suggested by reverence or esteem, nor be regarded as a type of any virtue. The mere human creature, such as human creatures for the most part are, would be angry; because he has nothing which he can oppose to ridicule but resentment.

Calvin. I am in consternation at your lukewarmness. If you treat idolaters thus lightly, what hope can I entertain of discussing with you the doctrine of grace and predestination?

Melancthon. Entertain no such hope at all. Wherever I find in the Holy Scriptures a disputable doctrine, I interpret it as judges do, in favor of the culprit: such is man. The benevolent judge is God. But, in regard to idolatry, I see more criminals who are guilty of it than you do. I go beyond the stone-quarry and the pasture, beyond the graven image and the ox-stall. If we bow before the distant image of good, while there exists within our reach one solitary object of substantial sorrow, which sorrow our efforts can remove, we are guilty (I pronounce it) of idolatry: we prefer the intangible effigy to the living form. Surely we neglect the service of our Maker, if we neglect his children. He left us in the chamber with them, to take care of them, to feed them, to admonish them, and occasionally to amuse them; instead of which, after a warning not to run into the fire, we slam the

door behind us in their faces, and run eagerly downstairs to dispute and quarrel with our fellows of the household who are about their business. The wickedness of idolatry does not consist in any inadequate representation of the Deity; for, whether our hands or our hearts represent him, the representation is almost alike inadequate. Every man does what he hopes and believes will be most pleasing to his God; and God, in his wisdom and mercy, will not punish gratitude in its error.

Calvin. How do you know that?

Melancthon. Because I know his loving-kindness, and experience it daily.

Calvin. If men blindly and wilfully run into error when God hath shown the right way, he will visit it on their souls.

Melancthon. He will observe from the serenity of heaven — a serenity emanating from his presence — that there is scarcely any work of his creation on earth which hath not excited, in some people or other, a remembrance, an admiration, a symbol, of his power. The evil of idolatry is this: Rival nations have raised up rival deities; war hath been denounced in the name of Heaven; men have been murdered for the love of God; and such impiety hath darkened all the regions of the world, that the Lord of all things hath been invoked by all simultaneously as the Lord of hosts. This is the only invocation in which men of every creed are united, — an invocation to which Satan, bent on the perdition of the human race, might have listened from the fallen angels.

Calvin. We cannot hope to purify men's hearts until we lead them away from the abomination of Babylon; nor will they be led away from it until we reduce the images to dust. So long as they stand, the eye will hanker after them, and the spirit be corrupt.

Melancthon. And long afterward, I sadly fear.

We attribute to the weakest of men the appellations and powers of Deity; we fall down before them; we call the impious and cruel by the title of *gracious* and *most religious:* and, even in the house of God himself, and before his very altar, we split his Divine Majesty asunder, and offer the largest part to the most corrupt and most corrupting of his creatures.

Calvin. Not *we*, M. Melancthon. I will preach, I will exist, in no land of such abomination.

Melancthon. So far, well; but religion demands more. Our reformers knock off the head from Jupiter: thunderbolt and sceptre stand. The attractive, the impressive, the august, they would annihilate; leaving men nothing but their sordid fears of vindictive punishment, and their impious doubts of our Saviour's promises.

Calvin. We should teach men to retain for ever the fear of God before their eyes, never to cease from the apprehension of his wrath, to be well aware that he often afflicts when he is farthest from wrath, and that such infliction is a benefit bestowed by him.

Melancthon. What! if only a few are to be saved when the infliction is over?

Calvin. It becometh not us to repine at the number of vessels which the supremely wise Artificer forms, breaks, and casts away, or at the paucity it pleaseth him to preserve. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.

Melancthon. Some of them are, and some of them are not; and in these it seems to be his design that we should see and adore his wisdom. We fancy that all our inflictions are sent us directly and immediately from above: sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would, however, be well if we attempted to trace the causes of them. We should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

Why should we scribble our own devices over the Book of God, erasing the plainest words, and rendering the Holy Scriptures a worthless palimpsest? Cannot we agree to show the nations of the world that the whole of Christianity is practicable, although the better parts never have been practised, no — not even by the priesthood — in any single one of them? Bishops, confessors, saints, martyrs, have never denounced to king or people, nor ever have attempted to delay or mitigate, the most accursed of crimes, the crime of Cain, — the crime indeed whereof Cain's was only a germ, — the crime of fratricide; war, war, devastating, depopulating, soul-slaugh-

tering, heaven-defying war. Alas! the gentle call of mercy sounds feebly, and soon dies away, leaving no trace on the memory: but the swelling cries of vengeance, in which we believe we imitate the voice of Heaven, run and reverberate in loud peals and multiplied echoes along the whole vault of the brain. All the man is shaken by them; and he shakes all the earth.

Calvin! I beseech you, do you who guide and govern so many, do you (whatever others may) spare your brethren. Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immovable verity. It sounds strange; it sounds contradictory.

Calvin. I am curious to hear it.

Melancthon. You shall. This is the tenet: There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.

XXIII. GALILEO, MILTON, AND A DOMINICAN.

Milton. Friend! let me pass.

Dominican. Whither? To whom?

Milton. Into the prison; to Galileo Galilei.

Dominican. Prison! We have no prison.

Milton. No prison here! What sayest thou?

Dominican. Son! For heretical pravity indeed, and some other less atrocious crimes, we have a seclusion, a confinement, a penitentiary: we have a locality for softening the obdurate, and furnishing them copiously with reflection and recollection; but prison we have none.

Milton. Open!

Dominican (*to himself*). What sweetness! what authority! what a form! what an attitude! what a voice!

Milton. Open! Delay me no longer.

Dominican. In whose name?

Milton. In the name of humanity and of God.

Dominican. My sight staggers; the walls shake; he must be — do angels ever come hither?

Milton. Be reverent, and stand apart. [*To Galileo.*] Pardon me, sir, an intrusion.

Galileo. Young man! if I may judge by your voice and manner, you are little apt to ask pardon or to want it. I am as happy at hearing you as you seem unhappy at seeing me. I perceive at once that you are an Englishman.

Milton. I am.

Galileo. Speak, then, freely; and I will speak freely, too. In no other man's presence, for these many years, — indeed, from my very childhood, — have I done it.

Milton. Sad fate for any man! most sad for one like you! — the follower of truth, the companion of reason in her wanderings on earth!

Galileo. We live among priests and princes and empoisoners. Your dog, by his growling, seems to be taking up the quarrel against them.

Milton. We think and feel alike in many things. I have observed that the horses and dogs of every country bear a resemblance in character to the men. We English have a wonderful variety of both creatures. To begin with the horses: some are remarkable for strength, others for spirit; while in France there is little diversity of race, — all are noisy and windy, skittish and mordacious, prancing and libidinous, fit only for a rope, and fond only of a ribbon. Where the ribbon is not to be had, the jowl of a badger will do: any thing but what is native to the creature is a decoration. In Flanders, you find them slow and safe, tractable and substantial. In Italy, there are few good for work, none for battle; many for light carriages, for standing at doors, and for every kind of street-work.

Galileo. Do let us get among the dogs.

Milton. In France, they are finely combed and pert and pettish; ready to bite if hurt, and to fondle if caressed; without fear, without animosity, without affection. In Italy, they creep and shiver and rub their skins against you, and insinuate their slender beaks into the patronage of your hand, and lick it, and look up modestly, and whine decorously, and supplicate with grace. The moment you give them any thing, they grow importunate; and, the moment you refuse them, they bite. In Spain and England, the races are similar; so, indeed, are those of the men. Spaniards are Englishmen in

an ungrafted state, — however, with this great difference, that the English have ever been the least cruel of nations, excepting the Swedes; and the Spaniards the most cruel, excepting the French. Then they were, under one and the same religion, the most sanguinary and sordid of all the institutions that ever pressed upon mankind.

Galileo. To the dogs, to the dogs again, be they of what breed they may!

Milton. The worst of them could never have driven you up into this corner, merely because he had been dreaming, and you had disturbed his dream. How long shall this endure?

Galileo. I sometimes ask God how long. I should repine, and almost despair, in putting the question to myself or another.

Milton. Be strong in him through reason, his great gift.

Galileo. I fail not, and shall not fail. I can fancy that the heaviest link in my heavy chain has dropped off me since you entered.

Milton. Let me, then, praise our God for it! Not those alone are criminal who placed you here, but those no less who left unto them the power of doing it. If the learned and intelligent in all the regions of Europe would unite their learning and intellect, and would exert their energy in disseminating the truth throughout the countries they inhabit, soon must the ignorant and oppressive, now at the summit of power, resign their offices; and the most versatile nations, after this purifying and perfect revolution, rest for ages. But, bursting from their collegiate kennels, they range and hunt only for their masters; and are content at last to rear up and catch the offal thrown among them negligently, and often too with scourges on their cringing spines, as they scramble for it. Do they run through mire and thorns, do they sweat from their tongues' ends, do they breathe out blood, for this? The Dominican is looking in; not to interrupt us, I hope, for my idle exclamation.

Galileo. Continue to speak generously, rationally, and in Latin; and he will not understand one sentence. The fellow is the most stupid, the most superstitious, the most hard-hearted, and the most libidinous in the confraternity. He is usually at my door, that he may not be at others', where he would be more in the way of his superiors. You Englishmen

are inclined to melancholy; but what makes you so very grave, so much graver than before?

Milton. I hardly know which is more afflicting, — to hear the loudest expression of intolerable anguish from the weak who are sinking under it, or to witness an aged and venerable man bearing up against his sufferings with unshaken constancy. And, alas, that blindness should consummate your sufferings!

Galileo. There are worse evils than blindness, and the best men suffer most by them. The spirit of liberty, now rising up in your country, will excite a blind enthusiasm, and leave behind a bitter disappointment. Vicious men will grow popular, and the interests of the nation will be entrusted to them; because they descend from their station in order, as they say, to serve you.

Milton. Profligate impostors! We know there are such among us; but truth shall prevail against them.

Galileo. In argument, truth always prevails finally; in politics, falsehood always: else would never States fall into decay. Even good men, if indeed good men will ever mix with evil ones for any purpose, take up the trade of politics, at first intending to deal honestly; the calm bower of the conscience is soon converted into the booth of inebriating popularity; the shouts of the multitude then grow unexciting, then indifferent, then troublesome; lastly, the riotous supporters of the condescendent falling half-asleep, he looks agape in their faces, springs upon his legs again, flings the door behind him, and escapes in the livery of Power. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct him where the looser passions were wandering; he did not conduct him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a soilure to our frail human nature: no, he led him up to an exceedingly high mountain, and showed him palaces and towers and treasuries, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and beatitude. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of his miracles was accomplished. After which, even the father of lies never ventured to dispute his divine nature.

Dominican. I must not suffer you to argue on theology; you may pervert the young man.

Milton. In addition to confinement, must this fungus of vapid folly stain your cell? If so, let me hope you have received the assurance that the term of your imprisonment will be short.

Galileo. It may be, or not, as God wills: it is for life.

Milton. For life!

Galileo. Even so. I regret that I cannot go forth; and my depression is far below regret when I think that, if ever I should be able to make a discovery, the world is never to derive the benefit. I love the fields, and the country air, and the sunny sky, and the starry; and I could keep my temper when, in the midst of my calculations, the girls brought me flowers from lonely places, and asked me their names, and puzzled me. But now I fear lest a compulsory solitude should have rendered me a little moroser. And yet methinks I could bear again a stalk to be thrown in my face, as a deceiver, for calling the blossom that had been on it Andromeda; and could pardon as easily as ever a slap on the shoulder for my Ursa Major. Pleasant Arcetri!

Milton. I often walk along its quiet lanes, somewhat too full of the white eglantine in the narrower parts of them. They are so long and pliant, a little wind is enough to blow them in the face; and they scratch as much as their betters.

Galileo. Pleasant Arcetri!

Milton. The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

Galileo. I sighed not at any thought of friendship. How do I know that any friend is left me? I was thinking that, in those unfrequented lanes, the birds that were frightened could fly away. Pleasant Arcetri! Well: we (I mean those who are not blind) can see the stars from all places; we may know that there are other worlds, and we may hope that there are happier. So, then, you often walk to that village?

Milton. Oftener to Fiesole.

Galileo. You like Fiesole better?

Milton. Must I confess it? For a walk, I do.

Galileo. So did I, — so did I. What friends we are already! I made some observations from Fiesole.

Milton. I shall remember it on my return, and shall re-

visit the scenery with fresh delight. Alas! is this a promise I can keep, when I must think of you here?

Galileo. My good, compassionate young man! I am concerned that my apartment allows you so little space to walk about.

Milton. Could ever I have been guilty of such disrespect! O sir, far remote, far beyond all others, is that sentiment from my heart! It swelled, and put every sinew of every limb into motion, at your indignity. No, no! Suffer me still to bend in reverence and humility on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity! — on this hand, which science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open.

Galileo. Ah, my too friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity.

Milton. At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom, — mitres, tiaras, crowns, and the trumpery whereon they rest. I know but two genera of men, — the annual and the perennial. Those who die down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them; those on the contrary, who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt the highest, — those are surely the spirits of God, both when upon earth and when with him. What do I see, in letting fall the sleeve? The scars and lacerations on your arms show me that you have fought for your country.

Galileo. I cannot claim that honor. Do not look at them. My guardian may understand that.

Milton. Great God! they are the marks of the torture!

Galileo. My guardian may understand that likewise. Let us converse about something else.

Milton. Italy! Italy! Italy! drive thy poets into exile, into prison, into madness! — spare, spare thy one philosopher! What track can the mind pursue, in her elevations or her plains or her recesses, without the dogging and prowling of the priesthood?

Galileo. They have not done with me yet. A few days ago they informed me that I was accused or suspected of

disbelieving the existence of devils. When I protested that in my opinion there are almost as many devils as there are men, and that every wise man is the creator of hundreds at his first appearance, they told me with much austerity and scornfulness of rebuke, that this opinion is as heretical as the other; and that we have no authority from Scripture for believing that the complement exceeded some few legions, several of which were thinned and broken by beating up their quarters, — thanks chiefly to the Dominicans. I bowed, as became me; for these are worthy masters, and their superiors, the successors of Peter, would burn us for teaching any thing untaught before.

Milton. They would burn you, then, for resembling the great apostle himself?

Galileo. In what but denying the truth and wearing chains?

Milton. Educated with such examples before them, literary societies are scarcely more tolerant to the luminaries of imagination than theological societies are to the luminaries of science. I myself, indeed, should hesitate to place Tasso on an equality, or nearly on an equality, with Ariosto; yet, since his pen hath been excelled on the Continent by only two in sixteen centuries, he might have expected more favor, more forbearance, than he found. I was shocked at the impudence of his critics in this country: their ignorance less surprised me.*

Galileo. Of yours I am unable to speak.

Milton. So much the better.

Galileo. Instead of it, you will allow me to express my admiration of what (if I understand any thing) I understand. No nation has produced any man, except Aristoteles, comparable to either of the Bacons. The elder was the more wonderful; the later in season was the riper and the greater.

* Criticism is still very low in Italy. Tiraboschi has done little for it: nothing can be less exact than his judgments on the poets. There is not one remarkable sentence, or one happy expression, in all his volumes. The same may be said of Abbate Cesarotti, and of the Signor Calsabigi, who wrote on Alfieri. There is scarcely a glimpse of poetry in Alfieri; yet his verses are tight-braced, and his strokes are animating, — not, indeed, to the Signor Calsabigi. The Italians are grown more generous to their literary men in proportion as they are grown poorer in them. Italy is the only great division of Europe where there never hath existed a Review bearing some authority or credit. These things do not greatly serve literature; but they rise from it, and show it.

Neither of them told all he knew, or half he thought; and each was alike prodigal in giving, and prudent in withholding. The learning and genius of Francis led him onward to many things which his nobility and stateliness disallowed. Hence was he like the leisurely and rich agriculturist, who goeth out a-field after dinner, well knowing where lie the nests and covies; and in such idle hour throweth his hat partly over them, and they clutter and run and rise and escape from him without his heed, to make a louder whirr thereafter, and a longer flight elsewhere.

Milton. I believe I have discovered no few inaccuracies in his reasoning, voluntary or involuntary. But I apprehend he committed them designedly, and that he wanted in wisdom but the highest, — the wisdom of honesty. It is comfortable to escape from him, and return again to Sorrento and Tasso. He should have been hailed as the worthy successor, not scrutinized as the presumptuous rival, of the happy Ferrarese. He was ingenious, he was gentle, he was brave; and what was the reward? Did cities contend for his residence within them? Did princes throw open their palaces at his approach? Did academies send deputations to invite and solicit his attendance? Did senators cast branches of laurel under his horse's hoofs? Did prelates and princes hang tapestries from their windows, meet him at the gates, and conduct him in triumph to the Capitol? Instead of it, his genius was derided, his friendship scorned, his love rejected; he lived despairingly, he died broken-hearted.

Galileo. My friend! my friend! you yourself in your language are almost a poet.

Milton. I may be, in time to come.

Galileo. What! with such an example before your eyes? Rather be a philosopher: you may be derided in this too; but you will not be broken-hearted. I am ashamed when I reflect that the worst enemies of Torquato, pushing him rudely against Ariosto, are to be found in Florence.

Milton. Be the difference what it may between them, your academicians ought to be aware that the lowest of the animals are nearer to the highest of them, than these highest are to the lowest of those two. For in what greatly more do they benefit the world than the animals do, or how much longer remain in the memory of their species?

Galileo. Little, very little; and the same thing may be easily proved of those whom they praise and venerate. My knowledge of poetry is narrow; and, having little enthusiasm, I discover faults where beauties escape me. I never would venture to say before our Italians what I will confess to you. In reading the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, I remarked that among the epithets the poet is fondest of *grande:* I had remarked that Virgil is fondest of *altus*. Now, we cannot make any thing greater or higher by clapping these words upon it: where the substructure is not sufficiently broad and solid, they will not stick. The first verses in the *Gerusalemme*, for instance, are —

> Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano
> Che il *gran* sepolcro liberò di Cristo.

Surely, the poet would rather have had a great captain than a great cenotaph.

Milton. He might have written, with a modester and less sonorous exordium, —

> Canto le arme pietose e 'l capitano,
> *Lui che il* sepolcro liberò di Cristo.

Galileo. It would not have done for our people, either the unlearned or learned. They must have *high, gigantic, immense;* they must have ebony, gold, azure; they must have honey, sugar, cinnamon, as regularly in their places as blue-lettered jars, full or empty, are found in apothecaries' shops. Dante and Ariosto, different as they are, equally avoided these sweet viscidities. I wish you would help me to exonerate Tasso from the puffy piece of impediment at the beginning of his march.

Milton. Let us imagine that he considered all Jerusalem as the sepulchre of Christ.

Galileo. No friend or countryman hath said it for him. We will accept it, and go on. Our best histories, excepting Giovio's and Davila's, contain no picture, no character, no passion, no eloquence; and Giovio's is partial and faithless. Criticism is more verbose and less logical here than among the French, the Germans, and the Dutch.

Milton. Let us return to Ariosto and Tasso, who, whatever the academicians may gabble in their assemblies, have

delighted the most cultivated minds, and will delight them for incalculable ages.

Galileo. An academician, a dunghill-cock, and a worm do indeed form a triangle more nearly equilateral than an academician, a Lodovico, and a Torquato. The Dominican is listening yet. Behold, he comes in!

Dominican. Young gentleman, I did not suspect, when you entered, that you would ever talk about authors whose writings are prohibited. Ariosto is obscene. I have heard the same of Tasso, in some part or other.

Milton. Prythee, begone!

Dominican. We retire together.

Galileo. It would be better to leave me, if he urges it; otherwise I may never expect again the pleasure I have received to-day.

Dominican. Signor Galileo, do you talk of pleasure to young persons? Most illustrious signorino, the orders of my superior are to reconduct you.

Milton. Adieu, then, O too great man!

Galileo. For to-day, adieu!

Dominican (*out of the door*). In my lowly cell, O signorino (if your excellency in her inborn gentleness could condescend to favor her humblest slave with her most desired presence), are prepared some light refreshments.

Milton. Swallow them, swallow them; thou seemest thirsty: I enter but one cell here.

Dominican (*aside, having bowed respectfully*). Devil! heretic! never shalt thou more!

XXIV. ESSEX AND SPENSER.

Essex. Instantly on hearing of thy arrival from Ireland, I sent a message to thee, good Edmund, that I might learn, from one so judicious and dispassionate as thou art, the real state of things in that distracted country; it having pleased the Queen's Majesty to think of appointing me her deputy, in order to bring the rebellious to submission.

Spenser. Wisely and well considered; but more worthily of her judgment than her affection. May your lordship overcome, as you have ever done, the difficulties and dangers you foresee.

Essex. We grow weak by striking at random; and knowing that I must strike, and strike heavily, I would fain see exactly where the stroke shall fall.

Some attribute to the Irish all sorts of excesses; others tell us that these are old stories; that there is not a more inoffensive race of merry creatures under heaven, and that their crimes are all hatched for them here in England, by the incubation of printers' boys, and are brought to market at times of distressing dearth in news. From all that I myself have seen of them, I can only say that the civilized (I mean the richer and titled) are as susceptible of heat as iron, and as impenetrable to light as granite. The half-barbarous are probably worse; the utterly barbarous may be somewhat better. Like game-cocks, they must spur when they meet. One fights because he fights an Englishman; another, because the fellow he quarrels with comes from a distant county; a third, because the next parish is an eyesore to him, and his fist-mate is from it. The only thing in which they all agree as proper law is the tooth-for-tooth act. Luckily, we have a bishop who is a native, and we called him before the Queen. He represented to Her Majesty that every thing in Old Ireland tended to re-produce its kind, — crimes among others; and he declared frankly that if an honest man is murdered, or, what is dearer to an honest man, if his honor is wounded in the person of his wife, it must be expected that he will retaliate. Her Majesty delivered it as her opinion, that the latter case of vindictiveness was more likely to take effect than the former. But the bishop replied, that in his conscience he could not answer for either if the man was up. The dean of the same diocese gave us a more favorable report. Being a justice of the peace, he averred most solemnly that no man ever had complained to him of murder, excepting one who had lost so many fore-teeth by a cudgel that his deposition could not be taken exactly; added to which, his head was a little clouded with drunkenness: furthermore, that extremely few women had adduced sufficiently clear proofs of violence, excepting those who were wilful, and resisted with tooth and nail. In

all which cases, it was difficult — nay, impossible — to ascertain which violence began first and lasted longest.

There is not a nation upon earth that pretends to be so superlatively generous and high-minded; and there is not one (I speak from experience) so utterly base and venal. I have positive proof that the nobility, in a mass, are agreed to sell, for a stipulated sum, all their rights and privileges, so much per man; and the Queen is inclined thereunto. But would our Parliament consent to pay money for a cargo of rotten pilchards? And would not our captains be readier to swamp than to import them? The noisiest rogues in that kingdom, if not quieted by a halter, may be quieted by making them brief-collectors, and by allowing them, first, to encourage the incendiary; then, to denounce and hang him; and, lastly, to collect all the money they can, running up and down with the whining ferocity of half-starved hyenas, under pretence of repairing the damages their exhausted country hath sustained. Others ask, modestly, a few thousands a year, and no more, from those whom they represent to us as naked and famished; and prove clearly, to every dispassionate man who hath a single drop of free blood in his veins, that at least this pittance is due to them for abandoning their liberal and lucrative professions, and for endangering their valuable lives on the tempestuous seas, in order that the voice of truth may sound for once upon the shores of England, and humanity cast her shadow on the council-chamber.

I gave a dinner to a party of these fellows a few weeks ago. I know not how many kings and princes were among them, nor how many poets and prophets and legislators and sages. When they were half-drunk, they coaxed and threatened; when they had gone somewhat deeper, they joked, and croaked, and hiccoughed, and wept over sweet Ireland; and, when they could neither stand nor sit any longer, they fell upon their knees and their noddles, and swore that limbs, life, liberty, Ireland, and God himself, were all at the Queen's service. It was only their holy religion, the religion of their forefathers, — here sobs interrupted some, howls others, execrations more, and the liquor they had ingulfed the rest. I looked down on them with stupor and astonishment, seeing faces, forms, dresses, much like ours, and recollecting their ignorance, levity, and ferocity. My pages drew them gently

by the heels down the steps; my grooms set them upright (inasmuch as might be) on their horses; and the people in the streets, shouting and pelting, sent forward the beasts to their straw.

Various plans have been laid before us for civilizing or coercing them. Among the pacific, it was proposed to make an offer to five hundred of the richer Jews in the Hanse-towns and in Poland, who should be raised to the dignity of the Irish peerage, and endowed with four thousand acres of good forfeited land, on condition of each paying two thousand pounds, and of keeping up ten horsemen and twenty foot, Germans or Poles, in readiness for service.

The Catholics bear nowhere such ill-will toward Jews as toward Protestants. Brooks make even worse neighbors than oceans do.

I myself saw no objection to the measure; but our gracious Queen declared she had an insuperable one, — *they stank!* We all acknowledged the strength of the argument, and took out our handkerchiefs. Lord Burleigh almost fainted; and Raleigh wondered how the Emperor Titus could bring up his men against Jerusalem.

"Ah!" said he, looking reverentially at Her Majesty, "the star of Berenice shone above him! And what evil influence could that star not quell! what malignancy could it not annihilate!"

Hereupon he touched the earth with his brow, until the Queen said, —

"Sir Walter! lift me up those laurels."

At which manifestation of princely good-will he was advancing to kiss Her Majesty's hand; but she waved it, and said sharply, —

"Stand there, dog!"

Now what tale have you for us?

Spenser. Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in sad confusion at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex. Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs as thou leftest them; for I would rather know one part well than all imperfectly; and the violences of which I have heard within the day surpass belief.

Why weepest thou, my gentle Spenser? Have the rebels sacked thy house?

Spenser. They have plundered and utterly destroyed it.

Essex. I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

Spenser. In this they have little harmed me.

Essex. How! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion * large and pleasant.

Spenser. If river and lake and meadow-ground and mountain could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed!

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my playfullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah! surely of all cruelties the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone: I love the people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them: I may speak injuriously.

Essex. Think rather, then, of thy happier hours and busier occupations; these likewise may instruct me.

Spenser. The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone; and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex. Well, well; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

Spenser. Poison may ooze from beautiful plants; deadly grief from dearest reminiscences.

I *must* grieve, I *must* weep: it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex. Spenser! I wish I had at hand any arguments or persuasions, of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow; but, really, I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at any thing except the loss of favor at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck-hound. And were I to swear out my condolences to a man of thy discernment, in the same round roll-call phrases we employ with one another upon these occasions, I should

* It was purchased by a victualler and banker, the father or grandfather of Lord Riversdale.

be guilty, not of insincerity, but of insolence. True grief hath ever something sacred in it; and, when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy.

Nay, kiss not my hand: he whom God smiteth hath God with him. In his presence what am I?

Spenser. Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May He guide your counsels, and preserve your life and glory!

Essex. Where are thy friends? Are they with thee?

Spenser. Ah, where, indeed! Generous, true-hearted Philip! where art thou, whose presence was unto me peace and safety; whose smile was contentment, and whose praise renown? My lord! I cannot but think of him among still heavier losses: he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex. Pastoral poetry, my dear Spenser, doth not require tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes; rebuild thine house: the Queen and Council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What! does that enforce thee to wail yet louder?

Spenser. Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart! I have lost what no Council, no Queen, no Essex, can restore.

Essex. We will see that. There are other swords, and other arms to wield them, beside a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies, and serve their friends.

Spenser. O my sweet child! And of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee? None! none!

Essex. I now perceive that thou lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment may be delayed. Consider; the same calamity might have befallen thee here in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity, that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependent?

Spenser. God avert it!

Essex. Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mournest.

Spenser. Oh, no, no, no! Calamities there are around us;

calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons: but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it: nevertheless, thou mayest say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings; and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.*

Spenser. For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting: I never shall see those fallen leaves. No leaf, no bud, will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

Essex. Thou, who art wiser than most men, shouldst bear with patience, equanimity, and courage what is common to all.

Spenser. Enough, enough, enough! Have all men seen their infant burned to ashes before their eyes?

Essex. Gracious God! Merciful Father! what is this?

Spenser. Burned alive! burned to ashes! burned to ashes! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery-window. I cannot quit thee, my Elizabeth! I cannot lay down our Edmund! Oh, these flames! They persecute, they enthrall me; they curl round my temples; they hiss upon my brain; they taunt me with their fierce, foul voices; they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to me a little of life to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me. Ask me, my lord, the things you wish to know from me: I

* It happened so.

may answer them; I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord! I would yet serve you: soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up; you have borne with me; you have pitied me, even like one not powerful. You have brought comfort, and will leave it with me; for gratitude is comfort.

Oh! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one burning point: when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me: ask me nothing; let me weep before you in peace, — the kindest act of greatness.

Essex. I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration than I now dare entreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will staunch and heal it in their sacred stream; but not without hope in God.

Spenser. My hope in God is that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amid the myriads of angels, there is not one so beautiful; and even he (if there be any) who is appointed my guardian could never love me so. Ah! these are idle thoughts, vain wanderings, distempered dreams. If there ever were guardian angels, he who so wanted one — my helpless boy — would not have left these arms upon my knees.

Essex. God help and sustain thee, too gentle Spenser! I never will desert thee. But what am I? Great they have called me! Alas, how powerless then and infantile is greatness in the presence of calamity!

Come, give me thy hand: let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raleigh.

XXV. ARCHDEACON HARE AND WALTER LANDOR.

Archdeacon Hare. In some of your later writings, I perceive, you have not strictly followed the line you formerly laid down for spelling.

Walter Landor. I found it inexpedient; since, whatever the pains I took, there was, in every sheet almost, some deviation on the side of the compositor. Inconsistency was forced on me against all my struggles and reclamations. At last, nothing is left for me but to enter my protest, and to take the smooth path instead of the broken-up highway.

Archdeacon Hare. It is chiefly in the preterites and participles that I have followed you perseveringly. We are rich in having two for many of our verbs, and unwise in corrupting the spelling, and thereby rendering the pronunciation difficult. We pronounce "astonisht;" we write "astonished" or "astonish'd,"—an unnecessary harshness. Never was spoken drop*ped* or lop*ped* or hop*ped* or prop*ped*, but dropt, &c.; yet, with the choice before us, we invariably take the wrong. I do not resign a right to "astonish*ed*" or "diminish*ed*." They may, with many like them, be useful in poetry; and several such terminations add dignity and solemnity to what we read in our church,—the sanctuary at once of our faith and of our language.

Walter Landor. In more essential things than preterites and participles, I ought rather to have been your follower than you mine. No language is purer or clearer than yours. Vigorous streams from the mountain do not mingle at once with the turbid lake, but retain their force and their color in the midst of it. We are sapped by an influx of putridity.

Archdeacon Hare. Come, come; again to our spelling-book.

Walter Landor. Well then, we differ on the spelling of *honour*, *favour*, &c. You would retain the *u*: I would eject it, for the sake of consistency. We have dropped it in *author*, *emperor*, *ambassador*. Here again, for consistency and compliancy, I write "embassador;" because I write, as all do, "embassy." I write theat*er*, sepulch*er*, met*er*, in their English form rather than the French. The best authors have done it. All write "hexamet*er*" and "pentamet*er*."

Archdeacon Hare. It is well to simplify and systematize wherever we can do it conveniently.

Walter Landor. And without violence to *vested rights;* which words have here some meaning. Why "*a*mend," if "*e*mendation"? Why not "pont*if*," if "cait*if*"?

Archdeacon Hare. Why, then, should grand*eur* be left in

solitary state? The Englishman less easily protrudes his nether jaw than the Frenchman, as "grand*e*ur" seems to require. Grand*o*ur (or grand*or*, if you will have it so) sounds better.

Walter Landor. I *will* have it so; and so will you and others at last.

Archdeacon Hare. Meanwhile, let us untie this last knot of Norman bondage on the common law of language in our land.

Walter Landor. Set about it: no authority is higher than yours. I will run by the side of you, or be your herald, or (what better becomes me) your pursuivant.

There is an affectation of scholarship in compilers of spelling-books, and in the authors they follow for examples, when they bring forward *phenomena* and the like. They might as well bring forward *mysteria*. We have no right to tear Greek and Latin declensions out of their grammars: we need no *vortices* when we have *vortexes* before us; and while we have *memorandums*, *factotums*, *ultimatums*, let our shepherd-dogs bring back to us by the ear such as have wandered from the flock.

Archdeacon Hare. We have "stimul*ant;*" why stimul*us*"? why "stimul*i*"? Why "recip*e*"? why "rece*ipt*"? — we might as reasonably write "dece*ipt*" and "conce*ipt*." I believe we are the only people who keep the *Dramatis Personæ* on the stage, or announce their going off by "*exeunt:*" "*exit*" for *departure* is endurable, and kept in countenance by *transit*. Let us deprecate the danger of hearing of a friend's *obit*, which seems imminent: a "*post-obit*" is bad enough. An *item* I would confine to the ledger. I have no mind for *animus*.

Walter Landor. Beside these, there are two expressions either of which is quite enough to bring down curses and mortality on the poet. "*Stand confest*" (even if not written "conf*ess'd*") is one; "*unbidden tears*," the other. I can imagine no such nonsense as *unbidden tears*. Why do we not write the verb *control* with an *e* at the end, and the substantive with *u*, as *soul*? We might as reasonably write *whol* for *whole*. Very unreasonably do we write *wholly* with a double *l;* *wholy* and *soly* might follow the type of *holy*. We see printed *befal* with one *l*, but never *fal;* and yet in the monosyllable we should not be doubtful of the accentuation. It is but of late that we contro*l*, reca*l*, appa*l:* we do not yet ro*l*. Will

any one tell me who put such a lazy beast to our *munition*-train, and spelled on the front of the carriage *am*munition? We write *enter* and *inter* equally with a single final *r*: surely the latter wants another.

Archdeacon Hare. What is quite as censurable, while we reject the good of our own countrymen, we adopt the bad of the foreigner. We are much in the habit of using the word *flibustier*. Surely, we might let the French take and torture our *freebooter*. In our fondness for making verbs out of substantives, we even go to the excess of *flibustering*. And now from coarse vulgarity let us turn our eyes toward inconsiderate refinement. When I was a boy, every girl among the poets was a *nymph*, whether in country or town. Johnson countenanced them, and, arm-in-arm with Pope, followed them even into Jerusalem: "Ye nymphs of Solyma," &c.

Walter Landor. Pity they ever found their way back!

Archdeacon Hare. Few even now object to *muse* and *bard*.

Walter Landor. Nor would I, in their proper places: the muse in Greece and Italy; the bard, on our side of the Alps, up almost as far as Scandinavia, quite as far as the Cimbrian Chersonese. But the bard looks better at nine or ten centuries off than among gentlemen in roquelaures or paletots. Johnson, a great reprehender, might fairly and justly have reprehended him in the streets of London, whatever were his own excesses among the "nymphs of Solyma." In the midst of his gravity, he was not quite impartial, and, extraordinary as were his intellectual powers, he knew about as much of poetry as of geography. In one of his letters he talks of Guadaloupe as being in another hemisphere. Speaking of that island, his very words are these: "Whether you return hither, or stay in another hemisphere." At the commencement of his Satire on the *Vanity of Human Wishes* (a noble specimen of declamation), he places China nearer to us than Peru.

Archdeacon Hare. The negligences of Johnson may easily be forgiven, in consideration of the many benefits he has conferred on literature. A small poet, no great critic, he was a strenuous and lofty moralist. Your pursuers are of another breed, another race. They soon tire themselves, hang out their tongues, and drop along the road. Time is not at all misapplied by you in the analysis and valuation of Southey's

and Wordsworth's poetry, which never has been done scrupulously and correctly. But surely gravel may be carted and shot down on the highway without the measure of a Winchester bushel. Consider if what you have taken in hand is worthy of your workmanship.

Walter Landor. The most beautiful tapestry is worked on extremely coarse canvas. Open a volume of *Bayle's Biographical Dictionary*, and how many just and memorable observations will you find on people of no "note or likelihood"!

Archdeacon Hare. Unhappily for us, we are insensible of the corruptions that creep yearly into our language. At Cambridge or Oxford (I am ignorant which of them claims the glory of the invention), some undergraduate was so facetious as to say, "Well, while you are *discussing* the question, I will *discuss* my wine." The gracefulness of this witticism was so captivating that it took possession not only of both universities, but seized also on "men about town." Even the ladies, the vestals who preserve the purity of language, caught up the expression from those who were libertines in it.

Walter Landor. Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, who are among the most refined of our senators, have at present no more authority in language than in dress. By what we see, we might imagine that the one article is to be cast aside after as short a wear as the other. It occurs to me at this moment, that, when we have assumed the habiliments of the vulgar, we are in danger of contracting their coarseness of language and demeanor.

Archdeacon Hare. Certainly the Romans were *togati* in their tongue as well as in their wardrobe. Purity and gravity of style were left uncontaminated and unshaken by the breath of Tiberius and his successor. The Antonines spoke better Latin than the Triumvir Antonius; and Marcus Aurelius, although on some occasions he preferred the Greek, was studious to maintain his own idiom strong and healthy. When the tongue is paralyzed, the limbs soon follow. No nation hath long survived the decrepitude of its language.

There is perpetually an accession of slang to our vernacular, which is usually biennial or triennial.

Walter Landor. I have been either a fortunate or a prudent man to have escaped for so many years together to be

"pitched into" among "*giant* trees," "*monster* meetings," "*glorious* fruit," "*splendid* cigars, dogs, horses, and *bricks*," "*palmy* days," "*rich* oddities;" to owe nobody a farthing for any other fashionable habits of rude device and demi-saison texture; and, above all, to have never come in at the "*eleventh hour*," which has been sounding all day long the whole year. They do me a little injustice who say that such a good fortune is attributable to my residence in Italy. The fact is, I am too cautious and too aged to catch disorders, and I walk fearlessly through these epidemics.

Archdeacon Hare. Simply to *open* is insufficient: we "open *up*" and "open *out*." A gentleman *indues* a coat; it will be difficult to *exue* if he tries: he must lie down and sleep in it.

"*Foolery*" was thought of old sufficiently expressive: nothing short of *tom*foolery will do now. To *repudiate* was formerly to put away what disgraced us: it now signifies (in America at least) to reject the claims of justice and honor. We hear people *re-read*, and see them *re-write;* and are invited to a *spread*, where we formerly went to a dinner or collation. We cut down *barracks* to a single *barrack;* but we leave the "stocks" in good repair. We are among *ambitions* and among *peoples*, until Sternhold and Hopkins call us into a quieter place, and we hear once again —

"All people that on earth do dwell."

Shall we never have done with "*rule and exception*," "*ever and anon*," "*many a time and oft*"?

Walter Landor. It is to be regretted that Horne Tooke and Bishop Lowth were placed so far apart, by many impediments and obstructions, that they never could unite in order to preserve the finials and pinnacles of our venerable fabric, to stop the innovations and to diminish the anomalies of our language. Southey, although in his youth during their time, might have assisted them; for early in life he had studied as sedulously the best of our old authors as they had, and his judgment was as mature at twenty-five as theirs at fifty. He agreed with me that *mind*, *find*, *kind*, *blind*, *behind*, should have a final *e*, in order to signify the sound; and that the verb *wind* should likewise, for the same reason. I brought Fairfax's *Tasso* with me, and showed him that Fairfax had

done it, and had spelled many other words better than our contemporaries, or even than the most part of his own.

Archdeacon Hare. There are two expressions of frequent occurrence, equally wrong, — "incorrect *orthography*" and "vernacular *idiom*." Distempers in language, as in body, which rise from the crowded lane, creep up sometimes to where the mansions are higher and better ventilated. I think you once remarked to me that you would just as properly write pill*an*ger for pillager, as mess*en*ger for messager. The more excusable vulgar add to these dainties their *sausenger*. Have you found any thing more to notice where you have inserted those slips of paper in your Fairfax?

Walter Landor. Much; to run over all would be tedious. He writes with perfect propriety *dismaid*, *applie*, *chefe*, *hart*, *wisht*, *husht*, *spred*. Southey was entirely of my opinion that, if *lead* in the present is *led* in the preterite, *read* should be *red*. There is no danger of mistaking the adjective for the verb by it. He ridiculed the spelling of Byron, — *redde;* which is quite as ridiculous as the conceit of that antiquarian society which calls itself the "Roxburgh*e* Club;" *e* was never added to *burgh*.

Howell, a very careful writer, an excellent authority, writes *forren*, *frend*, *Mahometism*, *toung*, *extemporal*, *shipwrack*, *cole*, *onely*, *sutable*, *plaid*, *askt*, *begger*, *apparance*, *brest*, *yeer*, *lanch*, *peece*, *tresure*, *scepter*, *incertain*, *kinde*, *perle*.

Drayton and Daniel may be associated with Howell. Drayton in his prose wrote *red;* and there is no purer or more considerate author. He writes also ransack*t*, distinguish*t*, dispers*t*, worship*t*, admonish*t*, tax*t*, deck*t*, wrack*t*, profes*t*, extol*d*, purchas*t*. He writes *fained*, *tuch*, *yeers*, *onely*, *dore*.

Sir Thomas More writes *lerned*, *clereness*, *preste* (priest), *sholde*, *wolde*, *leve*, *yere*, *harte*, *mynde*, *here* (hear), *herer* (hearer), *appere*, *speker*, *seke*, *grevous*, *fynde*, *doute*, *wherof*, *seme*, *dede*, *nede*, *tethe* (teeth), *precher*, *peple*, *sene* (seen), *eres* (ears), *toke*, *therfor*, *mete* (meat), *frend*, *therin*, *fere* (fear), a *wever*, *rede* (read). A host of these words only show that the best authors avoided the double vowel.

Spenser, in consecutive verses, writes *were* (wear) and *bere* (bear) and *heven* and *foule*.

> "Upon her thombe or in her purse to bere."
> "There is no foule that flieth under heven."

Camden writes *forraine* and *iland*.

It was late before *ea* was employed in place of the simple vowel *e*. Chaucer writes "*eny pecock*." *Shal* and *wil*, so written by him, are more proper than *shall* and *will*, by avoiding the form of substantives. Caxton writes, as many of his time, *werk*, not "work." Tyndal, long after, writes *doo* for *do*. Spenser writes *dore* instead of *door*. Sackville writes *pearst*. Dryden is less accurate than Cowley and Waller and Sprat. Speaking of Cowley, he says, "He never could *forgive* a conceit," meaning *forego*. In our own age, many (Burke among the rest) say, "By *this* means." It would be affectation to say, "By this *mean*," in the singular; but the proper expression is, "By these means."

Archdeacon Hare. In regard to terminations, it is difficult to account for the letter *e* when we say "by and by*e*." There is none in accounting for it in "Good-*bye*," which is the most comprehensive of all contractions: it is "Good be with ye!" or "God be with ye!" which in effect is the same. Formerly *ye* was more universal than *you*. Ignorant critics reprehend it wrongly in such a position as, "I would not hurt *ye*." But it is equally good English as, "*Ye* would not hurt me." No word is more thoroughly vernacular, from of old to this present day, among the people throughout the land. We should keep our homely, well-seasoned words, and never use the grave for light purposes.

Among the many we misapply is the word *destiny*. We hear of a man controlling the destiny of another. Nothing on earth can control the *destined*, whether the term be applied strictly or laxly. *Element* is another, meaning only a *constituent*. Graver still is *incarnation*. We hear about the *mission* of fellows whose highest could be only to put a letter into the post-office.

We usually set ' before *neath*, improperly: the better spelling is *nethe*, whence *nether*. We also prefix the same ' to *fore*. We say (at least those who swear do), "'*fore* God;" never, "*be*fore God." *Cause* in like manner is a word of itself, no less than "*be*cause." But this form is properer for poetry.

Chaucer writes *peple*, as we pronounce it.

Skelton writes *sault* and *mault*, also in accordance with the pronunciation; and there is exactly the same reason for

it as in *fault*. It would not be going far out of our way to bring them back again, and then cry *hault*, which we do only with the pen in hand.

We are in the habitude of writing onward*s*, backward*s*, toward*s*, afterward*s*; he more gracefully drops the final *s*. We write strip*t*, whip*t*; yet hesitate at trip*t* and worship*t*. We possess in many cases two for one of the preterites; and, to show our impartiality and fairness, we pronounce the one and write the other. We write *said* and *laid*, but never *staid* or *plaid*. We write offic*i*al; why not influenc*i*al, circumstanc*i*al, differenc*i*al? We write *entrance* the substantive like *entrànce* the verb. Shakspeare wisely wrote, —

"That sounds the fatal enterance of Duncan," &c.

Wonderous is a finer word than *wondrous*.

It is not every good scholar, or every fair poet, who possesses the copiousness and exhibits the discrimination of Shakspeare. Even when we take the hand he offers us, we are accused of innovating.

Walter Landor. So far from innovating, the words I propose are brought to their former and legitimate station. You have sanctioned the greater part, and have thought the remainder worth your notice. Every intelligent and unprejudiced man will agree with you. I prefer high authorities to lower, analogy to fashion, a *Restoration* to a *Usurpation*. Innovators, and worse than innovators, were those Reformers called who disturbed the market-place of manorial theology, and went back to religion where she stood alone in her original purity. We English were the last people to adopt the reformed style in the calendar, and we seem determined to be likewise the last in that of language. We are ordered to please the public; we are forbidden to instruct it. Not only publishers and booksellers are against us, but authors too; and even some of them who are not regularly in the service of those masters. The outcry is, "*We* have not ventured to alter what we find in use, and why should *he*?"

Archdeacon Hare. If the most learned and intelligent, in that age which has been thought by many the most glorious in our literature, were desirous that the language should be settled and fixed, how much more desirable is it that its accretion of corruptions should be now removed! It may be

difficult; and still more difficult to restore the authority of the ancient dynasty.

Walter Landor. We never have attempted it. But there are certain of their laws and usages which we would not willingly call obsolete. Often in the morning I have looked among your books for them, and I deposit in your hands the first-fruits of my research. It is only for such purposes that I sit hours together in a library. Either in the sunshine or under the shade of trees, I must think, meditate, and compose.

Archdeacon Hare. Thoughts may be born in a room above-stairs or below; but they are stronger and healthier for early exercise in the open air. It is not only the conspirator to whom is appropriate the "modo citus modo tardus incessus:" it is equally his who follows fancy, and his also who searches after truth.

Walter Landor. The treasures of your library have sometimes tempted me away from your pictures; and I have ceased for a moment to regret that by Selections and Compendiums we had lost a large portion of the most noble works, when I find so accurate a selection, so weighty a compendium, carried about with him who is now walking at my side.

Archdeacon Hare. I would have strangled such a compliment ere it had attained its full growth: however, now it is not only full-grown but over-grown, let me offer you in return, not a compliment, but a congratulation, on your courage in using the plural "compendi*ums*" where another would have pronounced "compendia."

Walter Landor. Would that other, whoever he may be, have said *musea?* All I require of people is consistency, and rather in the right than in the wrong. When we have admitted a Greek or Latin or French word, we ought to allow it the right of citizenship, and induce it to comply and harmonize with the rest of the vocular community. "Pindari*que*" went away with Cowley, and died in the same ditch with him; but "obli*que*" is inflexible, and stands its ground. He would do well who should shove it away, or push it into the ranks of the new militia. "Anti*que*" is the worst portion of Gray's heritage. His former friend, Horace Walpole, had many *antiques* and other trifles at Strawberry-hill; but none so worthless as this. In honest truth, we neither have, nor

had then, a better and purer writer than he, although he lived in the time of the purest and best, — Goldsmith, Sterne, Fielding, and Inchbald. He gave up his fashionable French for a richer benefice. He would not use "*rouge*," but "*red*;" very different from the ladies and gentlemen of the present day, who bring in *entremets* and *lardès*, casting now and then upon the lukewarm hearth a log of Latin, and, in the sleeping-room they have prepared for us, spread out as counterpane a remnant of Etruscan, from under a courier's saddle-bag.

Chaucer, who had resided long in France, and much among courtiers, made English his style. Have you patience to read a list of the words he spelled better than we do; and not he only, but his remote successors?

Archdeacon Hare. I have patience, and more than patience, to read or hear or see whatever is better than ourselves. Such investigations have always interested me, you know of old.

Walter Landor. Rare quality! I scarcely know where to find another who possesses it, or whose anger would not obtain the mastery over his conscience at the imputation.

Let your eyes run down this catalogue. Here are *swete* and *swote*, *finde*, *ther*, *wel*, *herken*, *herk*, *gilt* (guilt), *shal*, *don* (done), *werks* (works), *weping*, *clene*, *defaulte*, *therof*, *speking*, *erthe*, *bereth* (beareth), *seate*, *mete* (meat), *shuld* (should), *hevy*, *hevn*, *grevous*, *grete*, *hete*, *yere*, *fode* (food); we still say *fodder*, not fooder; *ete* (eat), *lede*, *throt*, *wel*, *drede*, *shal*, *gess* (guess), *ful*, *wheras*, *trespas*, *betwene*, *repe*, *slepe*, *shete*, *frend*, *dedly*, *delites*, *teres*, *hering*, *clereness*, *juge*, *plese*, *speke*, *wold* (would), *ded*, *tred*, *bereve*, *thred*, *peple*, *dore*, *dreme*, *deme*, *reson*, *indede*, *meke*, *feble*, *wede*, *nede*, *fele*, *cese*, *pece*, *dedly*, *deme*, *resonable*, *slepe*, *titel*, *refrein*, *preeste*.

Archdeacon Hare. In adding the vowel, he makes it available for verse. *Covetise*, how much better than *covetiousness*? Among the words which might be brought back again to adorn our poetical diction is *beforne* (before). Here is *distemperament* (for inclemency of season); *forlet* (forgive), another good word; so is *wanhope* (despair). Has no poet the courage to step forth and to rescue these maidens of speech, unprotected beneath the very castle-walls of Chaucer?

Walter Landor. If they are resolved to stitch up his rich

old tapestry with muslin, they would better let it stay where it is.

Archdeacon Hare. Several more words are remaining in which a single vowel is employed where we reduplicate. *Sheres*, *appere*, *speche*, *wele*, *bereth*, *reson*, *mening*, *pleasance*, *stele*, *coles*, *mekeness*, *reve* (bereave), *rore*, *tong*, *corageous*, *forbere*, *kepe*, *othe* (oath), *cese*, *shepe*, *dreme*, *werse* (worse), *reken* (reckon). Certainly this old spelling is more proper than its substitute. To reken is to *look over* an account before casting it up. Here are *grevance*, *lerne*, *bete*, *seke*, *speke*, *freze* (freeze), *chese*, *clense*, *tretise*, *meke*. Here I find *axe* (ask), which is now a vulgarism, though we use *tax* for *task*. With great propriety he writes *persever;* we, with great impropriety, *persevere*. He uses the word *spiced* for *overnice*, which in common use is *gingerly*. I think you would not be a stickler for the best of these, whichever it may be.

Walter Landor. No, indeed; but there are in Chaucer, as there are in other of our old yet somewhat later writers, things which with regret I see cast aside for worse. I wish every editor of an author, whether in poetry or prose, would at least add a glossary of his words as he spelled and wrote them, without which attention the history of a language must be incomplete. Heine in his Virgil, Wakefield in his Lucretius, have preserved the text itself as entire as possible. Greek words do not appear in their spelling to have been subject to the same vicissitudes as Latin.

I have not been engaged in composing a grammar or vocabulary, nor is a conversation a treatise; so with your usual kindness you will receive a confused collection of words, bearing my mark on them and worthy of yours. They are somewhat like an Italian pastry, of heads and necks and feet and gizzards off a variety of birds of all sorts and sizes. If my simile is undignified, let me go back into the Sistine Chapel, where Michel Angelo displays the same thing more gravely and grandly in his *Last Judgment*.

Archdeacon Hare. Do not dissemble your admiration of this illustrious man, nor turn into ridicule what you reverence. Among the hardy and false things caught from mouth to mouth is the apothegm, that "there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." There was indeed but a step from Bonaparte's.

Walter Landor. I perceive you accept the saying as his. It was uttered long before his birth, and so far back as the age of Louis the Fourteenth. Another is attributed to him, which was spoken by Barrère in the Convention. He there called the English "cette nation *boutiquière*."

Archdeacon Hare. Well, now empty out your sack of words, and never mind which comes first.

Walter Landor. Probably there are several of them which we have noticed before. Here are a few things which I have marked with my pencil from time to time; others are obliterated, others lost.

There is a very good reason why *ravel* and *travel* should be spelled with a single *l:* pronunciation requires it. Equally does pronunciation require a double *l* in *befell*, *expell*, *compell*, *rebell*.

We often find *kneeled* instead of *knelt;* yet I do not remember *feeled* for *felt*. Shaftesbury, and the best writers of his age and later, wrote *cou'd*, *shou'd*, *wou'd:* we do not, although in speaking we never insert the *l*. Hurd writes, "*Under* the *circumstances*." Circumstances are *about* us, not *above* us.

"Master of the situation" is the only expression we have borrowed lately of the Spanish, and it is not worth having.

I have observed *rent* as preterite of *rend*, — improper; as *ment* would be of *mend*.

"*All* too well," &c., — the word *all* used needlessly. "*All* the greater," &c. These expressions are among the many which have latterly been swept out of the servants' hall, who often say (no doubt), "I am all the better for my dinner."

Daresay is now written as one word.

Egotist should be *egoist;* to *doze* should not be written *dose*, as it often is.

I once was present when a scholar used the words *vexed question;* he was not laughed at, although he was thought a pedant for it. Many would willingly be thought pedants who never can be; but they can more cheaply be thought affected, as they would be if they assumed this Latinism. In our English sense, many a question vexes: none is vexed. The sea is *vexatum* when it is tossed hither and thither, to and fro; but a question, however unsettled, has never been so called in good English.

"*Sought* his bedchamber;" improper, because he knew

where it was. To *seek* is to go after what may or may not be found. *Firstly* is not English. To *gather* a rose is improper. To gather *two* roses would be proper. Better to *cull*, which may be said of choosing one out of several; *cull* is from the Italian *cogliere*, originally in Latin *colligare*. But to us, in our vernacular, the root is invisible: not so to *gather*, of which we are reminded by *together*.

There is a bull of the largest Irish breed in nearly the most beautiful of Wordsworth's poems: —

> "I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
> Now coldly given, *now utterly refused*."

The Irish need not cry out for their potatoes, if they can live upon what they cannot get.

> "The child is father of the man,"

says Wordsworth, well and truly. The verse animadverted on must have been written before the boy had begotten his parent.

What can be sillier than those verses of his which many have quoted with unsuspicious admiration? —

> "A maid whom there was none to praise,
> And very few to love."

He might have written more properly, if the rhyme and metre had allowed it, —

> A maid whom there were none to love,
> And very few to praise.

For surely the few who loved her would praise her. Here he makes love subordinate to praise: there were some who loved her, none (even of these) who praised her. Readers of poetry hear the bells, and seldom mind what they are ringing for. Where there is laxity there is inexactness.

Frequently there are solid knolls in the midst of Wordsworth's morass; but never did I expect to find so much animation, such vigor, such succinctness, as in the paragraph beginning with —

> "All degrees and shapes of spurious form,"

and ending with —

> "Left to herself, unheard of and unknown."

Here, indeed, the wagoner's frock drops off, and shows to our surprise the imperial purple underneath it. Here is the brevity and boldness of Cowper; here is heart and soul; here is the *εικων βασιλικη* of poetry.

I believe there are few, if any, who enjoy more heartily than I do the best poetry of my contemporaries, or who have commended them both in private and in public with less parsimony and reserve. Several of them, as you know, are personally my friends, although we seldom meet. Perhaps in some I may desiderate the pure ideal of what is simply great. If we must not always look up at Theseus and the Amazons, we may however catch more frequent glimpses of the Graces, with their zones on, and their zones only. Amplification and diffuseness are the principal faults of those who are now standing the most prominent. Dilution does not always make a thing the clearer: it may even cause turbidity.

Archdeacon Hare. Stiffness is as bad as laxness. Pindar and Horace, Milton and Shakspeare, never caught the cramp in their mountain streams: their movements are as easy as they are vigorous.

Walter Landor. The strongest are the least subject to stiffness. Diffuseness is often the weakness of vanity. The vain poet is of opinion that nothing of his can be too much: he sends to you basketful after basketful of juiceless fruit, covered with scentless flowers.

Archdeacon Hare. Many an unlucky one is like the big and bouncing foot-ball, which is blown up in its cover by unseemly puffing, and serves only for the game of the day. I am half-inclined to take you to task, my dear friend, feeling confident and certain that I should do it without offence.

Walter Landor. Without offence, but not without instruction. Here I am ready at the desk, with both hands down.

Archdeacon Hare. To be serious. Are you quite satisfied that you never have sought a pleasure in detecting and exposing the faults of authors, even good ones?

Walter Landor. I have here and there sought that pleasure, and found it. To discover a truth, and to separate it from a falsehood, is surely an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not at all unworthy of the best heart. Consider how few of our countrymen have done it, or attempted it, on

works of criticism: how few of them have analyzed and compared. Without these two processes, there can be no sound judgment on any production of genius. We are accustomed to see the beadle limp up into the judge's chair, to hear him begin with mock gravity, and to find him soon dropping it for his natural banter. He condemns with the black cap on; but we discover through its many holes and dissutures the uncombed wig. Southey is the first and almost the only one of our critics who moves between his intellect and his conscience, close to each.

Archdeacon Hare. How much better would it be if our reviewers and magazine-men would analyze, in this manner, to the extent of their abilities, and would weigh evidence before they pass sentence. But they appear to think that, unless they hazard much, they can win little; while in fact they hazard and lose a great deal more than there is any possibility of their recovering. One rash decision ruins the judge's credit, which twenty correcter never can restore. Animosity, or perhaps something more ignoble, usually stimulates rampant inferiority against high desert.

I have never found you disconcerted by any injustice toward yourself, — not even by the assailants of this our Reformation.

Walter Landor. If we know a minor, whose guardians and trustees have been robbing him of his patrimony, or misapplying it, or wearing out the land by bad tillage, would we not attempt to recover for him whatever we could; and especially if we were intimate with the family, if we had enjoyed the shade of its venerable woods, the refreshing breezes from its winding streams, and had in our early days taken our walks among them for study, and in our still earlier gone into the depths of its forests for our recreation?

Archdeacon Hare. Next in criminality to him who violates the laws of his country, is he who violates the language. In this he is a true patriot, and somewhat beside, —

"Qui consulta patrum qui leges juraque servat."

Byron is among the defaulters. On Napoleon he says, "Like *he* of Babylon." "The *annal* of Gibbon." "I have *eat*," &c. There is a passage in Tacitus on a vain poet, Luterius, remarkably applicable to our lately fashionable one;

"Studia illa, ut plena vecordiæ, ita inania et fluxa sunt: nec quidquam grave ac serium ex eo metuas qui, suorum ipse flagitiorum proditor, non virorum animis sed muliercularum adrepit."

Walter Landor. It suits him perfectly. I would, however, pardon him some false grammar and some false sentiment, for his vigorous application of the scourge to the two monsters of dissimilar configuration who degraded and disgraced, at the same period, the two most illustrious nations in the world. The Ode against Napoleon is full of animation: against the other there is less of it; for animation is incompatible with nausea. Byron had good action; but he tired by fretting, and tossing his head, and rearing.

Archdeacon Hare. Let reflections for a moment give way to recollections. In the morning we were interrupted in some observations on the aspirate.

Walter Landor. Either I said, or was about to say, that the aspirate, wherever it is written, should be pronounced. If we say "*a* house," why not say "*a* hour;" if "*a* horse," why not "*a* honor"? Nobody says "*an* heavy load," "*an* heavenly joy," "*an* holy man," "*an* hermit," "*an* high place," "*an* huge monster," "*an* holly-bough," "*an* happy day." Let the minority yield here to the majority. Our capriciousness in admitting or rejecting the service of the aspirate was contracted from the French. The Italians, not wanting it, sent it off, and called it back merely for a mark discriminatory; for instance in the verb *Ho, hai, ha.*

Archdeacon Hare. You have been accused of *phonetic* spelling.

Walter Landor. Inconsiderately, and with even less foundation than falsehood has usually under it. Nothing seems to me more grossly absurd, or more injurious to an ancient family, — the stem of our words and thoughts. Such a scheme, about fourscore years ago, was propounded by Elphinstone; it has lately been reproduced, only to wither and die down again.

Archdeacon Hare. I always knew, and from yourself, that you are a "good hater" of innovation, and that your efforts were made strenuously on the opposite side, attempting to recover in our blurred palimpsests what was written there of old. We have dropped a great deal of what is good, as you just

now have shown; and we have taken into our employment servants without a character, or with a worthless one. We adorn our new curtains with faded fringe, and embellish stout buckskin with point-lace.

Walter Landor. After this conversation, if it ever should reach the public ear, I may be taken up for a brawl in the street, — more serious than an attack on the new grammar-school.

Archdeacon Hare. What can you mean? Taken up? For a brawl?

Walter Landor. Little are you aware that I have lately been accused of a graver offence, and one committed in the dark.

Archdeacon Hare. And in the dark you leave me. Pray explain.

Walter Landor. I am indicted for perpetrating an *Epic.*

Archdeacon Hare. Indeed! I am glad to hear the announcement. And when does the cause come into court? And who is the accuser? And what are his grounds?

Walter Landor. Longer ago by some years than half a century, I wrote *Gebir.* The cause and circumstances I have detailed elsewhere.

Archdeacon Hare. Is this the epic?

Walter Landor. It appears so.

Archdeacon Hare. Already you look triumphant from that ancient car.

Walter Landor. No, truly: I am too idle for a triumph; and the enemy's forces were so small that none could legitimately be decreed.

> "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor
> Qui face barbaricos calamoque sequare colonos."
>
> "Surely shall some one come, alert and kind,
> With torch and quill to guide the blundering hind."

Archdeacon Hare. Clowns and boys and other idlers, if they see a head above a garden-wall, are apt to throw a pebble at it; which mischief they abstain from doing when the head is on their level and near.

Walter Landor. Nobody reads this poem, I am told; and nothing more likely.

Archdeacon Hare. Be that as it may, the most disap-

pointed of its readers would be the reader who expected to find an epic in it. To the *epic* not only its certain spirit, but its certain form, is requisite; and not only in the main body, but likewise in the minute articulations. I do not call *epic* that which is in lyric metre, nor indeed in any species of rhyme. The cap and bells should never surmount the helmet and breastplate: Ariosto and Tasso are lyrical romancers. Your poem, which Southey tells us he took for a model, is in blank verse.

Walter Landor. Southey, whom I never had known or corresponded with, hailed it loudly in the *Critical Review*, on its first appearance. He recommended it to Charles Wynne; Charles Wynne, to the Hebers; they, to your uncle Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph's. Southey's splendid criticism, whatever may be the defects and deficiencies of the poem, must have attracted at the time some other readers; yet I believe (though I never heard or inquired) that they were not numerous. Frere, Canning, and Bobus Smith were among them. Enough for me.

Within these few months, a wholesale dealer in the brittle crockery of market criticism has picked up some shards of it, and stuck them in his shelves. Among them is my *Sea-Shell*, which Wordsworth clapped into his pouch. There it became incrusted with a compost of mucus and shingle; there it lost its "pearly hue within," and its memory of where it had abided.

Archdeacon Hare. But Wordsworth had the industry and skill to turn every thing to some account.

Walter Landor. Perfectly true. And he is indebted to me for more than the value of twenty *Shells:* he is indebted to me for praise, if not more profuse, yet surely more discriminating, than of those critics who were collected at wakes and hired by party. Such hospital-nurses kill some children by starving, and others by pampering with unwholesome food.

Archdeacon Hare. I have often heard you express your admiration of Wordsworth; and I never heard you complain, or notice, that he owed any thing to you.

Walter Landor. Truly he owes me little. My shell may be among the prettiest on his mantelpiece; but a trifle it is at best. I often wish, in his longest poem, he had obtained an

inclosure-act, and subdivided it. What a number of delightful idyls it would have afforded! It is pity that a vapor of metaphysics should overhang and chill any portion of so beautiful a plain; of which, however, the turf would be finer and the glebe solider for a moderate expenditure in draining and top-dressing.

Archdeacon Hare. Your predilections led you to rank Southey higher.

Walter Landor. Wordsworth has not written three poems so excellent as *Thalaba*, the *Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderic;* nor, indeed, any poem exhibiting so great a variety of powers. Southey had abundance of wit and humor, of which Wordsworth, like greater men, — such, for instance, as Goethe and Milton, — was destitute. The present age will easily pardon me for placing here the German and the Englishman together: the future, I sadly fear, would, without some apology, be inexorable. If Wordsworth wants the diversity and invention of Southey, no less than the humor, he wants also the same geniality belonging in the same degree to Cowper, with terseness and succinctness.

Archdeacon Hare. You have often extolled, and in the presence of many, the beauty of his rural scenes and the truth of his rural characters.

Walter Landor. And never will I forego an opportunity. In the delineation of such scenes and characters, far, infinitely far, beneath him are Virgil and Theocritus. Yet surely it is an act of grievous cruelty, however unintentional, in those who thrust him into the same rank and file with Milton. He wants muscle, breadth of shoulder, and height.

Archdeacon Hare. Sometimes he may be prosaic.

Walter Landor. He slithers on the soft mud, and cannot stop himself until he comes down. In his poetry there is as much of prose as there is of poetry in the prose of Milton. But prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry: on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose; and neither fan nor burned feather can bring her to herself again.

It is becoming and decorous that due honors be paid to Wordsworth; undue have injured him. Discriminating praise, mingled with calm censure, is more beneficial than lavish praise without it. Respect him: reverence him; abstain from

worshipping him. Remember, no ashes are lighter than those of incense, and few things burn out sooner.

Archdeacon Hare. It appears that you yourself, of late, have not suffered materially by the wafting of the thurible.

Walter Landor. Faith! I had quite forgotten what we were speaking about last.

It was about myself, I suspect, and the worthy at Edinburgh who *reviews* me. According to him, it appears that only two had read *Gebir*, — namely, Southey and Mr. De Quincey. I have mentioned a few others. I might have added Coleridge, to whom Southey lent it, and who praised it even more enthusiastically, until he once found Southey reciting a part of it in company; after which, I am told, he never mentioned it, or slightly. In the year of its publication, Carey, translator of Dante, had praised it. His opinion of it I keep to myself, as one among the few which I value. This was long before Mr. De Quincey knew Southey. It is marvellous that a man of so retentive a memory as Southey should have forgotten a thing to which he himself had given its importance: it is less so that Mr. De Quincey imagined it, under the influence of that narcotic the effects of which he so ingenuously and so well described, before he exhibited this illustration.

He had another *imaginary conversation* with Southey, in which they agree that *Gebir* very much resembled the *Argonautics* of Valerius Flaccus. Hearing of this, about a twelvemonth ago, I attempted to read that poem; but was unsuccessful. Long before, and when my will was stronger, I foundered in the midst of Statius. Happily, in my school-days I had mastered Lucan and Juvenal.

Archdeacon Hare. They are grandly declamatory; but declamation overlays and strangles poetry, and disfigures even satire.

Walter Landor. Reserving the two mentioned, and Martial, I doubt whether the most speculative magazine-man would hazard five pounds for the same quantity of *English* poetry (rightly called *letter-press*) as all the other post-Ovidian poets have left behind. After the banishment of Ovid, hardly a breath of pure poetry breathed over the *Campagna di Roma*. Declamation was spouted in floodgate verse: Juvenal and Lucan are high in that school, in which, at the close of the poetical day, was heard the street cow-horn of Statius.

Archdeacon Hare. Even for the company of such as these, I think I would have left the Reeker in *Auld Reekie.* Flies are only the more troublesome and importunate for being driven off, and they will keep up with your horse, however hard you ride, without any speed or potency of their own.

Walter Landor. True; but people who sell unsound wares, and use false scales and measures, ought to be pointed out and put down, although we ourselves may be rich enough to lose an ounce or two by their filching.

Archdeacon Hare. No one ever falls among a crowd of literary men without repenting of it sooner or later. You may encounter a single hound outside the kennel; but there is danger if you enter in among them, even with a kind intention and a bland countenance.

Walter Landor. It must be a dog in the distemper that raises up his spine at me. I have spoken favorably of many an author; undeservedly, of none: therefore both at home and abroad I have received honorary visits from my countrymen and from foreigners.

Archdeacon Hare. Possibly there may be some of them incontinent of the acrimonious humor pricking them in the paroxysm of wit. I know not whether there be any indication of it in the soil under your shovel. Grains of wit, however, may sometimes be found in petulance, as grains of gold in quartz; but petulance is not wit, nor quartz gold.

Are you aware how much thought you have here been throwing away?

Walter Landor. My dear friend! thought is never thrown away: wherever it falls, or runs, or rests, it fertilizes. I speak not of that thought which has evil in it, or which tends to evil, but of that which is the exercise of intellect on the elevated and healthy training-ground of truth. We descend; and, as we descend, we may strike off the head of a thistle, or blow away the wandering seed of a dandelion which comes against the face; but, in a moment, forgetting them totally, we carry home with us freshness and strength.

Archdeacon Hare. I have never known you, at any former time, take much trouble about your literary concerns.

Walter Landor. Never have I descended to repel an attack, and never will; but I must defend the understanding and consistency of a wiser and better man in Southey.

Never have I feared that a little and loose petard would burst or unhinge the gates of my fortress, or that a light culverin at a vast distance below would dismantle or reach the battlements.

Archdeacon Hare. It is dangerous to break into a park where the paling is high; for it may be difficult to find the way out again, or to escape the penalty of transgression. You never before spoke a syllable about your *Shell*.

Walter Landor. The swallow builds her nest under a Doric architrave, but does not build it of the same materials.

Archdeacon Hare. It is amusing to observe the off-hand facility and intrepid assurance with which small writers attack the greater, as small birds do, pursuing them the more vociferously the higher the flight. Milton stooped and struck down two or three of these obstreperous chatterers, of which the feathers he scattered are all that remains; and these are curiosities.

It is moroseness to scowl at the levity of impudence; it is affability, not without wisdom, to be amused by it. Graver men, critics of note, have seen very indistinctly where the sun has been too bright for them. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, who was often so grave that ordinary people took him for judicious, thought wit the better part of Shakspeare, and in which alone he was superior to his contemporaries. Another finds him sadly deficient in his female characters. Johnson's ear was insensible to Milton's diapason; and in his Life of Somerville he says, —

"If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose."

Walter Landor. Johnson had somewhat of the medlar in his nature; one side hard and austere, the other side unsound. We call him *affected* for his turgidity: this was not affected; it was the most natural part of him. He hated both affectation and tameness.

Archdeacon Hare. Two things intolerable, whether in prose or poetry. Wordsworth is guiltless at least of affectation.

Walter Landor. True; but he often is as tame as an abbess's cat, which in kittenhood has undergone the same operation as the Holy Father's choristers.

Archdeacon Hare. Sometimes, indeed, he might be more succinct. A belt is good for the breath, and without it we

fail in the long run. And yet a man will always be more looked at whose dress flutters in the air than he whose dress sits tight upon him; but he will soon be left on the roadside. Wherever there is a word beyond what is requisite to express the meaning, that word must be peculiarly beautiful in itself or strikingly harmonious; either of which qualities may be of some service in fixing the attention and enforcing the sentiment. But the proper word in the proper place seldom leaves any thing to be desiderated on the score of harmony. The beauty of health and strength is more attractive and impressive than any beauty conferred by ornament. I know the delight you feel, not only in Milton's immortal verse, but (although less) in Wordsworth's.

Walter Landor. A Mozart to a Handel! But who is not charmed by the melody of Mozart? Critics have their favorites; and, like the same rank of people at elections, they chair one candidate and pelt another.

Archdeacon Hare. A smaller object may be so placed before a greater as to intercept the view of it in its just proportions. This is the favorite manœuvre in the Review-field. Fierce malignity is growing out of date. Nothing but fairness is spoken of; regret at the exposure of faults, real or imaginary, has taken the place of derision, sarcasm, and arrogant condemnation. Nothing was wanting to Byron's consistency when he had expressed his contempt of Shakspeare.

Walter Landor. Giffords, who sniffed at the unsavory skirts of Juvenal, and took delight in paddling among the bubbles of azote, no longer ply the trade of critics to the same advantage. Generosity, in truth or semblance, is expected and required. Chattertons may die in poverty and despair; but Keatses are exposed no longer to a lingering death under that poison which paralyzes the heart, — contempt.

Archdeaeon Hare. In youth the appetite for fame is strongest. It is cruel and inhuman to withhold the sustenance which is necessary to the growth, if not the existence, of genius, — sympathy, encouragement, commendation. Praise is not fame; but the praise of the intelligent is its precursor. *Vaticide* is no crime in the statute-book: but a crime, and a heavy crime, it is; and the rescue of a poet from a murderous enemy, although there is no oaken crown decreed for it, is among the higher virtues.

Walter Landor. Many will pass by; many will take the other side; many will cherish the less deserving: but some one, considerate and compassionate, will raise up the neglected; and, where a strong hand does it, several less strong will presently be ready to help. Alas! not always. There is nothing in the ruins of Rome which throws so chilling a shadow over the heart as the monument of Keats.

Our field of poetry at the present time is both wider and better cultivated than it has ever been. But if the tyrant of old who walked into the growing corn, to inculcate a lesson of *order* by striking off the heads of the higher poppies, were to enter ours, he would lay aside his stick, so nearly on a level is the crop. Every year there is more good poetry written now, in this our country, than was written between the *Metamorphoses* and the *Divina Commedia*. We walk no longer in the cast-off clothes of the ancients, often ill sewn at first, and now ill fitting. We have pulpier flesh, stouter limbs; we take longer walks, explore wider fields, and surmount more craggy and more lofty eminences. From these let us take a leisurely look at Fancy and Imagination. Your friend Wordsworth was induced to divide his minor poems under the separate heads of these two, probably at the suggestion of Coleridge, who persuaded him, as he himself told me, to adopt the name of *Lyrical Ballads*. He was sorry, he said, that he took the advice. And well he might be; for *lyre* and *ballad* belong not to the same age or the same people. It would have puzzled Coleridge to have drawn a straight boundary-line between the domains of Fancy and those of Imagination, on a careful survey of these pieces; or perhaps to have given a satisfactory definition of their qualities.

Archdeacon Hare. Do you believe you yourself can?

Walter Landor. I doubt it. The face is not the same, but the resemblance is sisterly; and, even by the oldest friends and intimates of the family, one is often taken for the other, so nearly are they alike. Fancy is Imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; Imagination, not seldom, is sedate. It is the business of Imagination, in her maturity, to create and animate such beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on

blotting-paper. Vigorous thought, elevated sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul, and to place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to Imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the Fairies and their congeners; and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. He is fond of playing at *little-go* among them; and, when he grows bolder, he acts among the Witches and other such creatures; but his hankering after the Fairies still continues. Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer and Æschylus and Dante strove.

Archdeacon Hare. But Shakspeare sometimes entered them, who, with infinitely greater power, moulded his composite and consistent man, breathing into him an immortality never to be forfeited.

Walter Landor. Shakspeare's full strength and activity were exerted on Macbeth and Othello: he trifled with Ariel and Titania; he played with Caliban; but no other would have thought of playing with him, any more than of playing with Cerberus. Shakspeare and Milton and Chaucer have more imagination than any of those to whom the quality is peculiarly attributed. It is not inconsistent with vigor and gravity. There may be a large and effuse light without —

> "The motes that people the sunbeams."

Imagination follows the steps of Homer throughout the Troad, from the ships on the strand to Priam and Helen on the city-wall. Imagination played with the baby Astyanax at the departure of Hector from Andromache; and was present at the noblest scene of the *Iliad*, where, to repeat a verse of Cowper's on Achilles, more beautiful than Homer's own, —

> "His hand he placed
> On the old man's hand, *and pushed it gently away*."

No less potently does Imagination urge Æschylus on, from the range of beacons to the bath of Agamemnon; nor expand less potently the vulture's wing over the lacerated bosom on the rocks of Caucasus. With the earliest flowers of the freshly created earth, Imagination strewed the nuptial couch

of Eve. Not Ariel, nor Caliban, nor Witches who ruled the elements, but Eve and Satan and Prometheus, are the most wondrous and the most glorious of her works. Imagination takes the weaker hand of Virgil out of Dante's who grasps it, and guides the Florentine exile through the triple world.

Archdeacon Hare. Whatever be your enthusiasm for the great old masters, you must often feel, if less of so strong an impulse, yet a cordial self-congratulation in having bestowed so many eulogies on poetical contemporaries, and on others whose genius is apart from poetry.

Walter Landor. Indeed I do. Every meed of Justice is delivered out of her own full scale. The poets, and others who may rank with them, — indeed, all the great men, — have borne toward me somewhat more than civility. The few rudenesses I have ever heard of are from such as neither I nor you ever meet in society, and such as warm their fingers and stomachs round less ornamental hearths.

When they to whom we have been unknown, or indifferent, begin to speak a little well of us, we are sure to find some honest old friend ready to trim the balance. I have had occasion to smile at this.

Archdeacon Hare. We sometimes stumble upon sly invidiousness and smouldering malignity, quite unexpectedly, and in places which we should have believed were above the influence of such malaria. When Prosperity pays to Wisdom her visit in state, would we not, rather than halloo the yard-dog against her, clear the way for her, and adorn the door with garlands? How fond are people in general of clinging to a great man's foibles! — they can climb no higher. It is not the solid, it is the carious, that grubs feed upon.

Walter Landor. The practice of barring out the master is still continued in the world's great school-room. Our sturdy boys do not fear a flogging: they fear only a book or a lecture.

Archdeacon Hare. Authors are like cattle going to a fair: those of the same field can never move on without butting one another.

Walter Landor. It has been my fortune and felicity, from my earliest days, to have avoided all competitions. My tutor at Oxford could never persuade me to write a piece of Latin poetry for the prize, earnest as he was that his pupil should

be a winner at the forthcoming *Encœnia.* Poetry was always my amusement; prose, my study and business. I have published five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations:* cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.

In this age of discovery it may haply be discovered who first among our Cisalpine nations led Greek to converse like Greek, Roman like Roman, in poetry or prose. Gentlemen of fashion have patronized them occasionally, — have taken them under the arm, have recommended their own tailor, their own perfumer, and have lighted a cigar for them from their own at the door of the *Traveller's* or *Athenæum:* there they parted.

Archdeacon Hare. Before we go into the house again, let me revert to what you seem to have forgotten, — the hasty and inaccurate remarks on *Gebir.*

Walter Landor. It is hardly worth our while. Evidently they were written by a very young person, who, with a little encouragement, and induced to place his confidence in somewhat safer investment than himself, may presently do better things.

Archdeacon Hare. Southey too, I remember, calls the poem in some parts obscure.

Walter Landor. It must be, if Southey found it so. I never thought of asking him where lies the obscurity; I would have attempted to correct whatever he disapproved.

Archdeacon Hare. He himself, the clearest of writers, professes that he imitated your versification; and the style of his *Colloquies* is in some degree modified by yours.

Walter Landor. Little cause had he for preferring any other to his own.

Perhaps the *indictum ore alio* is my obscurity. Goethe is acknowledged by his highest admirers to be obscure in several places; which he thinks a poet may and should be occasionally. I differ from him, and would avoid it everywhere: he could see in the dark. This great poet carries it with him so far as into *epigram.* I now regret that I profited so little by the calm acuteness of Southey. In what poet of the last nineteen centuries, who has written so much, is there less

intermixture of prose, or less contamination of conceit? In what critic, who has criticised so many, less of severity or assumption?

I would never fly for shelter under the strongest wing; but you know that commentators, age after age, have found obscurities in Pindar, in Dante, and in Shakspeare.

Archdeacon Hare. And it is not in every place the effect of time. You have been accused, I hear, either by this writer or some such another, of *turgidity*.

Walter Landor. Certainly by this: do not imagine there is anywhere such another.

Archdeacon Hare. Without a compliment, no poet of ours is less turgid. Guests may dispense with pottage and puff-paste, with radishes and water-cresses, with salad and cream-cheese, who "implentur veteris bacchi pinguisque ferinæ."

Walter Landor. Encouraged by your commendation, let me read to you (for I think I placed it this evening in my pocket) what was transcribed for me as a curiosity out of the same *Article*. Yes; here it is: —

"His great defect is a certain crudeness of the judgment, implied in the selection of the subject-matter, and a further want of skill and perspicuity in the treatment. Except in a few passages, it has none of those peculiar graces of style and sentiment which render the writings of our more prominent modern authors so generally delightful."

Archdeacon Hare. Opinion on most matters, but chiefly on literary, and, all above, on poetical, seems to me like an empty eggshell in a duck-pond, turned on its stagnant water by the slightest breath of air; at one moment the cracked side nearer to sight, at another the sounder, but the emptiness at all times visible.

Is your detractor a brother poet?

Walter Landor. An incipient one he may be. Poets in that stage of existence, subject to sad maladies, kick hard for life, and scratch the nurse's face. Like some trees, — fir trees, for instance, — they must attain a certain height and girth before they are serviceable or sightly.

Archdeacon Hare. The weakest wines fall soonest into the acetous fermentation: the more generous retain their sweetness with their strength. Somewhat of this diversity is observable in smaller wits and greater, more especially in the warm climate where poetry is the cultivation.

Walter Landor. The ancients often hung their trophies on obtruncated and rotten trees: we may do the like at present, leaving our enemies for sepulture.

Archdeacon Hare. Envy of pre-eminence is universal and everlasting. Little men, whenever they find an opportunity, follow the steps of greater in this dark declivity. The apple of discord was full-grown soon after the creation. It fell between the two first brothers in the garden of Eden; it fell between two later on the plain of Thebes. Narrow was the interval, when again it gleamed portentously on the short grass of Ida. It rolled into the palace of Pella, dividing Philip and "Philip's godlike son;" it followed that insatiable youth to the extremities of his conquests, and even to his sepulchre; then it broke the invincible phalanx, and scattered the captains wide apart. It lay in the gates of Carthage, so that they could not close against the enemy; it lay between the generous and agnate families of Scipio and Gracchus. Marius and Sulla, Julius and Pompeius, Octavius and Antonius, were not the last who experienced its fatal malignity. King imprisoned king; emperor stabbed emperor; pope poisoned pope, contending for God's vicegerency. The roll-call of their names, with a cross against each, is rotting in the lumber-room of history. Do not wonder, then, if one of the rabble runs after you from the hustings, and, committing no worse mischief, snatches at the colors in your hatband.

Walter Landor. Others have snatched more. My quarry lies upon a high common a good way from the public road, and everybody takes out of it what he pleases "with privy paw, and nothing said" beyond, "*A curse on the old fellow! how hard his granite is! one can never make it fit.*" This is all I get of quit-rent or acknowledgment. I know of a poacher who noosed a rabbit on my warren, and I am told he made such a fricassee of it that there was no taste of rabbit or sauce. I never had him taken up: he is at large, dressed in new clothes, and worth money.

Archdeacon Hare. Your manors are extensive, comprehending —

> "Prata, arva, ingentes sylvas, saltusque paludesque
> Usque ad oceanum."

Walter Landor. I never drive the poor away, if they come

after dry sticks only; but they must not with impunity lop or burn my plantations.

Archdeacon Hare. I regret that your correspondent was sickened or tired of transcribing.

Walter Landor. Here is another slip from the same crab-tree. It is objected that most of my poems are occasional.

Archdeacon Hare. In number they may be; but in quantity of material I doubt whether they constitute a seventh. We will look presently, and we shall find perhaps that the gentleman is unlucky at his game of hazard.

Walter Landor. Certainly his play is not deep. We who are sober dare not sit down at a table where a character may be lost at a cast: they alone are so courageous who have nothing to be seized on.

Archdeacon Hare. The gentleman sweeps the cloth with little caution and less calculation. Of your poems, the smaller alone are occasional: now not only are the smaller, but the best, of Catullus and Horace, and all of Pindar. Were not the speeches of Lysias, Æschines, Demosthenes, occasional? Draw nearer home: what but occasional were the *Letters of Junius? Materiem superabat opus.*

Walter Landor. True. The ministers and their king are now mould and worms: they were little better when above-ground; but the bag-wig and point-lace of *Junius* are suspended aloft upon a golden peg, for curiosity and admiration.

Archdeacon Hare. Regarding the occasional in poetry, is there less merit in taking and treating what is before us, than in seeking and wandering through an open field as we would for mushrooms?

Walter Landor. I stand out a rude rock in the middle of a river, with no exotic or parasitical plant on it, and few others. Eddies and dimples and froth and bubbles pass rapidly by, without shaking me. Here, indeed, is little room for pic-nic and polka.

Archdeacon Hare. Praise and censure are received by you with nearly the same indifference.

Walter Landor. Not yours. Praise on poetry, said to be the most exhilarating of all, affects my brain but little. Certainly, I never attempted to snatch "the peculiar graces so generally delightful." My rusticity has at least thus much of modesty in it.

Archdeacon Hare.

"The richest flowers have not most honey-cells.
You seldom find the bee about the rose,
Oftener the beetle eating into it.
The violet less attracts the noisy hum
Than the minute and poisonous bloom of box.
Poets know this; Nature's invited guests
Draw near and note it down and ponder it;
The idler sees it, sees unheedingly,
Unheedingly the rifler of the hive."

Is your critic wiser, more experienced, and of a more poetical mind than Southey? *Utri horum creditis, Quirites?*

Vanity and presumption are not always the worst parts of the man they take possession of, although they are usually the most prominent. Malignity sticks as closely to him, and keeps more cautiously out of sight. Sorry I have often been to see a fellow-Christian — one of much intellect and much worth, one charitable to the poor, one attendant on the sick, one compassionate with the sufferer, one who never is excited to anger but by another's wrongs — enjoying a secret pleasure in saying unpleasant things at no call of duty; inflicting wounds which may be long before they heal; and not only to those who are unfriendly or unknown, but likewise to the nearest and the friendliest. Meanwhile those who perhaps are less observant of our ritual not only abstain from so sinful an indulgence, but appear to be guided in their demeanor by the less imperative and less authoritative dictate of philosophy. I need not exhort or advise you, who have always done it, to disregard the insignificant and obscure, so distant from you, so incapable of approaching you. Only look before you at this instant; and receive a lesson from Nature, who is able and ready at all times to teach us, and to teach men wiser than we are. Unwholesome exhalations creep over the low marshes of Pevensey; but they ascend not to Beachyhead nor to Hurstmonceaux.

XXVI. ALFIERI AND METASTASIO.

Metastasio. The Contessa di Albani has conferred on me the long-desired honor of presentation to your Excellency.

Alfieri. I rejoice in her goodness thus anticipating my wishes. As you are journeying toward Rome, Signor Abbate, I fear I may enjoy but too few opportunities of conversing with so justly celebrated a personage. Already the company begins to assemble round about us, especially the English; eager, no doubt, to derive a little pure Italian from so high a source: such, in the estimation of all, is that of the Abbate Metastasio, Poeta Cesarèo.

Metastasio. I bow, not indeed, as too frequently is the case, in acknowledgment and acceptance, but in humility and confusion. Proud, however, am I that our own Italy —

Alfieri. Ours? ours? No, sir! but, by Heaven! it shall be! Let us descend into the library. France, perhaps, after the imminent war with Austria, may barter one piece of robbery for another. Already she has seduced the affections of Savoy, and is reminding the Venetians that, flourishing and happy as they have continued for a thousand years, it is shameful to owe any happiness or prosperity to nobles. Either by fraud or force, on the humiliation of Austria Venice may be thrown to her, like a stranded weed with empty shells upon it.

Metastasio. Austria ever have Venice! Are there no powers to prevent it? If no virtues, are there no jealousies? God help us! we have calamities enough already.

Alfieri. No, Abbate, we have *not* enough: we must have more, many more, much greater. Then, and then only, will nations spring up from apathy to despair, and smash the bloody idol. We shall be free before the French will.

Metastasio. Since your Excellency hath resolved to leave your native Piedmont, I know not where you could have settled more comfortably than here in Tuscany.

Alfieri. It is something to be unmolested. The prince, I hear, is tolerant; the people, I find, are civil: a few are intellectual; most of them acute. If the Jews lost ten tribes, they may recover nine in this country.

Metastasio. By what indication?

Alfieri. Such as the cut of the eye, the sallowness of complexion, the low stature, the love of gain, the importunity of selling, and the shibboleth.

Metastasio. In what instances?

Alfieri. In the pronunciation of *Cicero* and *Cæsar*, — words among the Romans neither sibilant nor dental; nor do I believe they had any such guttural as you hear in *cocomero*.

Metastasio. I would rather institute a comparison between their respective merits. The Jews alone, of all Eastern nations, were great in poetry and music. I would not compare, as many scholars have done, the *Psalms of David* with the *Odes of Pindar;* nor do I readily believe that, musician as he was, his symphonies were equal to Handel's. There are various men who think it a duty to uphold it; and scholars, too, catch the enthusiasm.

Alfieri. Weak minds, like weak liquors, soon effervesce; and sound scholars have not always strong heads.

Metastasio. Permit me to remark one signal difference between the Jews and Tuscans: the Jews were always more morose than any other people; the Tuscans less.

Alfieri. Dante may be called morose by the inconsiderate. To be morose is one thing; to be indignant is another. He saw crimes in high places which the vulgar thought inaccessible; but he scaled the eminence, and dragged out Cacus from his fastness. The Italians are tied to the stake at home; the Jews are scattered abroad. Which fate is the worse of the two? Both evils will pass away: men will be men again. They will abstain from roasting one another: royal feasts will employ less numerous and less expensive cooks, and be served up in lighter dishes. Human fat will be no longer the approved medicament for deafness and debility. The lover of Beatrice, — he who shed tears over Francesca, he whose stout heart so failed him that he fainted at the recital of her sorrows, — could never have been morose. Glory to him, everlasting glory! I envy his tears; I share his indignation.

Metastasio. There is somewhat of the Englishman in his austerity and sternness; and he is not over delicate in expressing what he feels.

Alfieri. The English are innately vulgar, with some few exceptions. Noblemen, suspicious and invidious of untitled

gentlemen, whose families are more ancient and more honorable than theirs, and who perhaps lost their fortunes and their station by the wars of the Plantagenets, have no reluctance or dislike to walk and converse with jockeys and boxers. From these they gather the flowers of their phraseology. A new word springs up monthly, and is usually what they call *slang*. I will give you an example: a few days before I left England, there had been a duel; on this occasion the younger, a man of rank and modesty, was declared by my informant to have shown *pluck*. You will suppose that by this expression he meant courage: he did so. We Italians would have said *spirit*, or *heart*, which comes nearest. But the meaning of *pluck*, until this year, had always been the *entrails of animals, torn out of them, and the vilest part of them*. The Romans were content with *cor* and *pectus;* we, with their contents. *Animo* and *coraggio* suffice us: what is ejected from a beast is to an Englishman the coronal of glory.

Metastasio. We shall owe, in great measure, the consummation of ours to the departed whose remains are around us.

Alfieri. In greater measure, to those who are *not* departed, if we follow the right leaders. But what are leaders without soldiers, or soldiers without arms?

Metastasio. Ah! ah! how grateful to the senses is the odor of these volumes in *bulgaro!** Signor Conte, the most splendid of them best deserves its splendor.

Alfieri. Rarely the case in any thing.

Metastasio. Vittorio Alfieri, Tragedie. Opere di Vittorio Alfieri. Pardon me, is this richly embroidered ribbon, with a crown pendant from it, the pattern for that *Order of Merit* which it is reported your Excellency is about to institute?

Alfieri. No, indeed: the ribbon is none of mine.

Metastasio. May not possibly the investiture be displeasing to potentates?

Alfieri. Are any of those people, then, potentates in literature? Shall the most ignorant of mortals presume to decide on the merits of literary men? Shall ministers of State be appointed as presidents, or even admitted as members, of societies formed for the promotion of arts and sciences?

* Bulgaro, *Russia* leather.

Keep these men to their places, while they have any; but never let them get into ours.

Metastasio. Will your Order include others beside Italians?

Alfieri. As many as are worthy of it and will receive it. Some, perhaps the most part, will be kept away from the acceptance by timidity and baseness.

Metastasio. In some measure, it might be an impediment to their advancement. The glory of the decoration, in the generality of cases, would be posthumous: the whole number would occupy but a small bench in a narrow chamber. There are forty in France! Were there ever ten at one period in the world? Should you beat the drum for recruits, how many would enlist who must be rejected as below the standard height? Poets and philosophers and critics, I am told, there are more in Germany, and better too, than in the rest of Europe.

Alfieri. I know nothing of their language; what I have read translated from it pleases me; the best, as being the most classical, is Stolberg's *Theseus*. Heroes, in my eyes, look more advantageously with brazen helmets on their heads than with black triangular feltry. I would rather see Helen in sandal or slipper, than supported by high-heeled, red morocco shoes with diamond buckles on them. Being timorous, whenever I pass the porter's lodge of surly Graff Pyrrhus, I whistle my dog away, first saluting the gamekeeper in green jacket. Etcocles and Polinices are in the field above, models of gentlemen, quite correct in lifting up their beavers to each other before they make their passes with the rapier.

Metastasio. It must, indeed, be confessed that whatever is far removed from fashionable life and changeable manners is best adapted to the higher poetry. We are glad and righteously proud to possess two worlds, — the one at present under our feet, producing beef and mutton; the other, on which have passed before us gods, demigods, heroes, the Fates, the Furies, and all the numerous progeny of never-dying, never-aging, eternally-parturient Imagination. Great is the privilege of crossing at will the rivers of bitterness, of tears, of fire, and to wander and converse among the shades.

Alfieri. Great, indeed: and few incommode us in the ferry-boat; but we must pay for it.

Metastasio. You ridicule French tragedy; yet there may be noble sentiments under ostrich feathers, and the tender heart may beat as truly under blonde lace as under woollen, spun by Penelope herself.

Alfieri. It may be: only let them try the woollen on; I will allow them a narrow ornamental fringe. At present, I believe there is no poet in France.

Metastasio. In England you left a few deserving your notice.

Alfieri. Cowper is worthy of his succession to Goldsmith; more animated, more energetic, more diversified. Sometimes he is playful, oftener serious; and you go with him in either path with equal satisfaction. Sometimes he turns short round, and reproves with dignified and authoritative austerity. This is not his nature, but his office, his duty, his *call*, as he would term it. There is a gentleness, a suavity about him, more Italian than English. The milk of Eve was not blander to her firstborn.

Metastasio. I had always thought that the English were more remarkable for the breed of their satirists and their bull-dogs.

Alfieri. So they are; but they have silk-eared spaniels also, and of pure blood. Whoever wants to see a worshipper of wealth and title, let him visit England.

Metastasio. The celebrated Doctor Johnson was dead, I think, before you arrived in that country: he was not very silken.

Alfieri. That heavy paw, however, if sometimes a crusher, was oftener a protector. Johnson was coarse in manners, and was arrogant and captious by the indulgence of his dry-nurses in the club-room. His sight was distorted by the refraction of politics; his temper was irritable, his sensibility was morbid, but his heart was sound. I see much to pity, and no little to admire and love, in him.

Metastasio. Then, Signor Conte, he must be a man of rare merit indeed.

Alfieri. Bow again, my good Abbate; you do it gracefully.

Metastasio. Pardon! pardon! if I am under the calamity of offending.

Alfieri. Do I look or speak like one offended? Destitute as all my friends agree I am in wit and humor, I enjoy them

occasionally in another. You speak naturally and justly: you know me well already.

Metastasio. Signor Conte, my very good *padrone!* I feel at ease again. Now your Excellency has given me an insight into the character of the late poets and moralists of England, might I presume so far as to push my inquiries into their celebrated historians?

Alfieri. I would speak more confidently of them were I more a master of the language. But, although an author's style may lose somewhat by transmission, it loses little in prose if it is good for any thing: not so in poetry. Cicero and Machiavelli will always be masters of their own domain.

Metastasio. How different!

Alfieri. No translator can make them alike: the dress may be soiled a little, yet we recognize the wearer. I venture to assert that no work in prose, since the time of Titus Livius, is equal to Gibbon's *History.* There is somewhat of palatial magnitude and of Oriental splendor in it: nothing disorderly, nothing overcharged. Hume and the others are hardly to be noticed for discrimination of character, for reflection, or for research. Hume, among many trifling essays, has written one upon *Miracles*, worth reading. Critic, — I doubt whether at this time in Italy there is a worse than he?

Metastasio. He was thought a free-thinker: was he one?

Alfieri. Quite the contrary. A narrow ribbon tied him, neck and heels, to the hinder-quarters of a broken throne. If you mean religion, I believe he was addicted to no formulary. His life was indolently and innocently Epicurean.

Metastasio. Doubtless he called in equanimity.

Alfieri. Equanimity is a virtue in philosophers: it is denounced as a crime in theologians. They, in their peculiar phraseology, call it *lukewarmness;* and lukewarmness in divinity they hold to be almost as insufferable as in venison.

Metastasio. Sects, we understand, are springing up daily in the British isles, which ebullitions may serve ultimately as a counter-poison to the venom now polluting the atmosphere. Strange stories are reported of one Wesley, who is permitted by the authorities to preach in the open fields.

Alfieri. Were not those whom you most venerate permitted by the Pagan authorities to preach both in the fields and in the cities? Wesley gave out no new commandments: he

opened before the eyes of assembled thousands the small volume which contains them, and cried aloud, "*Read! read!*" I know an Italian who would have spoken to them words of far different import in their own vernacular, and have said, "*If you dare to read, go and be damned.*" I am not highly fanatical; but I do bear veneration toward this saintly man, commanding by meekness and humility. He found the members of the Anglican Church putrescent, as Luther found the Papal: he used no knife or cautery.

Metastasio. Every wall of that church is cracked in twenty places.

Alfieri. Sound foundations are better than ornamental buttresses. We see all things *in pejus ruere et retro sublapsa referri.* Our efforts are thus rendered the more necessary to climb up and surmount the cliffs that eternally crumble under us. We shall presently have more than shadows to contend against. The monkey-tiger is about to spring over the Alps.

Metastasio. Revolutionists invite it.

Alfieri. Rapid revolutions turn men giddy and blind. Did ever good come from that quarter? You will be cheated, robbed, plundered, torn piecemeal, and devoured. Mark my words: a century of misfortunes will confirm them. Wherever there are priests subordinate solely to a priest leader, there are snares and chains for all beyond the circle. If Piedmont falls, Italy falls; Venice will be what Naples is; and Rome will call Attila himself a beatific vision. Unhappy land of breathless hope! of enchanted heroism! of consecrated lies!

Metastasio. Attilas and worse barbarians — if worse be any — may invade us; but I never will fear their violence. The gates of Hell, we are assured, shall not prevail against the chair of Saint Peter.

Alfieri. The gates of Hell will never try, if they know their own interest. They will stand wide-open as the gates on which the Roman artificer, in his jewelled slippers and three-storied bonnet, so cleverly modelled them.

Metastasio. Excuse me, Signor Conte! but is your Excellency quite so happy in the indulging of these asperities as you would be in the smoothing of them?

Alfieri. I doubt it. And now it is my turn to ask a

question: ought I to be satisfied if a road-maker fills the road with mud, then mends it with thorns and brushwood, and ultimately sets up a turnpike at the end of it, and swings the gate in my face unless I pay him to let me pass through? We must not always think of what will make us most happy: we must excite the best energies of men, and control the worst. I have no pleasure in spurring or whipping my horse; yet my horse must occasionally be whipped and spurred.

Metastasio. Yes, Signor Conte; but men are our fellow-creatures.

Alfieri. Not mine yet: I will do my best to make them so.

Metastasio. Religion alone can effect it; and I am afraid that the Anglican, although much sterner than the Roman Catholic, and consequently more congenial with your nature, has failed in its few attractions. Well, Signor Conte, we all have our opinions; some shut up in the closet, and some lying on the dressing-table. Mine I keep to myself, as I received them in baptism; and I am informed by my superiors that no discussion of them is profitable or pardonable.

Alfieri. There are no better judges of pardons and profits. If men do not know their own children, who upon earth shall point them out?

Metastasio. When a boon is bestowed on me, I ask no questions.

Alfieri. Before I accept one, I inquire whether it came fairly and honestly into the donor's hands; and it is not of the donor I ask the question.

Metastasio. The turbulence of France, now dangerous to the world, arises from irreligion.

Alfieri. And irreligion from false religion. Men are patient in the process of a cheat, impatient in the discovery; fools are refractory when they find themselves befooled; they shy at the first sparkle on the roadside, and swerve abruptly, and throw the rider out of the saddle.

Metastasio. Infallibility alone can show us distinctly what is false religion.

Alfieri. I think I myself have enough of infallibility for this demonstration. A harlot goes parading the streets at nightfall; invites you blandly to her embraces; shows you

her house, in which every chamber has lighted lamps: if you enter, she makes you drunk and picks your pocket; if you refuse, she has a brawny bully in readiness, who knocks you down and drags you through the gutter.

Metastasio. Ah, Signor Conte! you have surely brought back with you from England some few prejudices. Nobody could ever have thought that your Excellency would become so strenuous a stickler for those vulgar men who call themselves Methodists.

Alfieri. I care little about them personally, and would have willingly dropped the conversation relating to them. Surely, if any man is impartial in regard to creeds, I am. I have no son to be educated for the Church. But I should gladly have taken a walk with you in those fields where thousands were assembled around the Methodist preacher. His enthusiasm warmed my heart; his eye lighted mine, from afar.

Metastasio. It rejoices me to hear that the stray sheep are entering the fold again.

Alfieri. May it be so! The apostles were pure and upright men; but they were more quarrelsome and less discreet than Wesley.

Metastasio. Oh, fie!

Alfieri. I did not venture to say so, although I have their own words in confirmation of the fact. However, they who were ready to lay down their lives for their consciences are worthy of veneration: not so the impostors who assume their name and counterfeit their signature; who, instead of obeying the constituted laws, seize them into their own hands, and threaten with degradation the rulers of the people. Until these audacious upstarts, these revellers and rioters, are collared, stripped of their mask and domino, and compelled to gain their bread honestly, revolutions will never cease.

Metastasio. Turbulence, if not revolution, must surely be the result of multitudinous and excited meetings.

Alfieri. Bees are the most turbulent while they are bringing honey to their cells. England seethes perpetually, but never boils over. In the neighborhood of Bristol, and throughout the county of Cornwall, thousands and hundreds of thousands have been brought into sobriety from habitual drunkenness by the persuasion of one unbeneficed clergyman.

Metastasio. Unless he preached the orthodox, he preached in vain.

Alfieri. Seeing he did not preach in vain, but to a good purpose, I presume he did preach the orthodox.

Metastasio. His hearers, Conte Alfieri, will soon grow weary and want support.

Alfieri. Probably enough. Knowing the convexity as well as the concavity of the world, I cannot be ignorant that men are liable to slip down it. Be comforted: the old shepherd will come back to them before a century is over. He has vigilant dogs, and powerful ones, some broken in for leading a sheep by the ear, and others for dragging it by the throat. Men are gradually tired of being good; every one hates to be told how much better was his father. The fragments of the cross will be venerated; but the most saintly would be horrified at the miracle which should recompose it and set it up again.

Metastasio. Alas! we are weak mortals.

Alfieri. And knaves and liars, too. If we have no opportunity of lying to another, we lie to ourselves; for lie we must. Detection is easy, but unsafe.

Metastasio. Trust in God.

Alfieri. In which? One says, *The kingdom of God is not of this world;* another says, *It is, and the crown is mine.* Let us hope that the afterpiece will be better than the serio-comic drama. The performers have been hissed off the stage, deservedly. The boards are loose, the scenery faded; but the manager will engage his company for next season, and the leader of the orchestra will wave his fiddlestick as authoritatively as ever. Be of good cheer, Abbate!

Metastasio. I am somewhat slow in the apprehension of allusions: but as your Excellency now refers to that branch of literature on which I have long been exercising my poor abilities, let me profit by your judgment, and, as far as you may deem me worthy, be made cognizant of your projects; I mean in regard to the *Order of Literary Merit* you are about to institute. I am afraid our Italian band of poets is neither so brilliant nor so numerous as you could wish. Casti is at the head of them. Philosophers and jurists are to be found both in the Neapolitan territory and in the Milanese; nor are we so deficient in historians.

Alfieri. I would admit the artists in sculpture and painting, for these are literary men in a universal language.

Metastasio. Have we any now living?

Alfieri. Painter, none; but you who know Rome must know Canova. I have been favored by him with a sight of his designs. I know his Hebe, a graceful Italian girl; his Venus is French, an inmate of the *Palace Royal* or its vicinity. From the same quarter is a well-grown dancing woman, with her knuckles stuck against her hips, and her elbows at equal distances on each side, protruding sharply, in the form of a knotting-needle. But there is a design for a lion so grand as would make antiquity envious, — such a lion as it is well for Hercules that he did not meet with at Nemæa: there would have been no Nemæan Games if he had.

Metastasio. Ah, Signor Conte! you praise as earnestly as you condemn.

Alfieri. I wish I could as often. However, I have not done yet. Beside my friend Canova, there are two foreigners of great promise, — one a Dane, the other an Englishman. If they should ever work in marble as ably as they design, they will get poisoned. I have seen no drawings, not even Raphael's, more pure and intellectual than theirs. I suspect their native countries will never be competent to form a just estimate of their merit. We may say of each, *utinam noster esses.*

Metastasio. The gentleman who acts as usher to the Countess was pointed out to me as the eminent portraitist who seems to have been ambitious and successful in regard to both. He has done justice to your Excellency.

Alfieri. And my Excellency will do justice to him. No buck-goat, no gang of buck-goats, driven through Calabria in the month of August, ever exhaled to such a distance so virulent an odor. We know that painters use Egyptian mummies in their colors: he seems to have fallen on some in the condiment of which there is but little of myrrh and spikenard. I detest the French.

Metastasio. Nothing more evident. The amiable Countess seems to harbor no such hostility: too gentle and generous for antipathies —

Alfieri. I recommended to her this Fabre.

Metastasio. Evidently, she feels the value of the recom-

mendation. My visit, I fear, is too prolonged and grows tedious.

Alfieri. My dear Signor Abbate, what can possibly induce you to think it? Absence, as we call it, is among my failings. When I am alone I often speak aloud, — a habit which perhaps I contracted in framing the parts of my tragedies. Tell me honestly if any words escaped me; for I am quite unconscious of having uttered a single one. Now tell me; do, pray.

Metastasio. None was uttered; a few broke through the closed barriers of the teeth. Doubtless, they will find their proper place in the drama you are meditating. The thought is delicate.

Alfieri. Do not let me lose it, then.

Metastasio. It was this, with a sigh and a sneer, *Her heart is too large for one occupant.*

Alfieri. Diavolo!

Metastasio. The character showed at one flash the indignant and the derisory.

Alfieri. We are all, more or less, somnambulists. Let us come upon our own ground again while our eyes are open and awake.

Metastasio. The Literary Order?

Alfieri. What think you of its practicability and success?

Metastasio. There is danger that the bench will be overturned by the scramble to reach the first seat. Every nation will rush forward with its own pretences. Latterly, the Germans have high claims upon us.

Alfieri. In Germany the clouds of mysticism and of metaphysics are conflicting. The fire of poetry will never issue from the collision; fume, vapor, and rattle may. Abbate, you and I must not leave on the roadside the heroes of antiquity. Let marketmen in shaggy waistcoats and shining buttons, with potatoes and turnips in their carts, pass them by irreverently: we remember them in their better days, and never will disdain to stop before them and to converse with them.

Metastasio. The great English dramatist has brought together all ages and all nations.

Alfieri. He used the fragments of an old world in a new creation, and placed his own sun and stars above it.

Metastasio. Descending a little, do we not find Theseus a knight-errant, and Othello a negro?

Alfieri. Theseus was a knight-errant in fact. If Shakspeare represented Othello as a black, he was led into his error by the compound English word *blackamoor*. He thought that the Moors, being Africans, must be black; whereas the Moorish gentleman (and gentlemen the Moors were, superlatively) is of the same complexion as the Andalusian and Valencian. In like manner, Queen Cleopatra is turned into a gypsy, because she reigned in Egypt; yet probably there are few ladies in the room over our heads fairer than the lady of Macedonian descent and pure blood. Macedonians were highlanders; none dark, even of the men. Cleopatra, be sure, took care that her face should not be tanned. I doubt whether it ever was more exposed to the open air than when it was under the awning that Nymphs and Cupids held over her, casting a purple light on the Cydnus.

Metastasio. Shakspeare seems to have taken the character of Cleopatra in part from that boisterous termagant who resided at Windsor Castle, and in part from the vagrants in its forest. I doubt whether in any he was so wide of the mark. There is no truth, imaginary or real or conventional, no discrimination, no interest, in any personage of that drama. Elizabeth herself would never have kicked her *lords in waiting*, or have dragged them by the hair about the room. Even George the Hanoverian would but have thrown his wig at them. Acknowledge that the French have at least the merit of avoiding such irregularities.

Alfieri. The French again! I thought we had thrown them overboard. I hate them for many things, and above the rest for making me a hater.

Metastasio. The malady is a grievous one; yet it is not quite incurable. Naturalists have taught us that the soil and climate in which are the worst poisons, animal and vegetable, bear also the plants that neutralize or assuage them. If I hated the French nation (God forbid that I should hate any!) I would run to Montaigne, to La Fontaine, to Molière: might not Montesquieu ransom the rest of his countrymen from *you?*

Alfieri. He thought as profoundly as Machiavelli, — more generously, more grandly, — and wrote perhaps as well. To

sit in the quiet study of these men, is there any who would not willingly escape from the boys and adults playing at *hide-and-seek* in the grove of Academos, and pelting one another with handfuls of leaves and litter?

Metastasio. The style of both, as well as I can judge, is different from yours, although Machiavelli's comes nearest.

Alfieri. We do not want for common use what the ancients called eloquence: *non frons percussa, non femur.* To constitute a great writer, the qualities are adequate expression of just sentiments, plainness without vulgarity, elevation without pomp, sedateness without austerity, alertness without impetuosity; thoughts offered not abruptly, nor ungraciously, nor forced into us, nor stamped upon us: they must leave room for others to bring forward theirs, and help in suggesting them. Vigorous that appears to ordinary minds which attracts the vulgar by its curtness and violence; but coarse textures are not always the strongest, nor is the loudest voice always the most commanding.

Metastasio. Novels are the chief literature of the present age.

Alfieri. I do not regret it: they are the least tiresome kind of epic. They make us acquainted with many families which interest us; they bring neighbors to us who do not require us to return the visit, and who go away usually at a stated hour.

Metastasio. The English have lost many great novelists within a few years: Smollet, rich in broad humor; Sterne, excelling in purity of style, geniality, and pathos; Fielding, an easy gentleman in all society, requiring no affectation, and never asserting his superiority. Looking at such prominent and pliant muscles, the foremost, most self-confident, and most popular would decline a contest.

Alfieri. I would rather have lived a lifetime with him than have spent an evening with either of the others. You have not mentioned Richardson, author of *Grandison* and *Clarissa.* But I fear I have to apologize for interrupting you in your enumeration. *Grandison* might teach even Englishmen fine manners, and *Clarissa* might draw tears from them. But they think it manly to be rude, and womanly to be sensitive.

Metastasio. Italy will have her two great poets in her

Roman afterbirth: England has had her two. The delightful are not always the great, else Ariosto and Tasso would be in the number.

Alfieri. True: neither of them is grand. Reduce the *Iliad* and *Odyssea* into prose, and they yet retain their indomitable vigor; but cut away the rhyme from Tasso and Ariosto, and the succulent plant bleeds and shrivels. The volatile salt evaporates from the porcelain vase; and the roses, despite of the drugs kneaded into them, collapse.

Metastasio. The chalky cliffs of Albion contain but little moisture, and show none.

Alfieri. It is easier to get twenty oaths and curses from an Englishman than one tear; but there are hot springs at the centre of his heart which bring forth perpetual fertility. He puts unhappiness down despotically, and will labor at doing good if you abstain from looking at him while he does it. Another English writer of novel or romance you might have mentioned; but I think you spoke only of those who are deceased. Horace Walpole, son of a prime minister in the last reign, has written a romance, *The Castle of Otranto*, and a disquisition on Richard the Third, entitled *Historical Doubts*. I knew him slightly. He was called *finical* by the English, which means over-delicate. Whatever were his manners and pursuits, and however much he had lived in French society, he studiously avoided the lean larding of their language. The reddle, which no Italian lady uses, but with which both the English and French besmear their faces, they both alike call *rouge*. Walpole, I observe, calls it *red*. Generally to what is indelicate, and what it is desirable to conceal, the English, without any maliciousness in this particular, give the French name.

Metastasio. False delicacy is real indelicacy. Half-educated men employ the most frequently circumlocutions and ambiguities. The plain vulgar are not the most vulgar. If there are any words which ought to be out of use, what they designate ought to be out of sight. A French duchess would not hesitate about an expression which the daughter of a convict in America might reprehend. Talking of French duchesses, a story now recurs to me of a very beautiful and virtuous one, and it related also to a personage of still higher rank, celebrated for courtly manners.

Alfieri. Let me hear it; for truly I know little of that higher rank.

Metastasio. I heard it whispered at court (and every court is a whispering gallery) that His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, ventured on such discourse with the Duchess de Pienne, that she replied, "*Sir! it is princes like you who make democrats.*"

Alfieri. The story is true: I myself heard it from her intimate and inseparable friend, the Duchess de Saux. He could act the polite man, but never without exaggeration: all was puffy and bloated in him, mind and body. For a time he was under the tuition of an actor; I do not mean a clerical, but a scenic one.

Metastasio. Your Excellency must have known him personally.

Alfieri. Not at all; I neither drink nor game. Sometimes I have met him in Hyde Park. My horses on such occasions always pranced and reared unmanageably, and galloped off. Once I was invited to Carleton House; but quinsy, at my prayer, came to my aid, and held me in my bed until the air of Bath relieved me. He was gross no less to ladies than to men, among whom there was none of sufficient spirit to inflict due chastisement. A true gentleman would rather shed his last blood than bring any, hot with painful blushes, into the cheek of a virtuous woman. Well, we have occupied too much of our time about this eider-down bandaged bolster. Let us revert to men who will be holden in honor when he (if he is fortunate) will be forgotten. I doubt whether you quite approve of forming the Society I suggest.

Metastasio. Indeed, on the contrary, I should be happy to see it formed: I fear the difficulties.

Alfieri. What are they?

Metastasio. Flame attracts flame; but not always in love, nor often in literature. The *Society* will not be so numerous as that of the Forty in France, although the whole of Europe is open to it, and although the arts and sciences take their appointed seats. The band, however small, will contain its mutineers. Nation will not fight against nation with so much rancor and pertinacity as a part against another part of the same. Jealousies are not created at a distance: the French are self-sufficient; they will hold together contentedly; so

may the Italians: but the Germans will rush into our literary domain as they have into our territorial; the English will join them against us. More of these are familiar with German than with Italian, and value that literature higher; for their estimation of authors is usually in proportion to the difficulty they have experienced in acquiring the language.

Alfieri. True: we are apt to value many things for what they have cost us, before we take the trouble of calculating their intrinsic worth. I have seen a young lady in England, and she was not very young either, who preferred the *Sorrows of Werther* to the *Vicar of Wakefield.*

Metastasio. Perhaps your projected Society might produce the good effect of diverting men's minds in Italy from the arena of politics now saturated with blood in France. If they continue to cut off heads by the sackful, their forests will be insufficient for the supply of sawdust to absorb all that is streaming from the scaffold.

Alfieri. Abbate, I enter into your feelings, and walk in gloom among them.

Metastasio. Unjustly have your enemies called you ferocious and sanguinary.

Alfieri. No man is less so. Were I dictator or tribune, I would only give orders to lift up certain robes stiff with gold, and to inflict a few lashes, ten or a dozen, on what is too adipose for bloodshed. I know the value of able-bodied men, and the service I might render to their health by apportioning to them moderate work on the high-road. My native country, Piedmont, feeds more of such idlers than any other of the same dimensions: I would be the dancing-master of these dervishes. If we should ever have a prince of vigorous mind, he will be conscious of his power, and learn the character of his people. They are as hardy as the Switzers, and more active. No modern nation, not even Sweden, has sent into the field more scientific generals or braver soldiers. She has produced a Eugene: she may produce a Cromwell, or even a Washington. God grant it! The very idea at a distance makes me pray.

Metastasio. I hope you often do, Signor Conte.

Alfieri. Thanksgiving is more devotional. How exultingly will I spring up for those matins!

Metastasio. Methinks I hear the company descending the

stairs, and carriages rolling by. It is time I should make my bow to the Countess, and take leave. Gladly would I have spent a few more days in Florence. To-morrow is scarcely left for my visit to Santa Croce.

Alfieri. Do not stand too long before the monument of Galileo: remember, *The earth moves.*

Metastasio. I may venture to express to you my belief in this fact.

Alfieri. What! in defiance of Infallibility?

Metastasio. Infallibility sometimes winks, although she never slumbers. After Galileo, in due order, stand Buonarotti and Machiavelli. The next generation (may it be the oldest of it!) will contemplate in the same church the noble features of Vittorio Alfieri.

Alfieri. Rather would I rest among my ancestors at Asti; but only when Piedmont is free. Neither in your time nor in mine can this happiness be expected. The French will render the name of freedom a mockery, evoking a phantom to frighten the prostrate earth. But the earth is heaving, and will not cease to heave. Italy, the most civilized, the most humane, the most inventive and enthusiastic, is not destined by Providence to be much longer subservient to Gaul or German. The bloom is upon the fruit while grubs are in the kernel, grubs generated and matured within the tree. Surely an end will be put to this before long. Have the laborious lived for the idle? Were valiant hearts intended for nothing but the pavement of processions? Some there are left unfallen.

Metastasio. I hope and trust you may see days more cheerful.

Alfieri. No, I shall never see the consummation of my soul's desire. My life is closing. Private griefs (Oh, shame! shame!) press upon and overlay public with me. When you come again to Florence, ask the verger on which side of Santa Croce lie the remains of Vittorio Alfieri. *

* Metastasio died a few years before the French Revolution.

XXVII. MACHIAVELLI AND GUICCIARDINI.

Guicciardini. It grieves me, Ser Niccolo, to learn by your letter that Fortune has been ungrateful and unjust to you. Hard is it that a statesman who hath served his country conscientiously and ably should be reduced so nearly to poverty.

Machiavelli. The hardship, my compassionate friend, lies chiefly in the necessity of entreating as a favor what I believe to be my due. Having served our Florence faithfully, I claim only a small remuneration from the Medici.

Guicciardini. Gratitude is not in the vocabulary of princes; and republics insist on every man's services, deeming him sufficiently paid for them by a place, however subordinate, in the government. You are become out of favor by writing what appears to be satirical in your *Principe.* Can you deny to me, who am your trusty and hearty friend, that, in this wise and profound work, you make it appear how such high functionaries, in order to acquire and retain their power, must act occasionally with violence and dishonesty?

Machiavelli. Is it not true?

Guicciardini. And, by being true, is it not the more dangerous to him who utters and promulgates it?

Machiavelli. I desired to show my countrymen what they must expect if they prefer an absolute prince to a free republic.

Guicciardini. All desires out of the domestic circle lead to disappointment; most of them, to grief. Are we less tranquil than under the late regimen?

Machiavelli. The sleeper is more tranquil than the wide-awake, and the dead even than he.

Guicciardini. It is somewhat for the generous, patriotic, and energetic to have escaped persecution. After your commentary on Livy, I feared you might, notwithstanding all your caution and prudence, take up Tacitus. Then might you, peradventure, have been accused of personalities: hemlock and hellebore and other simples, sedatives prescribed for the unruly, are to be gathered in Tuscany.

Machiavelli. Dante Alighieri, the glory of our country,

dared openly to avow himself an innovator and reformer. He would have called in the Emperor of Germany to rule the whole of Italy.

Guicciardini. Were it practicable, it might have been well for us. The vilest and most ineradicable of vermin is that which generates in the skin: we can sweep away the outlying.

Machiavelli. No people can flourish where any man sets at defiance the magistrates and the laws. An appeal out of them is treason, and punishment should be summary and prompt. Beside a conclave of princes set over us by a priest, we, at present, lie ground between an upper and a nether millstone. Germany and France crush us into powder, and leave nothing but the husks. Better is it to be subject to the Emperor of Germany than to the King of France. For the German powers would encourage our commerce, through interest; the French, through jealousy, would repress it.

Guicciardini. It was impossible for the Emperor of Germany to become sovereign of Italy, as Alighieri wished and ventured to propose, unless by abolishing the temporal power of the Pope.

Machiavelli. Republican as I am, I would willingly see all Italy under one constitutional hereditary prince. At present, we have no choice between the bear and the wolf. The bear hugs to suffocation, breaks a few ribs, then, tearing out a mouthful, lies down; the wolf springs at the throat, strangles the animal, tears the heart out, and laps up the last drop of blood. Neither you nor I can speculate far into the future. Yet we both of us can see clearly what is about us and nigh. The French are incapable of freedom, and will never let others enjoy it. The Germans have as much liberty as they want or know what to do with. They are a moral people, and sigh after the purity of religion. It appears to be an axiom with princes, that the more corruptions there are in it, the more easily are men governed. But, under a good government, a religion will gradually become good, and revolutions will be unnecessary. I do not believe that, during our lifetime, there will be any in this country. Yet who could have foreseen the prodigious one which has been lately almost accomplished in the Netherlands? There are now living many

men, and not extremely old, who remember Spain the most powerful and the most prosperous of kingdoms. What is she now become? England crushed her armada, and left her scarcely enough of its timbers for an *auto-da-fé*. Nearer to ourselves than the scene where Spain sank, never to rise again, the Hollanders are cooking their fish to-day over the splinters they have broken off from the old fisherman's chair, while the banners of Castile and Leon droop in ignominy over the Knights of the Garter.

Now to the matter of union and consolidation.

England could unite to her discordant kingdoms and divers races, speaking different languages. Is it, indeed, going too far in speculation that the provinces of Italy, both on the Peninsula and on the Adriatic, living in harmony and speaking in the same mother tongue, may become united?

Guicciardini. On such a consummation you, a republican, hardly can dream.

Machiavelli. I do dream of it, and when I am most awake. My republicanism is for my country, not for my city. Florence was my cradle, Florence taught me my letters; but there were masters who made me hold up my head, and walk with them beyond the gates.

Guicciardini. The nurse had well nigh shaken thee out of the cradle, and the masters have brought thee among thorns. We all have our projects, and generally on things farthest from our reach. The most accredited of philosophers often tread upon unsound ground. Never was a scheme less practicable than Plato's Republic, redundant with whims and puerilities. Did no obstruction lie in your path on your road to the consolidation of Italy? Did never the two rival cities, Genoa and Venice, rise up before you? Both of them are opulent and powerful: both would be more opulent and more powerful by going hand in hand.

But Venice, whose nobility is higher than any other in Europe, would never take the ring off her finger. She is queen of the Adriatic, and arbitress of the Levant. Remembering that she hath often set at defiance both Emperor and Pope, she would not receive any sovereign, and most unwillingly one from across the Alps.

Machiavelli. Never was any government so politic as hers hath continued to be from century to century; never any people

so long contented. In other countries, the nobles are the worst of slaves, because they adulate the worst of masters. Flattery in Venice is no less exuberant; but the victorious admiral or the cherished maiden are the flattered. Ariosto breathes his spirit into the gondolier, by day and by night, and music swells above the ripples of the lagoon.

Guicciardini. Ser Niccolo, you are growing quite poetical.

Machiavelli. Venice herself is poetry, and creâtes a poet out of the dullest clay. Woe betide the wretch who desecrates and humiliates her! She may fall; but she shall rise again.

Guicciardini. Our hopes at the present time must rest contentedly. It was impossible for the Emperor of Germany to become sole sovereign of Italy, as Alighieri wished, abolishing the temporal power of the Pope. France and Spain are interested in maintaining it; that is, they are playing as partners, sitting on opposite sides of the table. If Italy is ever to be under one potentate, the only one eligible is the Duke of Savoy, he being already her guardian. Care, however, must be taken that his family never intermarry with the stranger. We have families in our own country more illustrious by exploits and wisdom than the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs; and if antiquity, as it seems to be, is considered a title to reverence, we have fifty more ancient. With other nations, if ours were united, we should require no alliances. They would only involve us in difficulties and wars.

Freedom of traffic is advantageous to all. When the seas are open, man's eyes will open. We want little from abroad, and we shall want less. Our wines are richer than those of Spain, which usually taste of the pigskin or goatskin; and the best of the French owe their odor and flavor to the root of that lily which grows profusely in the crevices and on the summits of our city-walls. These roots we never use but for perfumery, and export them in quantities from Livorno. The wool of Taranto, celebrated by Virgil in his *Georgics*, is less deteriorated than every thing else in the Neapolitan territory. We might clothe our wealthier neighbors with it, as we do with our silks and velvets. Manufacturers of linen and lace would easily be tempted from the Netherlands. Sicily and Sardinia could produce not only a profusion of flax, but also of cotton. The island of Sardinia is scarcely a quarter

peopled. Horace celebrates its "segetes feraces." There is in it a more extensive and a more fertile plain than perhaps in any other island.

Machiavelli. Nothing can be hoped for where priests and monks swarm in all seasons. Other grubs and insects die down: these never do. Even locusts, after they have consumed the grain and herbage, take flight or are swept away, and leave no living progeny on the ground behind them. The vermin between skin and flesh are ineradicable.

Guicciardini. What can we do with the religious?

Machiavelli. Teach them religion. Teach them to earn by labor the bread they eat. Some confraternities work already: make all to.

Guicciardini. Remember, there are aged and infirm in monasteries: to deprive them of a decent and comfortable subsistence, as was done in England, would be inhumane, not to them only, but also to the poor wretches who lived by them.

Machiavelli. It would be; but such a case might be obviated, by stationing them in their native towns and villages where friends are living. The less afflicted may visit the sick and instruct the children: few of them can do more, or are willing to do so much. The bishops, out of their vast revenues, ought to supply whatever may yet be needful.

Guicciardini. Perhaps you would curtail their revenues and their number.

Machiavelli. Jesus Christ ordained twelve to preach his gospel to all nations. Surely twice the number is sufficient for Italy. I would allow a spacious house and garden to each, and 2,000 crowns* annually from the public treasury. Sardinia and wild Corsica might also have each of them four prelates.

Guicciardini. Sardinia in another century could be what she was under the old Romans.

Machiavelli. Religion in their time was no hinderer of labor, no encourager of idleness, no mendicant in purple and fine linen and a jewelled bonnet three stories high.

Another generation will see better things; another, but not the next.

* 2,000 crowns at that time were equal to 5,000 now. The French bishops have about £700, with houses in their cities, not palaces.

Guicciardini. After the *Purgatorio*, we arrive at the *Paradiso!* Vision! vision!

Machiavelli. Holy visions are at last accomplished.

XXVIII. MILTON AND MARVEL.

Marvel. Years have passed over our heads, friend Milton, since the first conversation we held together on the subject of poetry. It was mainly, I think, if not entirely, on the dramatic. We will now exchange a few words, and more than a few if you are willing, on the other kinds of it. The desire was excited in me by your present of *Paradise Regained*, which I thanked you for by letter as soon as I had read it through; and I now, in person, thank you for it again.

Milton. Parents are usually the most fond of their last offspring, especially if the fruit of their declining years: I was of mine; I now hesitate.

Marvel. Be contented: you have fairly got the better of the Devil. There is little in either of your poems that the reader would wish out. This cannot be said of the great Italian. Nearly all the characters in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* are wretches who excite no sympathy, and forward no action. Marking, page after page, the good, bad, and indifferent, I find scarcely a fifth part noted for reading a second time. This is not the case in the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, the *Paradise Lost.*

Milton. The great poet of Italy — for great he was by intensity of thought and comprehension — constructed a hell and a purgatory for the accommodation of popes, prelates, and other dignitaries. Daring as he was, he was afraid of nearer fires than those below; hence a compendious satire he entitled a divine comedy. Never was there so spacious a theatre with so many actors.

Marvel. Faith! it is a comedy in which the actors find no joke.

Milton. Alighieri wanted flexibility of muscle, and wore an iron mask; yet how warm are the tears which the lover of

Beatrice shed over Francesca da Rimini, and over the children of Ugolino! I would rather have written two such scenes than twenty such poems as the *Faerie Queen*.

Marvel. Allegory grows tiresome: nevertheless, you have found, as I have heard you say, much to please you in Spenser. The heart, I confess it, is never touched by him; and he does not excite even a light emotion.

Milton. He leads us into no walks of Nature. A poet must do that, or forfeit his right to a seat in the upper-house.

Marvel. Grave as you are, and ever were, you have expressed to me your delight in the *Canterbury Tales*, and in him —

"Who left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold."

Milton. Frequently do I read the *Canterbury Tales*, and with pleasure undiminished.* They are full of character and of life. You would hardly expect in so early a stage of our language such harmony as comes occasionally on the ear: it ceases with the verse; but we are grateful for it, shortly as it stays with us.

Marvel. Happily, you are now at leisure for a ramble in the open field of poetry, and to catch the Muses —

"Dancing in the checker'd shade."

Think what a pleasure it is to have landed at last, after all the perils of a tempestuous sea.

Milton. I would rather be on a tempestuous ocean than on a pestilential marsh, knowing that the one will grow calm, and that the other will not grow salubrious.

Andrew! we are sold like sheep, and we must not even bleat.

Marvel. What you have done, both in poetry and prose, was enough to startle the salesmen. Into your prose an irruption was often made by your poetry.

Milton. This is wrong. We should keep them distinct, however impetuous may be the loftier and the stronger.

Marvel. If you could have done it, we should have lost

* A Bachelor of Arts, a Mr. Pycroft, without any authority, classes W. S. Landor with Byron and Wordsworth, as holding Chaucer cheap. Let this *Conversation* indicate the contrary. There is one art — namely, the *ars poetica* — in which the Bachelor is unlikely to take his Master's degree.

the grandest piece of harmony that ever was uttered from the heart of man.

Milton. Where is that?

Marvel. In your dissertation on Prelaty; it is this:—

> "When God commands to take the trumpet
> And blow a louder and a shriller blast,
> It rests not in Man's will what he shall do
> Or what he shall forbear."

Isaiah seems to be speaking.

Milton. The only resemblance is that Isaiah spoke also in vain.

The deafest man can hear praise, and is slow to think any an excess. Friendship may sometimes step a few paces in advance of truth; and who would check her? I had neither will nor power to break the imperious words that you cite, over-ruling my prose.

Marvel. Certainly they are not like the bleatings you have just now complained of. Your voice was never lowered to that key, my brave Milton.

Milton. I might not have retained what is left to me of it, were it not for your intercession.

Marvel. You over-rate my services. True, I did go to the Lord Chancellor, who knew me by name only, and who courteously said "*Mr. Marvel, I will see about it.*" You know what that phrase means, spoken by high officials. He went immediately, with feather in hat above his embroidered robes, to "see about" the house he is building, which is to overtop the Somersets and Northumberlands. Lucky dog, lawyer Hyde!

Neither much disappointed nor at all discomfited, but well knowing that no time was to be lost, I went forthwith to my Lord Rochester, who noticed me when he was a stripling. He never looked so grave as when he heard me mention the cause of my visit. He turned his peruke half-round, and said, "*My good Marvel, it is a ticklish thing.*" Without a moment's pause, I replied, "Do you mean the halter, my Lord?" The peruke was again in the first position, with a pleasant smile on each side of its exuberant curls. Patting me on the shoulder, he said, "Well, well, Marvel! I do like a hearty friend, even in a quondam stickler to the old rebel Nol. Hangman-

ship is not a craft I would patronize. But Master John Milton was bitter against us. He would even have set fire to the lawn sleeves, which I am in duty bound to reverence. 'But when the wicked man turneth away,' — you can go on with it; I may peradventure be at a fault. I hope our gracious King has forgotten the sad catastrophe of his father. If he has not, he may haply be reminded that John Milton had a hand in it; and then filial affection may, and indeed necessarily must, lead His Majesty toward the rope-walk. He hath so many cares of State, and is occupied in them so constantly and incessantly, that the occurrence in front of Whitehall shall have dropped out of his memory. Let us hope for the best." My reply was, "I will hope it, my Lord, from your known humanity and good temper. If my old friend receives no pardon from his most gracious sovereign, he will be the only blind man that a gracious sovereign ever helped to mount the gallows."

Whereat his lordship broke into a peal of laughter, which stopped suddenly, and he said, "Faith and troth! blind! stone blind! It would be too bad. Charley must keep the long cap folded up, in readiness for some fellow whose eyes require it. You saw my coach at the door. I was going for a private audience. I will mention the matter the first thing I do." He did, and you know the result.

Milton. The Presbyterians are now more unfriendly to me than the Episcopalians are.

Marvel. Their tempers are sourer, and they are more exasperated by the persecutions they are suffering. You have become calmer and milder. The best apples, rough when they are first gathered, grow richer in flavor late. There are zealots who complain that you are lukewarm.

Milton. It is better to be lukewarm than to boil over. My opinions in theology have undergone a change. What they are will be known hereafter; I have written them in Latin, and I shall leave them behind me. For I would not anger any on this side of the grave. Resentment and controversy cool in the churchyard.

Marvel. There are temperate men in Italy, and perhaps elsewhere, so scandalized at the contests and cruelties of sects, that they almost doubt whether the death of the Emperor Julian was not a calamity to the world, and whether what we

call "paganism" was ever so uncharitable — in other words, so un-Christian — as some exclusive creeds.

Milton. Physicians propose to cure the effect of one poison by administering another. Presbyterianism twisted back the neck of Prelaty, and poured a strong drastic down her throat. She kicked and screamed, and, when she got on her legs again, swore bitterly, and called her servants to kick the intruders down stairs.

Marvel. The old religions, on several accounts, are better than the later. They are less profuse of foul language, they domineer less, and they cost less; they withdraw none from agriculture or home. The priests exposed no wares for sale, and they kept to their own temples and their own houses. I am no customer of those chapmen whose glass and crockery are so brittle as to draw blood if you break it. I side neither with the cropped nor the periwigged. I will never deal with the dealers in damnation, while I can hear cursing and swearing gratis in the stable-yard.

Milton. Men's curses are stored up for them in heaven.

Marvel. Lucky fellows if they can get up there and find any thing better. May they not catch their own, tossed back to them, waiting below?

Milton. Andrew! in sooth thou art a merry-andrew. Methinks thou knowest more about the poets than about the divines. Curious name! as if the study and profession of what relates to divinity made the man himself divine, as the study and profession of physic entitles one, and justly, to be called a physician.

Marvel. Now then, having had enough of both, I am ready to be as disputatious as the worst of them. I am about to find fault with you on the score of poetry.

"Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angit."

Milton. After the sweet, I am prepared for the bitter, which often happens in life; and it is only children who take the bitter first.

Marvel. Now for it. You were not a very young man when you wrote how —

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild."

After acknowledging the prettiness of the verses, I deny the propriety of the application. No poet was ever less a warbler of "wood-notes wild." In his earliest poems he was elaborate, and not exempt from stiff conceits, — the fault of the age, as exemplified by Spenser.

Milton. In his later, he takes wing over the world, beyond human sight, but heard above the clouds.

Marvel. His Muse, to be in the fashion of the day, wore a starched ruff about her neck.

You have fringed Jonson's "learned sock." I never had patience to go through, or, to speak more properly, to *undergo*, his tragedies. In coarse comedy he succeeds better; but comedy ought never to be coarse. Indelicate as was Aristophanes, there was an easy motion and an unaffected grace in every step he took. Plautus comes far behind, and Terence not quite up to Plautus. Be not angry with me, if Molière is my delight.

Milton. He has written since I was a reader; and there is nobody in the house who can pronounce French intelligibly. My nephew reads Latin to me; and he reminded me one day that Sir Philip Sidney tried his hand at turning our English into Latin hexameters. Some of the Germans have done likewise. English and German hexameters sound as a heavy cart sounds bouncing over boulders.

Marvel. We often find in them a foot composed of two short syllables, instead of a spondee; and a trochee as often, which reminds us of a cripple, one of whose legs is shorter than the other, so that he cannot put it to the ground. I doubt whether in a hundred English hexameters there are three composed of dactyl and spondee.*

Milton. I know not whether it has ever been observed that the final foot of the hexameter is a trochee. So it is, with only two or three exceptions, in Virgil where *mons*, and another monosyllable in another place, end the verse.

* Ovid was the first who subjected a strange language to Latin measures; and he acknowledges that he was ashamed of doing it.

> "*Ah pudet!* et Getico scripsi sermone libellum
> Aptaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis."

Yet how would the philologist rejoice at the recovery of this *little book!* For a book there was of it, and not only one composition. The Jesuits, clever at Latin versification, have not yet introduced it into China.

Marvel. Why cannot we be contented with our own measures, as established by law and custom? None in Latin or Greek are more harmonious than several of them.

Milton. Fond as I am of Latin, and many as are the verses I have written in it, never was I so rash and inconsiderate as to force its metres into our own language, which is infinitely more capable of stops and variations.

Marvel. Not even the verses of Homer himself have that diversity of cadence which enchants us in *Paradise Lost.* Who was the blockhead who invented the word *blank* for its verse? Never was any one less appropriate. The Latin hexameter, closing with a dissyllable or trisyllable, wants the variety of the Greek, and terminates too frequently with consonants, — *ant*, *unt*, *am*, *um*, or *s*. To remove this obstruction from the sensitive ear, we have recourse to Homer and Milton.

Milton. Courtier! courtier! prythee hold thy tongue. Venerate one blind man, and continue to love the other.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Milton. Happy am I to see you here again, after a travel of so many weeks, and through a country where the roads in many parts are deep and difficult.

Marvel. Truly, since our late unhappy war they have been but little mended, and less before. The armies required a few of them to be rendered commodious for cannon and trains. How these were brought so far as to Kineton, and over Edge Hill, is wonderful.

Milton. Yet you went beyond, even to the Upper Severn. How was this feat performed?

Marvel. Pondering the difficulties on one side and the conveniences on the other, I bought a palfrey at Highgate. Wink as the dealer might at him and me, I really found him fairly worth the eight guineas he cost me. He carried me to Oxford by the next nightfall, or soon after. Both of us rose and rested early, and neither had to complain of our prov-

ender. At Oxford, we rested a whole day, it being the Sabbath.

Milton. Virtuously and religiously done! Whether men sit idle and morose for lack of amusement, or whether they enjoy the day in innocent pleasure among their children and friends, I do no longer censure them, as I did formerly.

Marvel. Some lose their sourness by time, others become austere and crabbed. You once appeared too sedate, but never uncongenial.

Milton. I have seen reason to change some of my old habits and some of my old opinions. I fear I am morose by nature: certain I am that the waters of Castalia are sweeter than the waters of Styx, and that the study, not of philosophy alone, but equally of poetry, corrects our evil humors. Any interesting book overlays and blunts asperity. Music, in which I always have delighted, both calms and elevates.

What are you waiting for so seriously?

Marvel. To hear more truths from you.

Milton. You shall not, until you have reported to me somewhat more of your journey. As far as Edge Hill you have brought me, and no farther. Had the battle there been lost to us, the castle at Warwick would have suffered like its neighbor of Kenilworth; for the valiant Earl was the fast friend of Cromwell. Lord Brooke, as you remember, was killed by a shot from Lichfield minster, by Dick Dyot, at the hall-door of Walter Noble in the close. His entrance had been watched, and this fatal missive intercepted his return from the representative of the city.

Marvel. We could have better spared another brave man. Brooke would never have betrayed us. Now, enough for politics, usually ending hopelessly, often dishonorably, where the sharper keeps the winning card under his ruffle.

You have endured my company as far as Oxford. Few walled cities are less capable of resisting a siege. It is commanded by Shotover Hill, and the Cherwell at a short distance is so narrow, and there are so many trees on its banks, that it might be bridged within sunset and sunrise, unperceived. I am certain that orders were given to abstain from bombarding the town, lest the colleges might suffer.

Milton. Cathedrals were also spared, at the urgent instance of the Protector, hateful as was their service to the people at

large. Westminster Abbey was under his guardian eye ; and the towers of Windsor were left, for their beauty and their innocence in evil days.

Marvel. I wish you could have seen with me those of Warwick, and the more graceful, though less august, of Kenilworth. Their roofs are indeed battered down, and the chambers of the whole edifice are now tenanted by owls and daws. However, the windows are intact. None are so beautiful as they. Had they been inserted in the castle at Warwick, it would be unequalled in beauty, as its towers are in magnificence.

Milton. Rous and Camden, and lately Dugdale, have rendered that country highly interesting. Yet rather would I see the chancel at Stratford than even the tower of Babel, had it been standing, or even the window of the Ark. Wretches so worthless as Dudley could erect the towers of Kenilworth. Who cares about him? What human heart hath he ever warmed or moved? Thousands will throb, age after age, at the very sound of our poet's name.

I might be glad to see these two castles, if sight were vouchsafed me ; but neither of them, or any other, so gladly as Ludlow, now (like the more gorgeous of the two) dilapidated.

Marvel. I can easily believe it of you. It is an inheritance which you will bequeath to your country. The stones have fallen ; but Comus stands above them, a warder who will never lose his office.

Milton. We look complacently on our earlier handiwork. The best sculptor might haply be glad to find in a corner some fragment of a clay model on which his fingers were employed before the knuckles were well knitten.

I am not dissatisfied, on the whole, with my *Mask of Comus ;* yet there the scholar in his gown stood in the poet's way. I represented a boy talking like a philosopher, when he never could have heard even the name. I have often been too scholastic ; yet I never brought Adam and Eve into the trim grove of Academus. It is almost as difficult to avoid faults in poetry as to reach beauties ; faults being multitudinous and lying under our feet in that quarter, attainable beauties few and overhead.

Your palfrey did not carry you to Ludlow?

Marvel. No, I stopped short ; yet I saw Sabrina before

she had put her yellow cloak on for the fair at Bristow: I saw her where she met her brighter spouse Avon, fresh from watering the flowers under the chancel at Stratford. Pigheaded knaves have defaced the sacred image it contains. Who knows but in another age they may violate the tomb, fearless of the recorded curse denouncing such a sacrilege.

Milton. It grieved me to see places of worship harmed in any sort. In the last century abbeys and convents were demolished, as castles have been in ours. Never shall we or our children see such edifices as the abbeys of Evesham and Malmsbury, and some others. More is remaining of the rites there celebrated, than of the walls under which bows and courtesies were made in bedizened frocks to dolls and candles. Puffy lawn is substituted for gold lace; but palaces and manors stand where they stood. The Church "mutavit dominos, et cedit in altera jura;" but milords are milords yet, and lawgivers and offerers up of prayers for the murderers of nations. Glorious Reformation!

Will there never be a sanctuary in every private house? Will there never be a time when every mother will be the priestess of her children and family? Our duties are simple and learned easily. No sunrise but awakens one or other of them into activity and growth. Boys are educated, girls are not; yet girls should be educated first, and taught the most impressively. These slender and graceful columns are not only the ornament, but also the support, of society. Men are the braver for the reverence they bear toward them, and in them do they find their reward. I would that our cathedrals were turned into schoolrooms for the more advanced among the youths in age and study; and I would never grudge the bishops, then masters and ushers, a stipend of three or four hundred pounds a-year, with a commodious house and garden for each. I live comfortably within one hundred, and, after my decease, my children will not be reduced to starvation.

Marvel. God forbid! but they must not work for their bread?

Milton. Verily and indeed must they; and this, O Andrew, is among His other blessings. He taught me the rudiments of my craft; they have learned theirs. Those are happier who

work for a family than those who work for a State. The poor have always their Commonwealth: we have lost even the name.

Marvel. Our most gracious King will take especial care that the people at large do not run riotous in wealth and be submerged in luxury. Perhaps, in the midst of his necessities, he may transfer the lawn sleeves to wearers on whom they would be more becoming, and of whom the most modest is a street-walking orange-girl.

Milton. Charles may properly be called a sapper and miner. He thinks our earlier Constitution is just as deserving of overthrow as our later. I know not whether he has sold his regalia: I only know that he has sold his country. What must we think of a King who barters his patrimony for protection, or who recurs to any but his own people for protection? Whenever the weak make an alliance with the strong, they are the strong's dependents. A prudent nation will not permit its ruler to form a marriage with a foreign potentate. There are daughters in England still worthy to wear a crown. A time there was, but it was a distant one, when feuds among the nobility would have exasperated the jealousy of most among them by the King's choice of a wife out of one baronial family. Such danger is now over. The heir to the throne is united to the daughter of a subject, — a subject of mean family and powerless connections.

Such a peerage as is now patched up will never stand between king and people as the old barons did, — mainly, it is true, for their own ends. It grieves me that so many of their castles have been demolished. The ivy hath scarcely yet reached the basement of Ludlow, and its longest eventide shadows fall short of the Severn below them. Cromwell has been called the destroyer of the most magnificent edifices, unjustly: the Puritans were the carriers of this barbarous decree. The same ferocious men would have battered down the cathedrals. Our troopers did, indeed, stable their horses in some of them, ejecting idler and less serviceable cattle; and in several of them monuments were defaced. This was somewhat like tearing out a page from history, — not indeed an important one, yet the deed was wanton mischief. Yet what is this in the sight of wisdom and of our Creator, if we compare it with the bloodshed of thousands, in one place, in one hour? Men march into the field of battle in stately trim and

after joyous music, and slay thousands to gratify one, — the only one whom it would be innocent to slay. He who commands them to break God's image should experience God's vengeance where he has committed the offence. War will never cease, or long subside, while such creatures are permitted to exist. If two men quarrel and fight in the highway, there are many who come up and interpose; can none be found to act likewise in a wider field? Are there to be no restrictions on sturdier disturbers of the peace?

Marvel. Here I am quite in accord with you. Every parish should unite and surround and hunt down the marauders, most Christian, Catholic, and Apostolic; cage them, and exhibit them in the market-place.

Italy has been parcelled out, bartered, and exchanged. I would treat them as they have treated the Italians, and as we do to other thieves and murderers; I would not draw and quarter them, but rather leave them whole in their deformity. Iron should hold what oaths could not. Italy, formed to be the Eden of the earth, is now torn to pieces by the bear and the monkey. In another age, the beautiful Venice, which has flourished for the greater part of a thousand years (which is longer than any city ever did before), may peradventure be the prey of one barbarian, and be sold to another. Her people, the best governed and the happiest, may be made discontented by some crowned Jack Cade, and then handcuffed by their deliverer.

Milton. No Demosthenes is living now.

Marvel. While England was England there existed one, — one only; let me grasp his hand.

Milton. Prythee, sit down; let me be proud, but never vain. Demosthenes was superlatively *μεγα κυδος Αχαιων*. Cicero was weaker in a weaker cause. He arraigned one powerful plunderer; but he left in his audience no few nearly as criminal. However, let not our admiration of so great a man fall off from him. He lived among and consorted with those, equally well educated as himself, who received a high gratification from the sight of their fellow-creatures torn piecemeal by wild beasts in the amphitheatre. The Romans were never quite civilized or quite humanized. Even at this day, the worship of a mother with an innocent babe, in her arms or at her breast, awakes no tenderness in them: they

stab one another on the church-steps as they leave her. The wolf nurtured more than one couple.

Marvel. It is remarkable that the Northern nations are less cruel and sanguinary than the Southern. Where the air is keenest, it seems, the religion is purest.

Milton. Idleness looks toward easy gods and pardoners for pence. Popery will never flourish in Sweden and Norway, or the gospel be preached openly, or even tolerated, in Rome. The followers of Christ must take refuge in the catacombs, among their elder brethren.

Marvel. Fashions change perpetually. I should not wonder if, in the next reign, a slip from the robe of the scarlet lady becomes the general wear, instead of the magpie plumage now fluttering in churches.

Milton. There may also be candles on what is called the *Communion Table* by Protestants and *Altar* by Papists, to commemorate the last supper of our Lord. Candles are unnecessary by daylight; and it was by daylight that our blessed Lord broke his last bread with his disciples. The principal meal, which the Romans called *cœna*, was taken before nightfall, — as we may learn from Catullus, Horace, Petronius, and many others. The *Hall of Apollo*, in the house of Lucullus, was not lighted up when Cicero was invited to his table; and no lamp shone down on the guests of Nasidienus.

Marvel. Recurring to the Romans, it appears to me that the earlier cooked a dinner as badly as the later a religion. Some of their *receipts* have been preserved. I would never have taken Apicius into my service at five farthings a day.

Milton. Culinary may be called the lowest of the arts; yet men are slow and long in acquiring it. Wild men paint and carve the images of animals long before they have learned to fry an omelet.

I know not what has brought us down into the kitchen.

Marvel. The fault must have been mine. We were talking of castles and abbeys and cathedrals, and the lords of them in their several degrees. We began with what is high and have descended to what is low. It is difficult to find "from this lowest depth a lower depth."

Milton. "Raccende il gusto il mutar esca," says Ariosto; and the words are very applicable. An imaginary line may

be drawn between conversation and dialogue. In conversation, as in the country, variety is pleasant and expected. We look from the ground before us into the remoter, and much of more than one quality lies between. In conversation we ought not to be didactic, in dialogue we may be: Galileo has done it. There are other authorities; but none so great.

I must now come back homeward from Italy.

If in the next or any remoter age our country should produce a sound historian, who holds up his head above his party and sees clearly and widely, will he be believed when he records what we have witnessed within the last few years? It will be called a traveller's *story*. Already a *story* is become a synonyme for a *lie*. Herodotus, the most instructive of historians, when he relates a marvellous tale of some occurrence in a far country, gives it us as a report: how will our forthcoming writers manage what shall have fallen into their hands from their father's, the eyewitness? Will they believe that a drop of Saxon blood is in their veins?

Marvel. Now you are speaking of history, let me express a wish that you had leisure or inclination to continue that which you began. Our own times do, indeed, seem as fabulous as the earlier. Did it never occur to you that many of us partake of the Roman? That, although the legions had left Britain, many of the inhabitants, and especially the settlers on the coast, descended from the invader?

Milton. Doubtless in three centuries there must have been a large intermixture of the races. London was somewhat of a mercantile city, and indeed an emporium, long before its occupation by the Romans. Tyre sent her merchants to the south of Ireland, and probably to the south of Britain, — certainly to the west. An oyster was a bait to a Roman; the rocks about our island were covered with them, while those on the Italian were scarce and worthless. Certainly, few merchants would abandon their habitations when the legionaries left the land. Their ships were manned by the hardy sailors of the North; and the capital (as we call it) invested in them belonged in great measure to settlers from abroad, principally Roman, where it was safer than in their own city, where imperial purple was the merchandise, soldiers the salesmen and auctioneers.

We are a miscellaneous volume, the leaves well sewed together, — Roman, Norwegian, Dane, Saxon, chapter after chapter.

Marvel. It seems to me likely that, when the Roman military were recalled, they were prohibited from their usual rapine, and the wealthier townsmen took refuge in their ships. Many, if not most of these, were of half-breed. In Warwickshire, I saw a lock of black hair which had been taken from a tomb containing the bones of a Norman, buried in it within half a century of the invasion. There could scarcely have been time for an intermixture of Neustrian and Saxon. The Jutlanders and other Northerns were chiefly the crews of the wealthy Neustrian merchants, and soon were joined by their landsmen, who made several descents and occupied at last the whole country.

Milton. Here is likelihood without record; for the bowmen and swordsmen were no penmen. At the Conquest there were flocks of them. Ravens find food after battles. It is worthy of a thought and a reflection that a lock of hair, such as what you mention, should remain unchanged in color and substance when body, bones, and brains had become earth. Thus it often happens that the vile outlasts the valuable; and what is shorn off and thrown away is gathered up and treasured. Gentlemen are usually proud of Norman origin: none can prove unbroken in three generations; Dane and Saxon are interlopers. The absurd pretenders would go up higher if they knew how, and would thank you if you told and persuaded them that they quite as certainly had some particle of the Roman in them after so many crosses. The Northmen were as valiant as the Romans, and greatly more capable of true civilization. They never sent into the arena the bravest men to be devoured by wild beasts or to slaughter one another, as the most civilized of the Romans did, age after age. They worshipped false gods: what people has not? And how few are there who do not even now? But their priests were not hucksters of souls, nor covered sins with wafers. They never called their hearers *sheep*, and fleeced them as if they were. They never taught their fellowmen that it was a duty or a privilege to kiss their toes, or that the seat was holy which they had squatted on. As they could not write, they could not forge wills had they been so minded.

Marvel. I dare not follow where chemists are so expert in pharmacy. Even our own country bears hemlock and hensbane. We may walk more safely among the sticklers for antiquity of lineage, who probably have never learned by heart the verse of that poet who, with all his levity, has more unobtrusively sage verses than any, be he Roman or Athenian: —

> "Genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi
> Vix ea nostra voco."

Ulysses is here represented as the speaker, characteristically and worthily.

Milton. We are all of the earth, earthy. They who are proud of family antiquity ought to be ashamed of beating a dog, who, we are certified, is of older creation. Probably the worms are of older still. Happily they are deaf and dumb; if they had ears and tongues, they would never so misapply them as we often do. We shall soon lie in the midst of them as quiet and mute as they are. We cause the bloodshed one of another, and often go far a-field to chase the unoffending. The greediest worms are guiltless of the like: they only exact what is their inheritance; we must pay them the debt we owe them; let it be unreluctantly!

XXIX. MARTIN AND JACK.

[Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack brought the people much about them in a disturbance long ago. Lord Peter, the proudest, most intolerant, most exclusive, of his order, suddenly grew condescending and bland. Martin had little confidence in this demonstration; so little, indeed, that he ordered the locksmith to alter the locks of his cellar and larder, well knowing that, however different in stature and features, there was a marvellous family-likeness in appetite and quickness of digestion. Jack, whose house was smaller, was contented with a cellar of proportionate dimensions; and, if you only sent him a simple calf's head toward the close of January, cared little for any other delicacy of the larder. When Peter spoke to him, which was seldom, he pretended that he was ignorant of his language, and avowed that neither father nor mother had taught it to any of their children. Martin had caught a few words of it from Peter, and was somewhat fond of displaying his acquisition. Jack, who kept aloof from both brothers, was more scandalized at Martin. At last, taciturn as was his nature, he zealously burst forth in this brotherly expostulation.]

Jack. Brother Martin, friends we have met, whatever were our feuds formerly; and friends, in God's name, let us part. We have been somewhat too much given to the holding forth of long discourses; and perhaps I, in this particular, have been the more censurable of the two. Let me now come to the point and have done with it. I always knew that Peter was an impostor and a bastard: I always knew he was neither our father's son nor our mother's son. Had he been, would he ever have attempted to strangle us in our cradles? Would he not rather have helped us in our sickness and infirmity? Would he not rather have fed us with pure fresh milk and unfermented bread in it? Would he not rather have taken us by the hand, and guided our tottering steps, patiently and cautiously? Instead of which, he blew out the rush-light, because it was *only* a rush-light; he set fire to our cribs, and burned us cruelly.

Martin. I have heard all this story from our nurse; but, Jack! Jack! thou wert always a froward child.

Jack. Too true, brother! but age hath sobered and softened me: I trust it continues to render me, day by day, a little more like our father. If this aspiration be too high, if this expression be too presumptuous, permit me to correct it, and only to say that, as I advance in life, I do heartily hope, I do anxiously desire, that my steps be more prone and more direct toward him.

Martin. Give me thy hand, Brother Jack! This is manly; this is true-hearted.

Jack. Can you then bear questioning and reproof, brother?

Martin. Not very well, as you know, my old boy. But come, let me try; out with it, out at once!

Jack. Martin! Martin! the hottest air taints and corrupts our viands no more certainly, nor more intimately, nor more perniciously, than the lukewarm. So is it, my brother, with the sustenance of the spirit. I have lived where the flocks are scattered and healthy, and where the life of the shepherd is innocent and laborious. You have been spending your days where there is no true shepherd at all, and where the crowded fold is a sad congestion of ordure, scab, and foot-rot. You are grown angry, I hear, at certain new impertinences of the proud bastard whom you never have ventured to disclaim as brother. Shall I reveal to you the secret of this anger?

Martin (*yawning*). With all my heart.

Jack. Indifferent as usual! Well, then, continue this indifference until the close of our conversation. The audacious bastard, who dared to spit in our father's face when he forbade any to call him *lord*, sees many of his spawn grown recently from wriggling, black, little tadpoles into party-colored, puffy, croaking frogs; and he claims the whole fat marsh for his own property. The neighboring lords assumed the livery of our Lord Peter, and imitated his voice and bearing. But no sooner had he laid claim to the whole fat marsh, and had driven into it their cattle for his own use, than they raised an outcry throughout the land.

Martin. Methinks it was time, Brother Jack.

Jack. Brother Martin, it was time long before. The dissolute old bastard collected those spies and assassins who had, even when nations were thought to be less civilized, been driven forth from every kingdom. He now stocks every kingdom with them again, and mounts every throne with them, vicariously. Well do I remember the time, my brother, when I reproved you for a tendency to what is called philosophy. It is true, you laughed in my face: certainly, you will never laugh in it again for any similar reproof. If priests there must be, let them keep their proper station: let the king have his palace, not the priest. When you have assigned to the endowment of schools the many millions which pamper your hierarchs, — those burly bellies, swaying some one way, some another, — then, Martin, we shall meet in brotherly love, and shall say (what I wish we could say sooner, instead of the contrary), "This is verily God's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Martin. There is only one set of men in Europe who are avowedly adverse to the propagation of knowledge, aware that the propagation of knowledge is adverse to their dominion. My friends, I am sorry to say it, are almost as much given to lying as these are. Both parties call themselves *Catholic*, which neither is. Nor indeed, my dear Jack, between ourselves, is it desirable that either should be. Every sect is a moral check on its neighbor. Competition is as wholesome in religion as in commerce. We must bid high for heaven: we must surrender much; we must strive much, we must suffer much; we must make way for others, in order

that in our turn we may succeed. There is but one Guide: we know him by the gentleness of his voice, by the serenity of his countenance, by the wounded in spirit who are clinging to his knees, by the children whom he hath called to him, and by the disciples in whose poverty he hath shared.

XXX. TIZIANO VECELLI AND LUIGI CORNARO.

Cornaro. Many are the years, Tiziano, since we were youths together here in Venice; and I believe that at the present hour we are nearly the oldest of its inhabitants. You, indeed, are somewhat the younger of the two, — not much; although the present autumn is about the fiftieth since the truest judges gave you the preference over Giovanni Bellini, and after that time you surpassed even greater competitors. Your age hath far outstripped your youth.

Tiziano. Ah, Don Luigi! even on the verge of four-score the ear grows not deaf to flattery. I am charmed by your remembrance and your praises.

Cornaro. What! after those of kings and emperors?

Tiziano. I am far, very far, from indifferent to those commendations which have been bestowed on me by the masters of mankind, who happen in our times to be endowed with better judgment, regarding the higher arts, than the noblest of their subjects. Yet a name which adorns the annals of our republic — a Cornaro — may, without ingratitude toward them, be quite as dear to me.

Cornaro. The Emperor Charles is more generous to artists than to sovereigns, although he had the magnanimity to admire in a rival as great a man as himself. But pre-eminently shone his magnanimity, when he loaded with jewelry and chains and crosses of gold the artist who had depicted the prostration of Austria, in the memorable field of Cadore. This I firmly believe to be the greatest work that Italian art ever achieved.

Tiziano. Of mine it certainly is the greatest.

Cornaro. Yet how wonderful is the Saint Peter Martyr! In both pictures you have proved yourself the best adapter of external nature to human and superhuman action. The majestic trees, at the stroke of your pencil, rise up worthy to shade the angels in their walks on earth. Many of your subjects were the productions of your hand after the meridian of life.

Tiziano. Long after. My fancy flies often from our sea-girt city to my native hills of Cadore, and over the intermediate plains and vineyards and olive-plots and chestnut-groves and forests, and inhales the sharp sunniness of the Alpine air: it invigorates me afresh.

Cornaro. Yes, Tiziano! Age never droops into decrepitude while Fancy stands at his side. To how many have you given an existence for centuries! For centuries, did I say? I should have said *for ever.* Successions of engravers will fix upon imperishable metal the lineaments you have deemed worthy of preservation. Canvas may decay, colors may fade; but these artists, animated by your genius, will follow one another through the darkest ages. These are the officers of your household.

"Cursores, vitai lampada tradunt."

The time will come, perhaps within a few centuries, when the chief glory of a Venetian noble will be the possession of an ancestor by the hand of Tiziano.

Tiziano. You greatly overvalue me. There are many in our city who deserve to partake in these eulogies; and many others who followed my steps, and have preceded me to the tomb.

Cornaro. It belongs to a generous mind to be well pleased with its likeness in its inferiors: you can bear it even in a rival; you waft away your own praises, and often point toward Urbino.

Tiziano. Urbino is richer than Tyre and Sidon ever were; Urbino is more glorified than Troy and Rome. There is only one to whom the Virgin hath confided her Infant; one only to whom the Infant hath manifested his mother: he leans on her bosom; but she hath not all his love. Nearer to us, while we are conversing on this favorite of heaven, on this

purifier of the human heart, on this inspirer of the most tender and most true religion, is Antonio Allegri of Correggio. Angels play with his pencil ; and he catches them by the wing, and will not let them go. What a canopy hath he raised to himself in the Dome at Parma ! The highest of the departed and of the immortal are guardians of his sepulchre : he deserved it.

Cornaro. And deserves he little, deserves he less, who raiseth his fellow-men lower by nature to almost the same elevation ? Can the Venetian Senate ever be extinct while it beholds the effigies of those brave, intelligent, and virtuous men whom you have placed in their ancestral palaces ? There they are seated, or there they stand, according to your disposal and ordinance, — the only sovereign, the only instructed, the only true nobility in Europe. When I have been contemplating the gravity and grandeur of their countenances, and meet afterward a German or Frenchman, I acknowledge the genius, but doubt the species : I perceive that I have left the master, and recognize the groom or lackey.

Tiziano. Glorious is indeed our Italy ; and worthy is especially our Venice of her wide dominion, her long existence, her imperishable renown.

Cornaro. The wisdom and the valor which have raised her to this eminence, above all the nations of the world, are best commemorated by you. We have industrious and faithful historians ; but history is not always a safeguard against ingratitude and neglect. Now let the most negligent, let the most ungrateful, walk in our galleries, and his eyes will open a passage to his heart. Thanks to Tiziano !

Tiziano. Peace ! peace ! too generous Don Luigi ! I have scarcely done justice to several of our senators.

Cornaro. You have added fresh nobility to the noblest of them, fresh beauty to the most beautiful of their wives and daughters.

Tiziano. Let me confess it frankly : I myself do experience no slight pleasure in looking at them. You smile, Don Luigi. Do you fancy I am liable to be led back into temptation ?

Cornaro. Temptations, whether of insane ambition, or any lighter, if lighter there be any, are unlikely to draw us two astray, so near the grave as we are. Monumental brass will

shine for ages over yours : mine will be just as appropriate under the hospitable turf of Padua. I do not wonder that at this season of life you retrace your first steps toward the images you have animated. Our Creator, when he visited for the last time the Paradise he had planted, went not thither at mid-day, but in the cool of evening. Manifest once more to the beautiful pair formed by him after his own image, moved he, the Uncreated, casting no shadow.

DIALOGUES OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

I. QUEEN ELIZABETH AND CECIL.

Elizabeth. I advise thee again, churlish Cecil, how that our Edmund Spenser, whom thou callest most uncourteously a whining whelp, hath good and solid reason for his complaint. God's blood! shall the lady that tieth my garter and shuffles the smock over my head, or the lord that steadieth my chair's back while I eat, or the other that looketh to my buckhounds lest they be mangy, be holden by me in higher esteem and estate than he who hath placed me among the bravest of past times, and will as safely and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future?

Cecil. Your Highness must remember he carouseth fully for such deserts: fifty pounds a-year of unclipped moneys, and a butt of canary wine; not to mention three thousand acres in Ireland, worth fairly another fifty and another butt, in seasonable and quiet years.

Elizabeth. The moneys are not enough to sustain a pair of grooms and a pair of palfreys, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a feast. The moneys are given to such men, that they may not incline nor be obligated to any vile or lowly occupation; and the canary, that they may entertain such promising wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner there may be alway in our land a succession of these heirs unto fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness, nor in learned and majestical language, but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me, and haply the more inasmuch as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been dampened by his adversities. Read them.

Cecil.

"How much is lost when neither heart nor eye
Rosewinged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

"When, rising from the turf where youth reposed,
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;
When the huge book of Faery-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more."

Elizabeth. The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras, John Blanquieres, on my account, a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at, supplied by mine own self, indeed, as far as the subject-matter goes, but set forth by him with figures and fancies, and daintily enough bedecked. I could have wished he had thereunto joined a fair comparison between Dian — no matter — he might perhaps have fared the better for it; but poets' wits, — God help them! — when did they ever sit close about them? Read the poesy, not over-rich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

Cecil.

"Where forms the lotus, with its level leaves
And solid blossoms, many floating isles,
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves
The darksome wave! Unwonted beauty smiles

"On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,
On every nymph, and twenty sate around.
Lo! 'twas Diana — from the sultry hour
Hither she fled, nor fear'd she sight or sound.

"Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds
Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly!
Three faithful dogs before him rais'd their heads,
And watched and wonder'd at that fixèd eye.

"Forth sprang his favorite — with her arrow-hand,
Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,
Of every nymph and every reed complain'd,
And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

"On the prone head and sandal'd feet they flew —
Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!
The last marr'd voice not e'en the favorite knew,
But bay'd and fasten'd on the upbraiding deer.

"Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine
The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!
Alas that vengeance dwells with charms divine —"

Elizabeth. Pshaw! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended, — pitifully, pitifully.

Cecil. I cannot think otherwise than that the undertaker of the aforecited poesy hath chosen your Highness; for I have seen painted — I know not where, but I think no farther off than Putney — the identically same Dian, with full as many nymphs, as he calls them, and more dogs. So small a matter as a page of poesy shall never stir my choler nor twitch my purse-string.

Elizabeth. I have read in Plinius and Mela of a runlet near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an unlighted torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such a jetty to be celebrated as the decoration of my court: in simpler words, which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not from the fountain of honor give lustre to the dull and ignorant, deadening and leaving in its tomb the lamp of literature and genius. I ardently wish my reign to be remembered: if my actions were different from what they are, I should as ardently wish it to be forgotten. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and propensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God hath commanded them to stand on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence: tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey its most faithful propagator and most firm support? Mark me, I do not speak of that existence which the proudest must close in a ditch, — the narrowest, too, of ditches and the soonest filled and fouled, and whereunto a pinch of ratsbane or a poppyhead may bend him; but of that which reposes on our own good deeds, carefully picked up, skilfully put together, and decorously laid out for us by another's kind understanding: I speak of an existence such as no father is author of, or provides for. The parent gives us few days and sorrowful; the poet, many and glorious: the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues.

A page of poesy is a little matter: be it so; but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart

that the Spaniard cannot trouble; it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast-board; but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovereign dwell together; next year, they and their beagle. Both have names, but names perishable. The keeper of my privy-seal is an earl: what then? the keeper of my poultry-yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.

I desire in future to hear no contempt of penmen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the council-chamber. If Alexander was the Great, what was Aristoteles who made him so, and taught him every art and science he knew, except three, — those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom friends? Come along: I will bring thee back again nearer home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a stanza; but Edmund, if perchance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me as wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such men for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle: he complains of fortune, not of Elizabeth; of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved, — so help me, God! — he shall have no further cause for his repining. Go, convey unto him those twelve silver spoons, with the apostles on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver into his hand these twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom. Beside which, set open before him with due reverence this Bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God toward those who waited in patience for his blessing; and this pair of crimson silk hose, which thou knowest I have worn only thirteen months, taking heed that the heel-piece be put into good and sufficient restoration, at my sole charges, by the Italian woman nigh the pollard elm at Charing-cross.

II. ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.

Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it: submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most; a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honor in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Jane. What aileth my virtuous Ascham? What is amiss? Why do I tremble?

Ascham. I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago: it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses? —

> "Invisibly bright water! so like air,
> On looking down I feared thou couldst not bear
> My little bark, of all light barks most light,
> And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
> And, hanging back, breath'd each fresh gale aghast,
> And held the bench, not to go on so fast."

Jane. I was very childish when I composed them; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham. Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl; and, there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

Jane. I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not his creature.

Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive

to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham. Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously: but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is there too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady! such as ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon?) may be engulfed in the current under their garden-walls.

Jane. Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes, indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of my duties. Oh how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But, tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Plutarch and Polybius? The others I do resign; they are good for the arbor and for the gravel-walk: yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, — leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, — truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I

pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, — unworthy supplicant! — the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him; time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

Ascham. Ah Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard; I will conduct him to treasures, — Oh what treasures! — on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his fairy, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented: but watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and, if ever he meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

III. HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

Henry. Dost thou know me, Nanny, in this yeoman's dress? 'S blood! does it require so long and vacant a stare to recollect a husband after a week or two? No tragedy-tricks with me! a scream, a sob, or thy kerchief a trifle the wetter, were enough. Why, verily the little fool faints in earnest. These whey faces, like their kinsfolk the ghosts, give us no warning. (*Sprinkling water over her*). Hast had water enough upon thee? Take that, then: art thyself again?

Anne. Father of mercies! do I meet again my husband, as was my last prayer on earth? Do I behold my beloved lord — in peace — and pardoned, my partner in eternal bliss? It was his voice. I cannot see him: why cannot I? Oh why do these pangs interrupt the transports of the blessed?

Henry. Thou openest thy arms: faith! I came for that. Nanny, thou art a sweet slut.* Thou groanest, wench: art in labor? Faith! among the mistakes of the night, I am ready to think almost that thou hast been drinking, and that I have not.

Anne. God preserve your Highness: grant me your forgiveness for one slight offence. My eyes were heavy; I fell asleep while I was reading. I did not know of your presence at first; and, when I did, I could not speak. I strove for utterance: I wanted no respect for my liege and husband.

Henry. My pretty warm nestling, thou wilt then lie! Thou wert reading, and aloud too, with thy saintly cup of water by thee, and — what! thou art still girlishly fond of those dried cherries!

Anne. I had no other fruit to offer your Highness the first

* Henry was not unlearned, nor indifferent to the costlier externals of a gentleman; but in manners and language he was hardly on a level with our hostlers of the present day. He was fond of bear-baitings and other such amusements in the midst of the rabble, and would wrestle with Francis I. His reign is one continued proof, flaring and wearisome as a Lapland summer day, that even the English form of government, under a sensual king with money at his disposal, may serve only to legitimatize injustice. The Constitution was still insisted on, in all its original strength and purity, by those who had abolished many of its fundamental laws, and had placed the remainder at the discretion of the King. It never has had a more zealous advocate than Empson. This true patriot of legitimacy requested on his trial, that, "if he and Dudley were punished, it might not be divulged to other nations, lest they should infer that the final dissolution of the English government was approaching."

The government was whatever the King ordered; and he a ferocious and terrific thing, swinging on high between two windy superstitions, and caught and propelled alternately by fanaticism and lust. In Anne Boleyn, the frank and unsuspicious gayety of her temper, the restless playfulness of high spirits, which we often saw formerly in the families of country gentlemen, first captivated the affections and afterward raised the jealousy of Henry. Lightness of spirit, which had made all about her happy the whole course of her life, made her so the last day of it. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, and Henry on the morrow married Jane Seymour.

time I saw you, and you were then pleased to invent for me some reason why they should be acceptable. I did not dry these: may I present them, such as they are? We shall have fresh next month.

Henry. Thou art always driving away from the discourse. One moment it suits thee to know me, another not.

Anne. Remember, it is hardly three months since I miscarried:* I am weak, and liable to swoons.

Henry. Thou hast, however, thy bridal cheeks, with lustre upon them when there is none elsewhere, and obstinate lips resisting all impression; but, now thou talkest about miscarrying, who is the father of that boy?

Anne. The Father is yours and mine; He who hath taken him to his own home, before (like me) he could struggle or cry for it.

Henry. Pagan, or worse, to talk so! He did not come into the world alive: there was no baptism.

Anne. I thought only of our loss: my senses are confounded. I did not give him my milk, and yet I loved him tenderly; for I often fancied, had he lived, how contented and joyful he would have made you and England.

Henry. No subterfuges and escapes. I warrant, thou canst not say whether at my entrance thou wert waking or wandering.

Anne. Faintness and drowsiness came upon me suddenly.

Henry. Well, since thou really and truly sleepedst, what didst dream of?

Anne. I begin to doubt whether I did indeed sleep.

Henry. Ha! false one — never two sentences of truth together! But come, what didst think about, asleep or awake?

Anne. I thought that God had pardoned me my offences, and had received me unto him.

Henry. And nothing more?

Anne. That my prayers had been heard and my wishes

* She miscarried of a son, January the 29th, 1536: the King concluded from this event that his marriage was disagreeable to God. He had abundance of conclusions for believing that his last marriage was disagreeable to God, whenever he wanted a fresh one, and was ready in due time to give up this too with the same resignation; but he never had any *conclusions* of doing a thing disagreeable to God when a divorce or decapitation was in question.

were accomplishing: the angels alone can enjoy more beatitude than this.

Henry. Vexatious little devil! she says nothing now about me, merely from perverseness. — Hast thou never thought about me, nor about thy falsehood and adultery?

Anne. If I had committed any kind of falsehood, in regard to you or not, I should never have rested until I had thrown myself at your feet and obtained your pardon; but, if ever I had been guilty of that other crime, I know not whether I should have dared to implore it, even of God's mercy.

Henry. Thou hast heretofore cast some soft glances upon Smeaton; hast thou not?

Anne. He taught me to play on the virginals, as you know, when I was little, and thereby to please your Highness.

Henry. And Brereton and Norris, what have they taught thee?

Anne. They are your servants, and trusty ones.

Henry. Has not Weston told thee plainly that he loved thee?

Anne. Yes; and —

Henry. What didst thou?

Anne. I defied him.

Henry. Is that all?

Anne. I could have done no more if he had told me that he hated me. Then, indeed, I should have incurred more justly the reproaches of your Highness: I should have smiled.

Henry. We have proofs abundant: the fellows shall one and all confront thee. — Ay, clap thy hands and kiss thy sleeve, harlot!

Anne. Oh, that so great a favor is vouchsafed me! My honor is secure; my husband will be happy again; he will see my innocence.

Henry. Give me now an account of the moneys thou hast received from me within these nine months. I want them not back: they are letters of gold in record of thy guilt. Thou hast had no fewer than fifteen thousand pounds in that period, without even thy asking; what hast done with it, wanton?

Anne. I have regularly placed it out to interest.

Henry. Where? I demand of thee.

Anne. Among the needy and ailing. My Lord Archbishop has the account of it, sealed by him weekly.* I also had a copy myself: those who took away my papers may easily find it; for there are few others, and they lie open.

Henry. Think on my munificence to thee; recollect who made thee. Dost sigh for what thou hast lost?

Anne. I do, indeed.

Henry. I never thought thee ambitious; but thy vices creep out one by one.

Anne. I do not regret that I have been a queen and am no longer one; nor that my innocence is called in question by those who never knew me: but I lament that the good people who loved me so cordially, hate and curse me; that those who pointed me out to their daughters for imitation, check them when they speak about me; and that he whom next to God I have served with most devotion is my accuser.

Henry. Wast thou conning over something in that dingy book for thy defence? Come, tell me, what wast thou reading?

Anne. This ancient chronicle. I was looking for some one in my own condition, and must have missed the page. Surely in so many hundred years there shall have been other young maidens, first too happy for exaltation, and after too exalted for happiness, — not, perchance, doomed to die upon a scaffold, by those they ever honored and served faithfully: that, indeed, I did not look for nor think of; but my heart was bounding for any one I could love and pity. She would be unto me as a sister dead and gone; but hearing me, seeing me, consoling me, and being consoled. O my husband! it is so heavenly a thing —

Henry. To whine and whimper, no doubt, is vastly heavenly.

Anne. I said not so; but those, if there be any such, who never weep, have nothing in them of heavenly or of earthly. The plants, the trees, the very rocks and unsunned clouds,

* The Duke of Norfolk obtained an order that the Archbishop of Canterbury should retire to his palace of Lambeth on the Queen's trial. Burnet, very sharp-sighted on irregularities in ladies, says that she had distributed, in the last nine months of her life, between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds among the poor, — a sum equal in value to nearly five times the amount at present. It tends to prove how little she could have reserved for vanities or favorites.

show us at least the semblances of weeping; and there is not an aspect of the globe we live on, nor of the waters and skies around it, without a reference and a similitude to our joys or sorrows.

Henry. I do not remember that notion anywhere. Take care no enemy rake out of it something of materialism. Guard well thy empty hot brain: it may hatch more evil. As for those odd words, I myself would fain see no great harm in them, knowing that grief and frenzy strike out many things which would else lie still, and neither spirt nor sparkle. I also know that thou hast never read any thing but Bible and history, — the two worst books in the world for young people, and the most certain to lead astray both prince and subject. For which reason I have interdicted and entirely put down the one, and will (by the blessing of the Virgin and of holy Paul) commit the other to a rigid censor. If it behooves us kings to enact what our people shall eat and drink, — of which the most unruly and rebellious spirit can entertain no doubt, — greatly more doth it behoove us to examine what they read and think. The body is moved according to the mind and will: we must take care that the movement be a right one, on pain of God's anger in this life and the next.

Anne. O my dear husband! it must be a naughty thing, indeed, that makes him angry beyond remission. Did you ever try how pleasant it is to forgive any one? There is nothing else wherein we can resemble God perfectly and easily.

Henry. Resemble God perfectly and easily! Do vile creatures talk thus of the Creator?

Anne. No, Henry, when his creatures talk thus of him, they are no longer vile creatures! When they know that he is good, they love him; and, when they love him, they are good themselves. O Henry! my husband and King! the judgments of our Heavenly Father are righteous: on this, surely, we must think alike.

Henry. And what, then? Speak out: again I command thee, speak plainly! thy tongue was not so torpid but this moment. Art ready? Must I wait?

Anne. If any doubt remains upon your royal mind of your equity in this business; should it haply seem possible to you that passion or prejudice, in yourself or another, may have

warped so strong an understanding, — do but supplicate the Almighty to strengthen and enlighten it, and he will hear you.

Henry. What! thou wouldst fain change thy quarters, ay?

Anne. My spirit is detached and ready, and I shall change them shortly, whatever your Highness may determine. Ah! my native Bickling is a pleasant place. May I go back to it? Does that kind smile say, *Yes?* Do the hounds ever run that way now? The fruit-trees must be all in full blossom, and the gorse on the hill above quite dazzling. How good it was in you to plant your park at Greenwich after my childish notion, tree for tree, the very same as at Bickling! Has the hard winter killed them, or the winds loosened the stakes about them?

Henry. Silly child! as if thou shouldst see them any more.

Anne. Alas, what strange things happen! But they and I are nearly of the same age; young alike, and without hold upon any thing.

Henry. Yet thou appearest hale and resolute, and (they tell me) smirkest and smilest to everybody.

Anne. The withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it; and I have heard stories of the breeze in other climates that sets in when daylight is about to close, and how constant it is, and how refreshing. My heart, indeed, is now sustained strangely: it became the more sensibly so from that time forward, when power and grandeur and all things terrestrial were sunk from sight. Every act of kindness in those about me gives me satisfaction and pleasure, such as I did not feel formerly. I was worse before God chastened me; yet I was never an ingrate. What pains have I taken to find out the village-girls who placed their posies in my chamber ere I arose in the morning! How gladly would I have recompensed the forester who lit up a brake on my birthnight, which else had warmed him half the winter! But these are times past: I was not Queen of England.

Henry. Nor adulterous, nor heretical.

Anne. God be praised!

Henry. Learned saint! thou knowest nothing of the lighter, but perhaps canst inform me about the graver, of them.

Anne. Which may it be, my liege?

Henry. Which may it be? Pestilence! I marvel that the walls of this tower do not crack around thee at such impiety.

Anne. I would be instructed by the wisest of theologians: such is your Highness.

Henry. Are the sins of the body, foul as they are, comparable to those of the soul?

Anne. When they are united, they must be worse.

Henry. Go on, go on: thou pushest thy own breast against the sword. God hath deprived thee of thy reason for thy punishment. I must hear more: proceed, I charge thee.

Anne. An aptitude to believe one thing rather than another, from ignorance or weakness, or from the more persuasive manner of the teacher, or from his purity of life, or from the strong impression of a particular text at a particular time, and various things beside, may influence and decide our opinion; and the hand of the Almighty, let us hope, will fall gently on human fallibility.

Henry. Opinion in matters of faith! rare wisdom! rare religion! Troth, Anne! thou hast well sobered me. I came rather warmly and lovingly; but these light ringlets, by the holy rood, shall not shade this shoulder much longer. Nay, do not start; I tap it for the last time, my sweetest. If the Church permitted it, thou shouldst set forth on thy long journey with the eucharist between thy teeth, however loath.

Anne. Love your Elizabeth, my honored lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me. Do not chide her: think how young she is.*

Could I, could I kiss her, but once again! it would comfort my heart, — or break it.

* Elizabeth was not quite three years old at her mother's death, being born the 7th of September, 1533.

It does not appear that the Defender of the Faith brought his wife to the scaffold for the good of her soul, nor that she was pregnant at the time, which would have added much to the merit of the action, as there is the probability that the child would have been heretical. Casper Scioppius, who flourished in the same century, says in his *Classicum Belli Sacri* that the children of heretics should not be pardoned, lest, if they grow up, they be implicated in the wickedness of their parents, and perish eternally.

Literature and religion seem to have been contending two hundred years, unintermittingly, which of them should be most efficient in banishing humanity and civility from the world, — the very things which it was their business to propagate and preserve, and without which they not

IV. BENIOWSKI AND APHANASIA.

Aphanasia. You are leaving us! you are leaving us! O Maurice! in these vast wildernesses are you, then, the only thing cruel?

Beniowski. Aphanasia! who, in the name of Heaven, could have told you this?

Aphanasia. Your sighs when we met at lesson.

Beniowski. And may not an exile sigh? Does the merciless Catharine, the murderer of her husband, — does even she forbid it? Loss of rank, of estate, of liberty, of country! —

Aphanasia. You had lost them, and still were happy. Did not you tell me that our studies were your consolation, and that Aphanasia was your heart's content?

Beniowski. Innocence and youth should ever be unsuspicious.

Aphanasia. I am, then, wicked in your eyes! Hear me! hear me! It was no suspicion in me. Fly, Maurice! fly, my beloved Maurice! my father knows your intention —fly, fly!

Beniowski. Impossible! how know it? how suspect it? Speak, my sweet girl! be calm.

Aphanasia. Only do not go while there is nothing under heaven but the snows and sea. Where will you find food? Who will chafe your hands? Who will warn you not to sleep lest you should die? And whose voice, can you tell me, will help your smiles to waken you? Maurice, dear Maurice,

only are useless but pernicious. Scioppius stood as bottle-holder to both, in their most desperate attacks. He, who was so munificent to children, in little fagots, little swords, and little halters, gave also a Christmas-box to James I. "*Alexipharmacum regium felli draconum et veneno aspidum, sub Philippi Mornæi de Plessis nuperâ papatûs historiâ abdito, appositum, et serenissimo Domino, Jacobo Magnæ Britanniæ regi,* strenæ Januariæ *loco, muneri missum.*" From the inexhaustible stores of his generosity he made another such present. "*Collyrium Regium Britanniæ regi, graviter ex oculis laboranti, muneri missum.*" Sir Henry Wotton, who found him in Madrid, to requite him for his Christmas-box and box of eye-salve, ordered him to be whipped without a metaphor: on which Lavanda says, "Quid Hispane calleat Scioppius haud scio; si quid tamen istius linguæ in ipso fuit, tunc opinor exseruit maxime quando in Hispaniâ Anglice vapulavit." The remedies of Henry were less fallible, and his gifts more royal.

only stay until the summer: my father will then have ceased to suspect you, and I may learn from you how to bear it. March, April, May — three months are little — you have been here three months — one fagot's blaze! Do promise me. I will throw myself on the floor, and ask my good, kind father to let you leave us.

Beniowski. Aphanasia! are you wild? My dearest girl, abandon the idea! You ruin me; you cause my imprisonment, my deprivation of you, my death. Listen to me: I swear to do nothing without you.

Aphanasia. Oh, yes! you go without me.

Beniowski. Painfullest of my thoughts! No; here let me live, — here, lost, degraded, useless; and Aphanasia be the witness of nothing but my ignominy. O God! was I born for this: is mine a light to set in this horizon?

Aphanasia. I do not understand you: did you pray? May the saints of heaven direct you! but not to leave me!

Beniowski. O Aphanasia! I thought you were too reasonable and too courageous to shed tears: you did not weep before; why do you now?

Aphanasia. Ah! why did you read to me, once, of those two lovers who were buried in the same grave?

Beniowski. What two? there have been several.

Aphanasia. Dearest, dearest Maurice! are lovers, then, often so happy to the last? God will be as good to us as to any; for surely we trust in him as much. Come, come along: let us run to the sea the whole way. There is fondness in your sweet, compassionate face; and yet, I pray you, do not look, — oh do not look, at me! I am so ashamed. Take me, take me with you: let us away this instant! Loose me from your arms, dear Maurice: let me go; I will return again directly. Forgive me! *but* forgive me! Do not think me vile! You do not: I know you do not, now you kiss me.

Beniowski. Never will I consent to loose you, light of my deliverance! Let this unite us eternally, my sweet espoused Aphanasia!

Aphanasia. Espoused! O blessed day! O light from heaven! I could no longer be silent; I could not speak otherwise. The seas are very wide, they tell me, and covered with rocks of ice and mountains of snow for many versts, upon which there is not an aspen or birch or alder to catch

at, if the wind should blow hard. There is no rye, nor berries, nor little birds tamed by the frost, nor beasts asleep; and many days, and many long, stormy nights must be endured upon the waves without food. Could you bear this quite alone?

Beniowski. Could *you* bear it, Aphanasia?

Aphanasia. Alone, I could not.

Beniowski. Could you with me? Think again: we both must suffer.

Aphanasia. How can we, Maurice? Shall not we die together? Why do you clasp me so hard?

Beniowski. Could you endure to see, hour after hour, the deaths and the agonies of the brave? — how many deaths! what dreadful agonies! The fury of thirst, the desperation of hunger? To hear their bodies plunged nightly into the unhallowed deep; but first, Aphanasia, to hear them curse me as the author of their sufferings, the deluder of an innocent and an inexperienced girl, dragging her with me to a watery grave, famished and ghastly, so lovely and so joyous but the other day? O my Aphanasia! there are things which you have never heard, never should have heard, and must hear. You have read about the works of God in the creation?

Aphanasia. My father could teach me thus far: it is in the Bible.

Beniowski. You have read, "In his image created he man."

Aphanasia. I thought it strange, until I saw you, Maurice!

Beniowski. Strange, then, will you think it that man himself breaks this image in his brother.

Aphanasia. Cain did, and was accursed for it.

Beniowski. We do, and are honored; dishonored, if we do not. This is yet distant from the scope of my discourse. You have heard the wolves and bears howl about our sheds?

Aphanasia. Oh, yes! and I have been told that they come upon the ice into the sea. But I am not afraid of them: I will give you a signal when they are near us.

Beniowski. Hunger is sometimes so intolerable, it compels them to kill and devour one another.

Aphanasia. They are violent and hurtful creatures; but that shocks me.

Beniowski. What, if men did it?

Aphanasia. Merciful Redeemer! You do not mean, devour each other?

Beniowski. Hunger has driven men to this extremity. You doubt my words: astonishment turns you pale, — paler than ever.

Aphanasia. I do believe you. — Was I then so pale? I know they kill one another when they are not famished; can I wonder that they eat one another when they are? The cruelty would be less, even without the compulsion; but the killing did not seem so strange to me, because I had heard of it before.

Beniowski. Think! our mariners may draw lots for the victim, or may seize the weakest.

Aphanasia. I am the weakest: what can you say now? O foolish girl to have spoken it! You have hurt, you have hurt your forehead! Do not stride away from me thus wildly! Do not throw back on me those reproaching, those terrifying glances! Have the sailors no better hopes of living, strong as they are, and accustomed to the hardships and dangers of the ocean?

Beniowski. Hopes there are always.

Aphanasia. Why, then, do you try to frighten me with what is not and may not ever be? Why look as if it pained you to be kind to me? Do you retract the promise yet warm upon your lips? Would you render the sea itself more horrible than it is? Am I ignorant that it has whirlpools and monsters in its bosom; and storms and tempests that will never let it rest; and revengeful and remorseless men, that mix each other's blood in its salt waters, when cities and solitudes are not vast enough to receive it? The sea is indeed a very frightful thing: I will look away from it. I protest to you I never will be sad or frightened at it, if you will but let me go with you. If you will not, O Maurice, I shall die with fear; I shall never see you again, though you return, — and you will so wish to see me! For you will grow kinder when you are away.

Beniowski. O Aphanasia! little know you me or yourself.

Aphanasia. While you are with me, I know how dearly I love you; when you are absent, I cannot think it half, so many sighs and sorrows interrupt me! And you will love me very much when you are gone! Even this might pain

you: do not let it! No! you have promised: 'twas I who had forgotten it, not you.

How your heart beats! These are your tears upon my hair and shoulders.

Beniowski. May they be the last we shall mingle!

Aphanasia. Let me run, then, and embrace my father: if he does not bless me, you ought not.

Beniowski. Aphanasia, I will not refuse you even what would disunite us. Let me, too, stay and perish!

Aphanasia. Ah, my most tender, most confiding father! must you then weep for me, or must you hate me?

Beniowski. We shall meet again; and soon, perhaps. I promise it. The seas will spare us. He who inspires the heart of Aphanasia will preserve her days.

V. BOSSUET AND THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES.*

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, it is the King's desire that I compliment you on the elevation you have attained.

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I know very well what you mean. His Majesty is kind and polite to everybody. The last thing he said to me was, "Angélique! do not forget to compliment Monseigneur the Bishop on the dignity I have conferred upon him, of almoner to the Dauphiness. I desired the appointment for him, only that he might be of rank sufficient to confess you, now you are Duchess. Let him be your confessor, my little girl. He has fine manners."

Bossuet. I dare not presume to ask you, mademoiselle, what was your gracious reply to the condescension of our royal master.

Fontanges. Oh, yes! you may. I told him I was almost sure I should be ashamed of confessing such naughty things to a person of high rank, who writes like an angel.

* The Abbé de Choisy says that she was "*belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier.*"

Bossuet. The observation was inspired, mademoiselle, by your goodness and modesty.

Fontanges. You are so agreeable a man, monseigneur, I will confess to you, directly, if you like.

Bossuet. Have you brought yourself to a proper frame of mind, young lady?

Fontanges. What is that?

Bossuet. Do you hate sin?

Fontanges. Very much.

Bossuet. Are you resolved to leave it off?

Fontanges. I have left it off entirely since the King began to love me. I have never said a spiteful word of anybody since.

Bossuet. In your opinion, mademoiselle, are there no other sins than malice?

Fontanges. I never stole any thing; I never committed adultery; I never coveted my neighbor's wife; I never killed any person, though several have told me they should die for me.

Bossuet. Vain, idle talk! Did you listen to it?

Fontanges. Indeed I did, with both ears; it seemed so funny.

Bossuet. You have something to answer for, then.

Fontanges. No, indeed, I have not, monseigneur. I have asked many times after them, and found they were all alive; which mortified me.

Bossuet. So, then! you would really have them die for you?

Fontanges. Oh, no, no! but I wanted to see whether they were in earnest, or told me fibs; for, if they told me fibs, I would never trust them again. I do not care about them; for the King told me I was only to mind *him*.

Bossuet. Lowest and highest, we all owe to his Majesty our duty and submission.

Fontanges. I am sure he has mine: so you need not blame me or question me on that. At first, indeed, when he entered the folding-doors, I was in such a flurry I could hear my heart beat across the chamber; by degrees I cared little about the matter; and at last, when I grew used to it, I liked it rather than not. Now, if this is not confession, what is?

Bossuet. We must abstract the soul from every low mundane thought. Do you hate the world, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. A good deal of it: all Picardy, for example, and all Sologne; nothing is uglier, — and, oh my life! what frightful men and women!

Bossuet. I would say, in plain language, do you hate the flesh and the Devil?

Fontanges. Who does not hate the Devil? If you will hold my hand the while, I will tell him so. — I hate you, beast! There now. As for flesh, I never could bear a fat man. Such people can neither dance nor hunt, nor do any thing that I know of.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle Marie-Angélique de Scoraille de Rousille, Duchess de Fontanges! do you hate titles and dignities and yourself?

Fontanges. Myself! does any one hate me? Why should I be the first? Hatred is the worst thing in the world: it makes one so very ugly.

Bossuet. To love God, we must hate ourselves. We must detest our bodies, if we would save our souls.

Fontanges. That is hard: how can I do it? I see nothing so detestable in mine. Do you? To love is easier. I love God whenever I think of him, he has been so very good to me; but I cannot hate myself, if I would. As God hath not hated me, why should I? Beside, it was he who made the King to love me; for I heard you say in a sermon that the hearts of kings are in his rule and governance. As for titles and dignities, I do not care much about them while his Majesty loves me, and calls me his Angélique. They make people more civil about us; and therefore it must be a simpleton who hates or disregards them, and a hypocrite who pretends it. I am glad to be a duchess. Manon and Lisette have never tied my garter so as to hurt me since, nor has the mischievous old La Grange said any thing cross or bold: on the contrary, she told me what a fine color and what a plumpness it gave me. Would not you rather be a duchess than a waiting-maid or a nun, if the King gave you your choice?

Bossuet. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I am confounded at the levity of your question.

Fontanges. I am in earnest, as you see.

Bossuet. Flattery will come before you in other and more dangerous forms: you will be commended for excellences which do not belong to you; and this you will find as injuri-

ous to your repose as to your virtue. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it, you are unhappy; if you accept it, you are undone. The compliments of a king are of themselves sufficient to pervert your intellect.

Fontanges. There you are mistaken twice over. It is not my person that pleases him so greatly: it is my spirit, my wit, my talents, my genius, and that very thing which you have mentioned — what was it? my intellect. He never complimented me the least upon my beauty. Others have said that I am the most beautiful young creature under heaven; a blossom of Paradise, a nymph, an angel; worth (let me whisper it in your ear — do I lean too hard?) a thousand Montespans. But his Majesty never said more on the occasion than that I was *imparagonable!* (what is that?) and that he adored me; holding my hand and sitting quite still, when he might have romped with me and kissed me.

Bossuet. I would aspire to the glory of converting you.

Fontanges. You may do any thing with me but convert me: you must not do that; I am a Catholic born. M. de Turenne and Mademoiselle de Duras were heretics: you did right there. The King told the chancellor that he prepared them, that the business was arranged for you, and that you had nothing to do but to get ready the arguments and responses, which you did gallantly, — did not you? And yet Mademoiselle de Duras was very awkward for a long while afterward in crossing herself, and was once remarked to beat her breast in the litany with the points of two fingers at a time, when every one is taught to use only the second, whether it has a ring upon it or not. I am sorry she did so; for people might think her insincere in her conversion, and pretend that she kept a finger for each religion.

Bossuet. It would be as uncharitable to doubt the conviction of Mademoiselle de Duras as that of M. le Maréchal.

Fontanges. I have heard some fine verses, I can assure you, monseigneur, in which you are called the conqueror of Turenne. I should like to have been his conqueror myself, he was so great a man. I understand that you have lately done a much more difficult thing.

Bossuet. To what do you refer, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. That you have overcome quietism. Now, in the name of wonder, how could you manage that?

Bossuet. By the grace of God.

Fontanges. Yes, indeed; but never until now did God give any preacher so much of his grace as to subdue this pest.

Bossuet. It has appeared among us but lately.

Fontanges. Oh, dear me! I have always been subject to it dreadfully, from a child.

Bossuet. Really! I never heard so.

Fontanges. I checked myself as well as I could, although they constantly told me I looked well in it.

Bossuet. In what, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. In quietism; that is, when I fell asleep at sermon-time. I am ashamed that such a learned and pious man as M. de Fénélon should incline to it,* as they say he does.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, you quite mistake the matter.

Fontanges. Is not then M. de Fénélon thought a very pious and learned person?

Bossuet. And justly.

Fontanges. I have read a great way in a romance he has begun, about a knight-errant in search of a father. The King says there are many such about his court; but I never saw them nor heard of them before. The Marchioness de la Motte, his relative, brought it to me, written out in a charming hand, as much as the copy-book would hold; and I got through, I know not how far. If he had gone on with the nymphs in the grotto, I never should have been tired of him; but he quite forgot his own story, and left them at once; in a hurry (I suppose) to set out upon his mission to Saintonge in the *pays d'Aunis*, where the King has promised him a famous *heretic-hunt*. He is, I do assure you, a wonderful creature: he understands so much Latin and Greek, and knows all the tricks of the sorceresses. Yet you keep him under.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, if you really have any thing to confess, and if you desire that I should have the honor of

* The opinions of Molinos on Mysticism and Quietism had begun to spread abroad; but Fénélon, who had acquired already a very high celebrity for eloquence, had not yet written on the subject. We may well suppose that Bossuet was among the earliest assailants of a system which he afterward attacked so vehemently. The stormier superstition swept away the more vapory.

absolving you, it would be better to proceed in it, than to oppress me with unmerited eulogies on my humble labors.

Fontanges. You must first direct me, monseigneur: I have nothing particular. The King assures me there is no harm whatever in his love toward me.

Bossuet. That depends on your thoughts at the moment. If you abstract the mind from the body, and turn your heart toward heaven —

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I always did so — every time but once — you quite make me blush. Let us converse about something else, or I shall grow too serious, just as you made me the other day at the funeral sermon. And now let me tell you, my Lord, you compose such pretty funeral sermons, I hope I shall have the pleasure of hearing you preach mine.

Bossuet. Rather let us hope, mademoiselle, that the hour is yet far distant when so melancholy a service will be performed for you. May he who is unborn be the sad announcer of your departure hence! * May he indicate to those around him many virtues not perhaps yet full-blown in you, and point triumphantly to many faults and foibles checked by you in their early growth, and lying dead on the open road you shall have left behind you! To me the painful duty will, I trust, be spared: I am advanced in age; you are a child.

Fontanges. Oh, no! I am seventeen.

Bossuet. I should have supposed you younger by two years at least. But do you collect nothing from your own reflection, which raises so many in my breast? You think it possible that I, aged as I am, may preach a sermon on your funeral. Alas, it is so! such things have been. There is, however, no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

Fontanges. I never minded them: I like peaches better; and one a day is quite enough for me.

Bossuet. We say that our days are few; and, saying it, we say too much. Marie-Angélique, we have but one: the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future? This in

* Bossuet was in his fifty-fourth year; Mademoiselle de Fontanges died in childbed the year following: he survived her twenty-three.

which we live is ours only while we live in it; the next moment may strike it off from us; the next sentence I would utter may be broken and fall between us.* The beauty that has made a thousand hearts to beat at one instant, at the succeeding has been without pulse and color, without admirer, friend, companion, follower. She by whose eyes the march of victory shall have been directed, whose name shall have animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust. Duchess de Fontanges! think on this! Lady! so live as to think on it undisturbed!

Fontanges. O God! I am quite alarmed. Do not talk thus gravely. It is in vain that you speak to me in so sweet a voice. I am frightened even at the rattle of the beads about my neck: take them off, and let us talk on other things. What was it that dropped on the floor as you were speaking? It seemed to shake the room, though it sounded like a pin or button.

Bossuet. Never mind it: leave it there; I pray you, I implore you, madame!

Fontanges. Why do you rise? Why do you run? Why not let me? I am nimbler. So, your ring fell from your hand, my Lord Bishop! How quick you are! Could not you have trusted me to pick it up?

Bossuet. Madame is too condescending: had this happened, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion. My hand is shrivelled: the ring has ceased to fit it. A mere accident may draw us into perdition; a mere accident may bestow on us the means of grace. A pebble has moved you more than my words.

Fontanges. It pleases me vastly: I admire rubies. I will ask the King for one exactly like it. This is the time he usually comes from the chase. I am sorry you cannot be present to hear how prettily I shall ask him: but that is

* Though Bossuet was capable of uttering and even of feeling such a sentiment, his conduct toward Fénélon, the fairest apparition that Christianity ever presented, was ungenerous and unjust.

While the diocese of Cambray was ravaged by Louis, it was spared by Marlborough; who said to the Archbishop that, if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was chiefly because he lost for a time the pleasure of visiting so great a man. Peterborough, the next of our generals in glory, paid his respects to him some years afterward.

impossible, you know ; for I shall do it just when I am certain he would give me any thing. He said so himself: he said but yesterday, —

"Such a sweet creature is worth a world ;"

and no actor on the stage was more like a king than his Majesty was when he spoke it, if he had but kept his wig and robe on. And yet you know he is rather stiff and wrinkled for so great a monarch ; and his eyes, I am afraid, are beginning to fail him, he looks so close at things.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, such is the duty of a prince who desires to conciliate our regard and love.

Fontanges. Well, I think so too, though I did not like it in him at first. I am sure he will order the ring for me, and I will confess to you with it upon my finger. But first I must be cautious and particular to know of him how much it is his royal will that I should say.

VI. JOHN OF GAUNT AND JOANNA OF KENT.

Joanna. How is this, my cousin,* that you are besieged in your own house, by the citizens of London ? I thought you were their idol.

Gaunt. If their idol, madam, I am one which they may tread on as they list when down ; but which, by my soul and knighthood ! the ten best battle-axes among them shall find it hard work to unshrine.

Pardon me : I have no right perhaps to take or touch this hand ; yet, my sister, bricks and stones and arrows are not presents fit for you. Let me conduct you some paces hence.

* Joanna, called the Fair Maid of Kent, was cousin of the Black Prince, whom she married. John of Gaunt was suspected of aiming at the crown in the beginning of Richard's minority, which, increasing the hatred of the people against him for favoring the sect of Wickliffe, excited them to demolish his house and to demand his impeachment.

Joanna. I will speak to those below in the street. Quit my hand: they shall obey me.

Gaunt. If you intend to order my death, madam, your guards who have entered my court, and whose spurs and halberts I hear upon the staircase, may overpower my domestics; and, seeing no such escape as becomes my dignity, I submit to you. Behold my sword at your feet! Some formalities, I trust, will be used in the proceedings against me. Entitle me, in my attainder, not John of Gaunt, not Duke of Lancaster, not King of Castile; nor commemorate my father, the most glorious of princes, the vanquisher and pardoner of the most powerful; nor style me, what those who loved or who flattered me did when I was happier, cousin to the Fair Maid of Kent. Joanna, those days are over! But no enemy, no law, no eternity can take away from me, or move further off, my affinity in blood to the conqueror in the field of Crecy, of Poitiers, and Najora. Edward was my brother when he was but your cousin; and the edge of my shield has clinked on his in many a battle. Yes, we were ever near, — if not in worth, in danger.

Joanna. Attainder! God avert it! Duke of Lancaster, what dark thought — alas! that the Regency should have known it! I came hither, sir, for no such purpose as to ensnare or incriminate or alarm you.

These weeds might surely have protected me from the fresh tears you have drawn forth.

Gaunt. Sister, be comforted! this visor, too, has felt them.

Joanna. O my Edward! my own so lately! Thy memory — thy beloved image — which never hath abandoned me, makes me bold: I dare not say "generous;" for in saying it I should cease to be so, — and who could be called generous by the side of thee? I will rescue from perdition the enemy of my son.

Cousin, you loved your brother. Love, then, what was dearer to him than his life: protect what he, valiant as you have seen him, cannot! The father, who foiled so many, hath left no enemies; the innocent child, who can injure no one, finds them!

Why have you unlaced and laid aside your visor? Do not expose your body to those missiles. Hold your shield before yourself, and step aside. I need it not. I am resolved —

Gaunt. On what, my cousin? Speak, and, by the Lord! it shall be done. This breast is your shield; this arm is mine.

Joanna. Heavens! who could have hurled those masses of stone from below? they stunned me. Did they descend all of them together; or did they split into fragments on hitting the pavement?

Gaunt. Truly, I was not looking that way: they came, I must believe, while you were speaking.

Joanna. Aside, aside! further back! disregard *me!* Look! that last arrow sticks half its head deep in the wainscot. It shook so violently I did not see the feather at first.

No, no, Lancaster! I will not permit it. Take your shield up again; and keep it all before you. Now step aside: I am resolved to prove whether the people will hear me.

Gaunt. Then, madam, by your leave —

Joanna. Hold! forbear! Come hither! hither, — not forward.

Gaunt. Villains! take back to your kitchens those spits and skewers that you forsooth would fain call swords and arrows; and keep your bricks and stones for your graves!

Joanna. Imprudent man! who can save you? I shall be frightened: I must speak at once.

O good kind people! ye who so greatly loved me, when I am sure I had done nothing to deserve it, have I (unhappy me!) no merit with you now, when I would assuage your anger, protect your fair fame, and send you home contented with yourselves and me? Who is he, worthy citizens, whom ye would drag to slaughter?

True, indeed, he did revile some one. Neither I nor you can say whom, — some feaster and rioter, it seems, who had little right (he thought) to carry sword or bow, and who, to show it, hath slunk away. And then another raised his anger: he was indignant that, under his roof, a woman should be exposed to stoning. Which of you would not be as choleric in a like affront? In the house of which among you, should I not be protected as resolutely?

No, no: I never can believe those angry cries. Let none ever tell me again he is the enemy of my son, of his king, your darling child, Richard. Are your fears more lively than a poor weak female's? than a mother's? yours, whom he hath so often led to victory, and praised to his father, naming

each, — he, John of Gaunt, the defender of the helpless, the comforter of the desolate, the rallying signal of the desperately brave!

Retire, Duke of Lancaster! This is no time —

Gaunt. Madam, I obey; but not through terror of that puddle at the house-door, which my handful of dust would dry up. Deign to command me!

Joanna. In the name of my son, then, retire!

Gaunt. Angelic goodness! I must fairly win it

Joanna. I think I know his voice that crieth out, "Who will answer for him?" An honest and loyal man's, one who would counsel and save me in any difficulty and danger. With what pleasure and satisfaction, with what perfect joy and confidence, do I answer our right-trusty and well-judging friend!

"Let Lancaster bring his sureties," say you, "and we separate." A moment yet before we separate; if I might delay you so long, to receive your sanction of those sureties: for, in such grave matters, it would ill become us to be over-hasty. I could bring fifty, I could bring a hundred, not from among soldiers, not from among courtiers; but selected from yourselves, were it equitable and fair to show such partialities, or decorous in the parent and guardian of a king to offer any other than herself.

Raised by the hand of the Almighty from amidst you, but still one of you, if the mother of a family is a part of it, here I stand surety for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, for his loyalty and allegiance.

Gaunt (*running toward Joanna*). Are the rioters, then, bursting into the chamber through the windows?

Joanna. The windows and doors of this solid edifice rattled and shook at the people's acclamation. My word is given for you: this was theirs in return. Lancaster! what a voice have the people when they speak out! It shakes me with astonishment, almost with consternation, while it establishes the throne: what must it be when it is lifted up in vengeance!

Gaunt. Wind; vapor —

Joanna. Which none can wield nor hold. Need I say this to my cousin of Lancaster?

Gaunt. Rather say, madam, that there is always one star above which can tranquillize and control them.

Joanna. Go, cousin! another time more sincerity!

Gaunt. You have this day saved my life from the people; for I now see my danger better, when it is no longer close before me. My Christ! if ever I forget —

Joanna. Swear not: every man in England hath sworn what you would swear. But if you abandon my Richard, my brave and beautiful child, may — Oh! I could never curse, nor wish an evil; but, if you desert him in the hour of need, you will think of those who have not deserted you, and your own great heart will lie heavy on you, Lancaster!

Am I graver than I ought to be, that you look dejected? Come, then, gentle cousin, lead me to my horse, and accompany me home. Richard will embrace us tenderly. Every one is dear to every other upon rising out fresh from peril; affectionately then will he look, sweet boy, upon his mother and his uncle! Never mind how many questions he may ask you, nor how strange ones. His only displeasure, if he has any, will be that he stood not against the rioters or among them.

Gaunt. Older than he have been as fond of mischief, and as fickle in the choice of a party.

I shall tell him that, coming to blows, the assailant is often in the right; that the assailed is always.

VII. THE LADY LISLE AND ELIZABETH GAUNT.*

Lady Lisle. Madam, I am confident you will pardon me; for affliction teaches forgiveness.

Elizabeth Gaunt. From the cell of the condemned we are going, unless my hopes mislead me, where alone we can receive it.

Tell me, I beseech you, lady! in what matter or manner do

* Burnet relates from William Penn, who was present, that Elizabeth Gaunt placed the fagots round her body with her own hands. Lady Lisle was not burned alive, though sentenced to it; but hanged and beheaded.

you think you can have offended a poor sinner such as I am. Surely we come into this dismal place for our offences ; and it is not here that any can be given or taken.

Lady Lisle. Just now, when I entered the prison, I saw your countenance serene and cheerful ; you looked upon me for a time with an unaltered eye : you turned away from me, as I fancied, only to utter some expressions of devotion ; and again you looked upon me, and tears rolled down your face. Alas that I should, by any circumstance, any action or recollection, make another unhappy ! Alas that I should deepen the gloom in the very shadow of death !

Elizabeth Gaunt. Be comforted : you have not done it. Grief softens and melts and flows away with tears. .

I wept because another was greatly more wretched than myself. I wept at that black attire, — at that attire of modesty and of widowhood.

Lady Lisle. It covers a wounded, almost a broken, heart, — an unworthy offering to our blessed Redeemer.

Elizabeth Gaunt. In his name let us now rejoice ! Let us offer our prayers and our thanks at once together ! We may yield up our souls, perhaps, at the same hour.

Lady Lisle. Is mine so pure ? Have I bemoaned, as I should have done, the faults I have committed ? Have my sighs arisen for the unmerited mercies of my God ; and not rather for him, the beloved of my heart, the adviser and sustainer I have lost ?

Open, O gates of Death !

Smile on me, approve my last action in this world, O virtuous husband ! O saint and martyr ! my brave, compassionate, and loving Lisle.

Elizabeth Gaunt. And cannot you too smile, sweet lady ? Are not you with him even now ? Doth body, doth clay, doth air, separate and estrange free spirits ? Bethink you of his gladness, of his glory ; and begin to partake them.

Oh ! how could an Englishman, how could twelve, condemn to death — condemn to so great an evil as they thought it and may find it — this innocent and helpless widow ?

Lady Lisle. Blame not *that* jury ! — blame not the jury which brought against me the verdict of guilty. I was so : I received in my house a wanderer who had fought under the rash and giddy Monmouth. He was hungry and thirsty, and

I took him in. My Saviour had commanded, my King had forbidden, it.

Yet the twelve would not have delivered me over to death, unless the judge had threatened them with an accusation of treason in default of it. Terror made them unanimous: they redeemed their properties and lives at the stated price.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I hope, at least, the unfortunate man whom you received in the hour of danger may avoid his penalty.

Lady Lisle. Let us hope it.

Elizabeth Gaunt. I, too, am imprisoned for the same offence; and I have little expectation that he who was concealed by me hath any chance of happiness, although he hath escaped. Could I find the means of conveying to him a small pittance, I should leave the world the more comfortably.

Lady Lisle. Trust in God; not in one thing or another, but in all. Resign the care of this wanderer to *his* guidance.

Elizabeth Gaunt. He abandoned that guidance.

Lady Lisle. Unfortunate! how can money then avail him?

Elizabeth Gaunt. It might save him from distress and from despair, from the taunts of the hard-hearted and from the inclemency of the godly.

Lady Lisle. In godliness, O my friend! there cannot be inclemency.

Elizabeth Gaunt. You are thinking of perfection, my dear lady; and I marvel not at it, for what else hath ever occupied your thoughts! But godliness, in almost the best of us, often is austere, often uncompliant and rigid, — proner to reprove than to pardon, to drag back or thrust aside than to invite and help onward.

Poor man! I never knew him before; I cannot tell how he shall endure his self-reproach, or whether it will bring him to calmer thoughts hereafter.

Lady Lisle. I am not a busy idler in curiosity; nor, if I were, is there time enough left me for indulging in it; yet gladly would I learn the history of events, at the first appearance so resembling those in mine.

Elizabeth Gaunt. The person's name I never may disclose; which would be the worst thing I could betray of the trust he placed in me. He took refuge in my humble dwell-

ing, imploring me in the name of Christ to harbor him for a season. Food and raiment were afforded him unsparingly; yet his fears made him shiver through them. Whatever I could urge of prayer and exhortation was not wanting; still, although he prayed, he was disquieted. Soon came to my ears the declaration of the King, that his Majesty would rather pardon a rebel than the concealer of a rebel. The hope was a faint one; but it *was* a hope, and I gave it him. His thanksgivings were now more ardent, his prayers more humble, and oftener repeated. They did not strengthen his heart: it was unpurified and unprepared for them. Poor creature! he consented with it to betray me; and I am condemned to be burned alive. Can we believe, can we encourage the hope, that in his weary way through life he will find those only who will conceal from him the knowledge of this execution? Heavily, too heavily, must it weigh on so irresolute and infirm a breast.

Let it not move you to weeping.

Lady Lisle. It does not; oh! it does not.

Elizabeth Gaunt. What, then?

Lady Lisle. Your saintly tenderness, your heavenly tranquillity.

Elizabeth Gaunt. No, no: abstain! abstain! It was I who grieved; it was I who doubted. Let us now be firmer: we have both the same rock to rest upon. See! I shed no tears.

I saved his life, an unprofitable and (I fear) a joyless one; he, by God's grace, has thrown open to me, and at an earlier hour than ever I ventured to expect it, the avenue to eternal bliss.

Lady Lisle. O my good angel! that bestrewest with fresh flowers a path already smooth and pleasant to me, may those timorous men who have betrayed, and those misguided ones who have prosecuted, us, be conscious on their death-beds that we have entered it! and they too will at last find rest.

VIII. THE EMPRESS CATHARINE AND PRINCESS DASHKOF.

Catharine. Into his heart! into his heart! If he escapes, we perish.

Do you think, Dashkof, they can hear me through the double door? Yes; hark! they heard me: they have done it.

What bubbling and gurgling! he groaned but once.

Listen! his blood is busier now than it ever was before. I should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor, although our bed, indeed, is rather of the highest.

Put your ear against the lock.

Dashkof. I hear nothing.

Catharine. My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come. — Hear nothing! You did not wait long enough, nor with coolness and patience. There! — there again! The drops are now like lead: every half-minute they penetrate the eider-down and the mattress. — How now! which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What tramping and lapping! the creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet and muzzle.

Dashkof. Oh, heavens!

Catharine. Are you afraid?

Dashkof. There is a horror that surpasses fear, and will have none of it. I knew not this before.

Catharine. You turn pale and tremble. You should have supported me, in case I had required it.

Dashkof. I thought only of the tyrant. Neither in life nor in death could any one of these miscreants make me tremble. But the husband slain by his wife! — I saw not into my heart; I looked not into it, and it chastises me.

Catharine. Dashkof, are you, then, really unwell?

Dashkof. What will Russia, what will Europe, say?

Catharine. Russia has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her turbulence; but my artillery (for now, indeed, I can safely call it mine) shall stun and quiet her.

Dashkof. God grant —

Catharine. I cannot but laugh at thee, my pretty Dashkof!

God grant, forsooth! He has granted all we wanted from him at present, — the safe removal of this odious Peter.

Dashkof. Yet Peter loved *you;* and even the worst husband must leave, surely, the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then, there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted; and when the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as sovereignty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

Catharine. Are these, my sweet friend, your lessons from the Stoic school? Are not they, rather, the pale-faced reflections of some kind epithalamiast from Livonia or Bessarabia? Come, come away. I am to know nothing at present of the deplorable occurrence. Did not you wish his death?

Dashkof. It is not his death that shocks me.

Catharine. I understand you: beside, you said as much before.

Dashkof. I fear for your renown.

Catharine. And for your own good name, — ay, Dashkof?

Dashkof. He was not, nor did I ever wish him to be, my friend.

Catharine. You hated him.

Dashkof. Even hatred may be plucked up too roughly.

Catharine. Europe shall be informed of my reasons, if she should ever find out that I countenanced the conspiracy. She shall be persuaded that her repose made the step necessary; that my own life was in danger; that I fell upon my knees to soften the conspirators; that, only when I had fainted, the horrible deed was done. She knows already that Peter was always ordering new exercises and uniforms; and my ministers can evince at the first audience my womanly love of peace.

Dashkof. Europe may be more easily subjugated than duped.

Catharine. She shall be both, God willing.

Dashkof. The majesty of thrones will seem endangered by this open violence.

Catharine. The majesty of thrones is never in jeopardy by those who sit upon them. A sovereign may cover one with blood more safely than a subject can pluck a feather out of the cushion. It is only when the people does the violence that we hear an ill report of it. Kings poison and stab one another in pure legitimacy. Do your republican ideas revolt from such a doctrine?

Dashkof. I do not question this right of theirs, and never will oppose their exercise of it. But if you prove to the people how easy a matter it is to extinguish an emperor, and how pleasantly and prosperously we may live after it, is it not probable that they also will now and then try the experiment; particularly, if any one in Russia should hereafter hear of glory and honor, and how immortal are these by the consent of mankind, in all countries and ages, in him who releases the world, or any part of it, from a lawless and ungovernable despot? The chances of escape are many, and the greater if he should have no accomplices. Of his renown there is no doubt at all: that is placed above chance and beyond time, by the sword he hath exercised so righteously.

Catharine. True; but we must reason like democrats no longer. Republicanism is the best thing we can have, when we cannot have power; but no one ever held the two together. I am now autocrat.

Dashkof. Truly, then, may I congratulate you. The dignity is the highest a mortal can attain.

Catharine. I know and feel it.

Dashkof. I wish you always may.

Catharine. I doubt not the stability of power: I can make constant both fortune and love. My Dashkof smiles at this conceit: she has here the same advantage, and does not envy her friend even the autocracy.

Dashkof. Indeed I do, and most heartily.

Catharine. How?

Dashkof. I know very well what those intended who first composed the word; but they blundered egregiously. In spite of them, it signifies power over oneself, — of all power the most enviable, and the least consistent with power over others.

I hope and trust there is no danger to you from any member of the council-board inflaming the guards or other soldiery.

Catharine. The members of the council-board did not sit *at* it, but *upon* it; and their tactics were performed cross-legged. What partisans are to be dreaded of that commander-in-chief whose chief command is over pantaloons and facings, whose utmost glory is perched on loops and feathers, and who fancies that battles are to be won rather by pointing the hat than the cannon?

Dashkof. Peter was not insensible to glory; few men are: but wiser heads than his have been perplexed in the road to it, and many have lost it by their ardor to attain it. I have always said that, unless we devote ourselves to the public good, we may perhaps be celebrated; but it is beyond the power of fortune, or even of genius, to exalt us above the dust.

Catharine. Dashkof, you are a sensible, sweet creature; but rather too romantic on *principle*, and rather too visionary on glory. I shall always both esteem and love you; but no other woman in Europe will be great enough to endure you, and you will really put the men *hors de combat.* Thinking is an enemy to beauty, and no friend to tenderness. Men can ill brook it one in another: in women it renders them what they would fain call "scornful" (vain assumption of high prerogative!) and what you would find bestial and outrageous. As for my reputation, which I know is dear to you, I can purchase all the best writers in Europe with a snuffbox each, and all the remainder with its contents. Not a gentleman of the Academy but is enchanted by a toothpick, if I deign to send it him. A brilliant makes me Semiramis; a watch-chain, Venus; a ring, Juno. Voltaire is my friend.

Dashkof. He was Frederick's.

Catharine. I shall be the *Pucelle* of Russia. No! I had forgotten: he has treated her scandalously.

Dashkof. Does your Majesty value the flatteries of a writer who ridicules the most virtuous and glorious of his nation; who crouched before that monster of infamy, Louis XV.; and that worse monster, the king his predecessor? He reviled, with every indignity and indecency, the woman who rescued France; and who alone, of all that ever led the armies of that kingdom, made its conquerors — the English — tremble. Its monarchs and marshals cried and ran like capons, flapping their fine crests from wall to wall, and cackling at one breath

defiance and surrender. The village girl drew them back into battle, and placed the heavens themselves against the enemies of Charles. She seemed supernatural: the English recruits deserted; they would not fight against God.

Catharine. Fools and bigots!

Dashkof. The whole world contained none other, excepting those who fed upon them. The Maid of Orleans was pious and sincere: her life asserted it; her death confirmed it. Glory to her, Catharine, if you love glory. Detestation to him who has profaned the memory of this most holy martyr, — the guide and avenger of her king, the redeemer and savior of her country.

Catharine. Be it so; but Voltaire buoys me up above some impertinent, troublesome qualms.

Dashkof. If Deism had been prevalent in Europe, he would have been the champion of Christianity; and, if the French had been Protestants, he would have shed tears upon the papal slipper. He buoys up no one; for he gives no one hope. He may amuse: dulness itself must be amused, indeed, by the versatility and brilliancy of his wit.

Catharine. While I was meditating on the great action I have now so happily accomplished, I sometimes thought his wit feeble. This idea, no doubt, originated from the littleness of every thing in comparison with my undertaking.

Dashkof. Alas! we lose much when we lose the capacity of being delighted by men of genius, and gain little when we are forced to run to them for incredulity.

Catharine. I shall make some use of my philosopher at Ferney. I detest him as much as you do; but where will you find me another who writes so pointedly? You really, then, fancy that people care for truth? Innocent Dashkof! Believe me, there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it? Or, rather, can you mention to me any one who has not been in raptures when he could communicate such glad tidings? The goutiest man would go on foot without a crutch to tell his friend of it at midnight; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would bear him. Men, in general, are so weak in truth, that they are obliged to put their bravery under it to prop it. Why do they pride themselves, think you, on their courage, when the

bravest of them is by many degrees less courageous than a mastiff-bitch in the straw? It is only that they may be rogues without hearing it, and make their fortunes without rendering an account of them.

Now we chat again as we used to do. Your spirits and your enthusiasm have returned. Courage, my sweet Dashkof; do not begin to sigh again. We never can want husbands while we are young and lively. Alas! I cannot always be so. Heigho! But serfs and preferment will do: none shall refuse me at ninety, — Paphos or Tobolsk.

Have not you a song for me?

Dashkof. German or Russian?

Catharine. Neither, neither. Some frightful word might drop — might remind me — no, nothing shall remind me. French, rather: French songs are the liveliest in the world.

Is the rouge off my face?

Dashkof. It is rather in streaks and mottles; excepting just under the eyes, where it sits as it should do.

Catharine. I am heated and thirsty: I cannot imagine how. I think we have not yet taken our coffee. Was it so strong? What am I dreaming of? I could eat only a slice of melon at breakfast; my duty urged me *then*, and dinner is yet to come. Remember, I am to faint at the midst of it when the intelligence comes in, or rather when, in despite of every effort to conceal it from me, the awful truth has flashed upon my mind. Remember, too, you are to catch me, and to cry for help, and to tear those fine flaxen hairs which we laid up together on the toilet; and we are both to be as inconsolable as we can be for the life of us. Not now, child, not now. Come, sing. I know not how to fill up the interval. Two long hours yet! — how stupid and tiresome! I wish all things of the sort could be done and be over in a day. They are mightily disagreeable when by nature one is not cruel. People little know my character. I have the tenderest heart upon earth. I am courageous, but I am full of weaknesses. I possess in perfection the higher part of men, and — to a friend I may say it — the most amiable part of women. Ho, ho! at last you smile: now, your thoughts upon that.

Dashkof. I have heard fifty men swear it.

Catharine. They lied, the knaves! I hardly knew them by sight. We were talking of the sad necessity. — Ivan must

follow next: he is heir to the throne. I have a wild, impetuous, pleasant little *protégé*, who shall attempt to rescue him. I will have him persuaded and incited to it, and assured of pardon on the scaffold. He can never know the trick we play him; unless his head, like a bottle of Bordeaux, ripens its contents in the sawdust. Orders are given that Ivan be dispatched at the first disturbance in the precincts of the castle; in short, at the fire of the sentry. But not now, — another time: two such scenes together, and without some interlude, would perplex people.

I thought we spoke of singing: do not make me wait, my dearest creature! Now cannot you sing as usual, without smoothing your dove's-throat with your handkerchief, and taking off your necklace? Give it me, then; give it me. I will hold it for you: I must play with something.

Sing, sing; I am quite impatient.*

IX. LEOFRIC AND GODIVA.

Godiva. There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor, pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they, and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were

* Can we wonder that a set of despots, who have in unbroken succession murdered, or instigated the murder of, sons, husbands, wives, fathers, should feel the necessity of reducing the world to slavery and ignorance, — of abolishing the use of letters, of extinguishing the enthusiasm of poetry, of hoodwinking the glances of fiction, of shutting up the records of history, and of laying one vast iron hand upon the human mouth, covering the lips and nostrils of aggregated nations, fastened and waxed together for the purpose, like the reeds of Pan's pipe?

dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness, or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odor.

Leofric. And now, Godiva, my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

Godiva. Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage. They, and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

Leofric. O light, laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and pray until morning.

Godiva. I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish, — what he can do like God?

Leofric. How! what is it?

Godiva. I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving Lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended you.

Leofric. Unhappy! is that all?

Godiva. Unhappy they must surely be, to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth! — Shall none enjoy them; not even we, my Leofric? The sun is ready to set: let it never set, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words: they are better than mine. Should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them?

Leofric. Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for rebels?

Godiva. They have, then, drawn the sword against you? Indeed, I knew it not.

Leofric. They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

Godiva. If they were starving, as they said they were —

Leofric. Must I starve too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

Godiva. Enough? O God! too much! too much! May you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst; and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul, for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family!

Leofric. We must hold solemn festivals.

Godiva. We must, indeed.

Leofric. Well, then?

Godiva. Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals? — are maddening songs, and giddy dances, and hireling praises from parti-colored coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us; or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let every thing be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden, and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving; it is the orphan, the starveling, pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival; the guests are ready: we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven; and

in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again to him who pours it out here unsparingly.

Leofric. Thou art wild.

Godiva. I have, indeed, lost myself. Some Power, some good kind Power, melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate; I dare not.

Leofric. We may think upon it.

Godiva. Never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good? Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them; us never, never afterward.

Leofric. Here comes the Bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. Godiva! my honor and rank among men are humbled by this. Earl Godwin will hear of it. Up! up! the Bishop hath seen it: he urgeth his horse onward. Dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

Godiva. Never, no, never will I rise, O Leofric, until you remit this most impious tax, — this tax on hard labor, on hard life.

Leofric. Turn round: look how the fat nag canters, as to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages. — Up! up! for shame! They shall smart for it, idlers! Sir Bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

Godiva. My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

Leofric. Sir Bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? Yea, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked at noontide through the streets!

Godiva. O my dear, cruel Leofric, where is the heart you gave me? It was not so: can mine have hardened it?

Bishop. Earl, thou abashest thy spouse; she turneth pale, and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with thee.

Godiva. Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me when peace is with your city. Did you hear my Lord's cruel word?

Bishop. I did, lady.

Godiva. Will you remember it, and pray against it?

Bishop. Wilt *thou* forget it, daughter?

Godiva. I am not offended.

Bishop. Angel of peace and purity!

Godiva. But treasure it up in your heart: deem it an incense, good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And, now, what was it?

Bishop. Christ save us! that he will pardon the city when thou ridest naked through the streets at noon.

Godiva. Did he not swear an oath?

Bishop. He sware by the holy rood.

Godiva. My Redeemer, thou hast heard it! save the city!

Leofric. We are now upon the beginning of the pavement: these are the suburbs. Let us think of feasting: we may pray afterward; to-morrow we shall rest.

Godiva. No judgments, then, to-morrow, Leofric?

Leofric. None: we will carouse.

Godiva. The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence; my prayers are heard; the heart of my beloved is now softened.

Leofric (*aside*). Ay, ay — they shall smart, though.

Godiva. Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

Leofric. I have sworn. Beside, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it: this adds to the city's crime.

Godiva. I have blushed too, Leofric, and was not rash nor obdurate.

Leofric. But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing: there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair. Take heed thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working thereupon some newer and cunninger device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof

or frown or wonderment. — I *will* say it — now, then, for worse — I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people.

Godiva. To-morrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale; for to-night I must fast and pray.

Leofric. I do not hear thee; the voices of the folk are so loud under this archway.

Godiva (*to herself*). God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so to-morrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten, and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach; and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me? Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah! when will the morning come? Ah! when will the noon be over?

The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in my boyhood, has always much interested me; and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the *square pool* at Rugby. When I showed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and, on his reaching the last line, his laughter was loud and immoderate. This conversation has brought both laughter and stanza back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads;* so heart-strickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if any one else should wish another laugh at me: —

> In every hour, in every mood,
> O lady, it is sweet and good
> To bathe the soul in prayer;
> And, at the close of such a day,
> When we have ceased to bless and pray,
> To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place! W. S. L.

X. THE MAID OF ORLEANS AND AGNES SOREL.

Agnes. If a boy could ever be found so beautiful and so bashful, I should have taken you for a boy about fifteen years old. Really and without flattery, I think you very lovely.

Jeanne. I hope I shall be greatly more so.

Agnes. Nay, nay: do not expect to improve, except a little in manner. Manner is the fruit, blushes are the blossom: these must fall off before the fruit sets.

Jeanne. By God's help, I may be soon more comely in the eyes of men.

Agnes. Ha, ha! even in piety there is a spice of vanity. The woman can only cease to be the woman when angels have disrobed her in Paradise.

Jeanne. I shall be far from loveliness, even in my own eyes, until I execute the will of God in the deliverance of his people.

Agnes. Never hope it.

Jeanne. The deliverance that is never hoped, seldom comes. We conquer by hope and trust.

Agnes. Be content to have humbled the proud islanders. Oh, how I rejoice that a mere child has done so!

Jeanne. A child of my age, or younger, chastised the Philistines, and smote down the giant their leader.

Agnes. But Talbot is a giant of another mould: his will is immovable; his power is irresistible; his word of command is, *Conquer*.

Jeanne. It shall be heard no longer. The tempest of battle drowns it in English blood.

Agnes. Poor simpleton! The English will recover from the stupor of their fright, believing thee no longer to be a sorceress. Did ever sword or spear intimidate them? Hast thou never heard of Crecy? Hast thou never heard of Agincourt? Hast thou never heard of Poitiers, where the chivalry of France was utterly vanquished by sick and starving men, one against five? The French are the eagle's plume; the English are his talon.

Jeanne. The talon and the plume shall change places.

Agnes. Too confident!

Jeanne. O lady! is any one too confident in God?

Agnes. We may mistake his guidance. Already, not only the whole host of the English, but many of our wisest and most authoritative Churchmen, believe you on their consciences to act under the instigation of Satan.

Jeanne. What country or what creature has the Evil One ever saved? With what has he tempted me? — with reproaches, with scorn, with weary days, with slumberless nights, with doubts, distrusts, and dangers, with absence from all who cherish me, with immodest, soldierly language, and perhaps an untimely and a cruel death.

Agnes. But you are not afraid.

Jeanne. Healthy and strong, yet always too timorous, a few seasons ago I fled away from the lowings of a young steer, if he ran opposite; I awaited not the butting of a full-grown kid; the barking of a house-dog at our neighbor's gate turned me pale as ashes; and (shame upon me!) I scarcely dared kiss the child, when he called on me with burning tongue in the pestilence of a fever.

Agnes. No wonder! A creature in a fever! what a frightful thing!

Jeanne. It would be, were it not so piteous.

Agnes. And did you kiss it? Did you really kiss the lips?

Jeanne. I fancied mine would refresh them a little.

Agnes. And did they? I should have thought mine could do but trifling good in such cases.

Jeanne. Alas! when I believed I had quite cooled them, it was death had done it.

Agnes. Ah! this is courage.

Jeanne. The courage of the weaker sex, inherent in us all, but as deficient in me as in any until an infant taught me my duty by its cries. Yet never have I quailed in the front of the fight, where I directed our ranks against the bravest. God pardon me, if I err! but I believe his Spirit flamed within my breast, strengthened my arm, and led me on to victory.

Agnes. Say not so, or they will burn thee alive, poor child!

Why fallest thou before me? I have some power, indeed; but in this extremity I could little help thee: the priest never releases the victim.

What! how! thy countenance is radiant with a heavenly joy: thy humility is like an angel's at the feet of God; I am unworthy to behold it.

Rise, Jeanne, rise!

Jeanne. Martyrdom too! The reward were too great for such an easy and glad obedience. France will become just and righteous; France will praise the Lord for her deliverance.

Agnes. Sweet enthusiast! I am confident, I am certain, of thy innocence.

Jeanne. O Lady Agnes!

Agnes. Why fixest thou thy eyes on me so piteously? Why sobbest thou, — thou, to whom the representation of an imminent death to be apprehended for thee left untroubled, joyous, exulting? Speak; tell me.

Jeanne. I must. This also is commanded me. You believe me innocent?

Agnes. In truth, I do; why, then, look abashed? Alas! alas! could I mistake the reason? I spoke of innocence!

Leave me, leave me. Return another time. Follow thy vocation.

Jeanne. Agnes Sorel! be thou more than innocent, if innocence is denied thee. In the name of the Almighty, I call on thee to earn his mercy.

Agnes. I implore it incessantly, by day, by night.

Jeanne. Serve him as thou mayest best serve him; and thy tears, I promise thee, shall soon be less bitter than those which are dropping on this jewelled hand, and on the rude one which has dared to press it.

Agnes. What can I, — what can I do?

Jeanne. Lead the King back to his kingdom.

Agnes. The King is in France.

Jeanne. No, no, no!

Agnes. Upon my word of honor.

Jeanne. And at such a time, O Heaven! in idleness and sloth?

Agnes. Indeed, no. He is busy (this is the hour) in feeding and instructing two young hawks. Could you but see the little miscreants, how they dare to bite and claw and tug at him! He never hurts or scolds them for it; he is so good-natured: he even lets them draw blood; he is so very brave!

Running away from France! Who could have raised such a report? Indeed, he is here. He never thought of leaving the country; and his affairs are becoming more and more prosperous ever since the battle. Can you not take my asseveration? Must I say it? he is now in this very house.

Jeanne. Then, not in France. In France, all love their country. Others of our kings, old men tell us, have been captives; but less ignominiously. Their enemies have respected their misfortunes and their honor.

Agnes. The English have always been merciful and generous.

Jeanne. And will you be less generous, less merciful?

Agnes. I?

Jeanne. You; the beloved of Charles.

Agnes. This is too confident. No, no, do not draw back; it is not too confident: it is only too reproachful. But your actions have given you authority. I have, nevertheless, a right to demand of you what creature on earth I have ever treated ignominiously or unkindly.

Jeanne. Your beloved; your King.

Agnes. Never. I owe to him all I have, all I am.

Jeanne. Too true! But let him in return owe to you, O Lady Agnes, eternal happiness, eternal glory. Condescend to labor with the humble handmaiden of the Lord, in fixing his throne and delivering his people.

Agnes. I cannot fight; I abominate war.

Jeanne. Not more than I do; but men love it.

Agnes. Too much.

Jeanne. Often too much; for often unjustly. But when God's right hand is visible in the vanguard, we who are called must follow.

Agnes. I dare not; indeed, I dare not.

Jeanne. You dare not? — you who dare withhold the King from his duty!

Agnes. We must never talk of their duties to our princes.

Jeanne. Then, we omit to do much of our own. It is now mine; but, above all, it is yours.

Agnes. There are learned and religious men who might more properly.

Jeanne. Are these learned and religious men in the court? Pray tell me: since, if they are, seeing how poorly they have

sped, I may peradventure, however unwillingly, however blamably, abate a little of my reverence for learning, and look for pure religion in lower places.

Agnes. They are modest; and they usually ask of me in what manner they may best please their master.

Jeanne. They believe, then, that your affection is proportional to the power you possess over him. I have heard complaints that it is usually quite the contrary. But can such great men be loved? And do you love him? Why do you sigh so?

Agnes. Life is but sighs; and, when they cease, 'tis over.

Jeanne. Now deign to answer me: do you truly love him?

Agnes. From my soul, and above it.

Jeanne. Then, save him!

Lady, I am grieved at your sorrow, although it will hereafter be a source of joy unto you. The purest water runs from the hardest rock. Neither worth nor wisdom come without an effort; and patience and piety and salutary knowledge spring up and ripen from under the harrow of affliction. Before there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be trodden and the olive must be pressed.

I see you are framing in your heart the resolution.

Agnes. My heart can admit nothing but his image.

Jeanne. It must fall thence at last.

Agnes. Alas! alas! Time loosens man's affections. I may become unworthy. In the sweetest flower there is much that is not fragrance, and which transpires when the freshness has passed away.

Alas, if he should ever cease to love me!

Jeanne. Alas, if God should!

Agnes. Then, indeed, he might afflict me with so grievous a calamity.

Jeanne. And none worse after?

Agnes. What can there be?

O Heaven! mercy! mercy!

Jeanne. Resolve to earn it: one hour suffices.

Agnes. I am lost. Leave me, leave me.

Jeanne. Do we leave the lost? Are they beyond our care? Remember who died for them, and them only.

Agnes. You subdue me. Spare me: I would only collect my thoughts.

Jeanne. Cast them away. Fresh herbage springs from under the withered. Be strong; and, if you love, be generous. Is it more glorious to make a captive than to redeem one?

Agnes. Is he in danger? Oh! — you see all things — is he? is he? is he?

Jeanne. From none but you.

Agnes. God, it is evident, has given to thee alone the power of rescuing both him and France. He has bestowed on thee the mightiness of virtue.

Jeanne. Believe, and prove thy belief, that he has left no little of it still in thee.

Agnes. When we have lost our chastity, we have lost all, in his sight and in man's. But man is unforgiving; God is merciful.

Jeanne. I am so ignorant, I know only a part of my duties: yet those which my Maker has taught me I am earnest to perform. He teaches me that divine love has less influence over the heart than human; he teaches me that it ought to have more; finally, he commands me to announce to thee, not his anger, but his will.

Agnes. Declare it; Oh! declare it. I do believe his holy word is deposited in thy bosom.

Jeanne. Encourage the King to lead his vassals to the field.

Agnes. When the season is milder.

Jeanne. And bid him leave you for ever.

Agnes. Leave me! one whole campaign! one entire summer! Oh, anguish! it sounded in my ears as if you said, "for ever."

Jeanne. I say it again.

Agnes. Thy power is superhuman; mine is not.

Jeanne. It ought to be, in setting God at defiance. The mightiest of the angels rued it.

Agnes. We did not make our hearts.

Jeanne. But we can mend them.

Agnes. Oh! mine (God knows it) bleeds.

Jeanne. Say rather it expels from it the last stagnant drop of its rebellious sin. Salutary pangs may be painfuller than mortal ones.

Agnes. Bid him leave me! wish it! permit it! think it near! believe it ever can be! Go, go. — I am lost eternally.

Jeanne. And Charles too.

Agnes. Hush! hush! What has he done that other men have not done also?

Jeanne. He has left undone what others do. Other men fight for their country.

I always thought it was pleasant to the young and beautiful to see those they love victorious and applauded. Twice in my lifetime I have been present at wakes, where prizes were contended for, — what prizes I quite forget; certainly not kingdoms. The winner was made happy; but there was one made happier. Village maids love truly: ay, they love glory too; and not their own. The tenderest heart loves best the courageous one: the gentle voice says, "Why wert thou so hazardous?" The deeper-toned replies, "For thee, for thee."

Agnes. But if the saints of heaven are offended, as I fear they may be, it would be presumptuous in the King to expose his person in battle until we have supplicated and appeased them.

Jeanne. One hour of self-denial, one hour of stern exertion against the assaults of passion, outvalues a life of prayer.

Agnes. Prayer, if many others will pray with us, can do all things. I will venture to raise up that arm which has only one place for its repose; I will steal away from that undivided pillow, fragrant with fresh and unextinguishable love.

Jeanne. Sad earthly thoughts!

Agnes. You make them sad; you cannot make them earthly. There is a divinity in a love descending from on high, in theirs who can see into the heart and mould it to their will.

Jeanne. Has man that power?

Agnes. Happy, happy girl! to ask it, and unfeignedly.

Jeanne. Be happy too.

Agnes. How? how?

Jeanne. By passing resolutely through unhappiness. It must be done.

Agnes. I will throw myself on the pavement, and pray until no star is in the heavens. Oh, I will so pray, so weep!

Jeanne. Unless you save the tears of others, in vain you shed your own.

Agnes. Again I ask you, What *can* I do?

Jeanne. When God has told you what you ought to do, he has already told you what you can.

Agnes. I will think about it seriously.

Jeanne. Serious thoughts are folded up, chested, and unlooked-at: lighter, like dust, settle all about the chamber. The promise to think seriously dismisses and closes the door on the thought. Adieu! God pity and pardon you. Through you the wrath of Heaven will fall upon the kingdom.

Agnes. Denouncer of just vengeance, recall the sentence! I tremble before that countenance severely radiant: I sink amid that calm, more appalling than the tempest. Look not into my heart with those gentle eyes! Oh, how they penetrate! They ought to see no sin: sadly must it pain them.

Jeanne. Think not of me; pursue thy destination; save France.

Agnes (*after a long pause*). Glorious privilege! divine appointment! Is it thus, O my Redeemer, my crimes are visited?

Come with me, blessed Jeanne! come instantly with me to the King: come to him whom thy virtue and valor have rescued.

Jeanne. Not now; nor ever with thee. Again I shall behold him, — a conqueror at Orleans, a king at Rheims. Regenerate Agnes! be this thy glory, if there be any that is not God's.

XI. RHADAMISTUS AND ZENOBIA.

Zenobia. My beloved! my beloved! I can endure the motion of the horse no longer; his weariness makes his pace so tiresome to me. Surely we have ridden far, very far, from home; and how shall we ever pass the wide and rocky stream, among the whirlpools of the rapid and the deep Araxes? From the first sight of it, O my husband, you have been silent; you have looked at me at one time intensely, at another wildly: have you mistaken the road, or the ford, or the ferry?

Rhadamistus. Tired, tired, did you say? — ay, thou must

be. Here thou shalt rest: this before us is the place for it. Alight; drop into my arms: art thou within them?

Zenobia. Always in fear for me, my tender, thoughtful Rhadamistus!

Rhadamistus. Rhadamistus, then, once more embraces his Zenobia!

Zenobia. And presses her to his bosom as with the first embrace.

Rhadamistus. What is the first to the last?

Zenobia. Nay, this is not the last.

Rhadamistus. Not quite (oh, agony!), not quite; once more.

Zenobia. So, with a kiss: which you forget to take.

Rhadamistus (*aside*). And shall this shake my purpose? It may my limbs, my heart, my brain; but what my soul so deeply determined it shall strengthen, as winds do trees in forests.

Zenobia. Come, come! cheer up. How good you are to be persuaded by me: back again at one word! Hark! where are those drums and bugles? On which side are these echoes?

Rhadamistus. Alight, dear, dear Zenobia! And does Rhadamistus, then, press thee to his bosom? Can it be?

Zenobia. *Can it cease to be?* you would have said, my Rhadamistus! Hark! again those trumpets? On which bank of the water are they? Now they seem to come from the mountains, and now along the river. Men's voices too! threats and yells! You, my Rhadamistus, could escape.

Rhadamistus. Wherefore? with whom? and whither in all Asia?

Zenobia. Fly! there are armed men climbing up the cliffs.

Rhadamistus. It was only the sound of the waves in the hollows of them, and the masses of pebbles that rolled down from under you as you knelt to listen.

Zenobia. Turn round; look behind! is it dust yonder, or smoke? And is it the sun, or what is it, shining so crimson? — not shining any longer now, but deep, and dull purple, embodying into gloom.

Rhadamistus. It is the sun, about to set at mid-day: we shall soon see no more of him.

Zenobia. Indeed! what an ill omen! But how can you tell that? Do you think it? I do not. Alas! alas! the dust and the sounds are nearer.

Rhadamistus. Prepare, then, my Zenobia!

Zenobia. I was always prepared for it.

Rhadamistus. What reason, O unconfiding girl, from the day of our union, have I ever given you to accuse or to suspect me?

Zenobia. None, none: your love, even in these sad moments, raises me above the reach of fortune. How can it pain me so? Do I repine? Worse may it pain me; but let that love never pass away!

Rhadamistus. Was it, then, the loss of power and kingdom for which Zenobia was prepared?

Zenobia. The kingdom was lost when Rhadamistus lost the affection of his subjects. Why did they not love you? How could they not? Tell me so strange a thing.*

Rhadamistus. Fables, fables! about the death of Mithridates and his children; declamations, out-cries, as if it were as easy to bring men to life again as — I know not what — to call after them.

Zenobia. But about the children?

Rhadamistus. In all governments there are secrets.

Zenobia. Between us?

Rhadamistus. No longer: time presses; not a moment is left us, not a refuge, not a hope!

Zenobia. Then, why draw the sword?

Rhadamistus. Wanted I courage? Did I not fight as becomes a king?

Zenobia. True, most true.

Rhadamistus. Is my resolution lost to me? Did I but dream I had it?

Zenobia. Nobody is very near yet; nor can they cross the dell where we did. Those are fled who could have shown the pathway. Think not of defending me. Listen! look! what thousands are coming! The protecting blade above my head can only provoke the enemy. And do you still keep it there? You grasp my arm too hard. Can you look unkindly? Can it be? Oh! think again and spare me, Rhadamistus! From the vengeance of man, from the judgments of heaven, the unborn may preserve my husband.

* From the seclusion of the Asiatic women, Zenobia is ignorant of the crimes Rhadamistus had committed.

Rhadamistus. We must die! They advance; they see us; they rush forward!

Zenobia. Me, me would you strike? Rather let me leap from the precipice.

Rhadamistus. Hold! Whither would thy desperation? Art thou again within my grasp?

Zenobia. O my beloved! never let me call you cruel. Let me love you in the last hour of seeing you as in the first. I must, I must; and be it my thought in death that you love me so! I would have cast away my life to save you from remorse: it may do that and more, preserved by you. Listen! listen! among those who pursue us there are many fathers; childless by his own hand, none. Do not kill our baby — the best of our hopes when we had many — the baby not yet ours! Who shall then plead for you, my unhappy husband?

Rhadamistus. My honor; and before me, sole arbiter and sole audience of our cause. Bethink thee, Zenobia, of the indignities, — not bearing on my fortunes, but imminent over thy beauty! What said I? — did I bid thee think of them? Rather die than imagine, or than question me, what they are! Let me endure two deaths before my own, crueller than wounds or than age or than servitude could inflict on me, rather than make me name them.

Zenobia. Strike! Lose not a moment so precious! Why hesitate now, my generous, brave defender?

Rhadamistus. Zenobia, dost thou bid it?

Zenobia. Courage is no longer a crime in you. Hear the shouts, the threats, the imprecations! Hear them, my beloved! let *me*, no more.

Rhadamistus. Embrace me not, Zenobia! Loose me, loose me!

Zenobia. I cannot: thrust me away! Divorce — but with death — the disobedient wife, no longer your Zenobia. (*He strikes.*) Oh! oh! one innocent head — in how few days — should have reposed — no, not upon this blood. Swim across! Is there a descent — an easy one, a safe one, anywhere? I might have found it for you! Ill-spent time! heedless woman!

Rhadamistus. An arrow hath pierced me: more are showering round us. Go, my life's flower! the blighted branch drops after. Away! forth into the stream! strength is yet

left me for it. (*He throws her into the river.*) She sinks not! Oh, last calamity! She sinks! she sinks! Now both are well, and fearless! One look more! grant one more look! On what? where was it? which whirl? which ripple? they are gone too. How calm is the haven of the most troubled life! I enter it! Rebels! traitors! slaves! subjects! why gape ye? why halt ye? On, on, dastards! Oh that ye dared to follow! (*He plunges, armed, into the Araxes.*)

XII. TANCREDI* AND CONSTANTIA.

Constantia. Is this in mockery, sir? Do you place me under a canopy, and upon what (no doubt) you presume to call a throne, for derision?

Tancredi. Madonna, if it never were a throne before, henceforward let none approach it but with reverence. The greatest, the most virtuous, of queens and empresses (it were indecorous in such an inferior as I am to praise in your presence aught else in you that raises men's admiration) leaves a throne for homage wherever she has rested.

Constantia. Count Tancredi! your past conduct ill accords with your present speech. Your courtesy, great as it is, would have been much greater, if you yourself had taken me captive, and had not turned your horse and rode back, on purpose that villanous hands might seize me.

Tancredi. Knightly hands (I speak it with all submission) are not villanous. I could not in my heart command you to surrender; and I would not deprive a brave man, a man distinguished for deference and loyalty, of the pleasure he was about to enjoy in encountering your two barons. I am confident he never was discourteous.

Constantia. He was; he took my horse's bridle by the bit, turned his back on me, and would not let me go.

* Tancredi was crowned 1190, and died of grief at the loss of his only son, 1194. Constantia, daughter of William II. of Sicily, was married to the Emperor Henry VI.

Tancredi. War sometimes is guilty of such enormities, and even worse.

Constantia. I would rather have surrendered myself to the most courageous knight in Italy.

Tancredi. Which may that be?

Constantia. By universal consent, Tancredi, Count of Lecce.

Tancredi. To possess the highest courage is but small glory; to be without it is a great disgrace.

Constantia. Loyalty, not only to ladies, but to princes, is the true and solid foundation of it. Count of Lecce! am I not the daughter of your King?

Tancredi. I recognize in the Lady Constantia the daughter of our late sovereign lord, King William, of glorious memory.

Constantia. Recognize, then, your Queen.

Tancredi. Our laws, and the supporters of these laws, forbid it.

Constantia. Is that memory a glorious one, as you call it, which a single year is sufficient to erase? And did not my father nominate me his heir?

Tancredi. A kingdom is not among the chattels of a king. A people is paled within laws, and not within parks and chases: the powerfullest have no privilege to sport in that enclosure. The barons of the realm and the knights and the people assembled in Palermo, and there by acclamation called and appointed me to govern the State. Certainly, the Lady Constantia is nearer to the throne in blood, and much worthier: I said so then. The unanimous reply was, that Sicily should be independent of all other lands, and that neither German kings nor Roman emperors should control her.

Constantia. You must be aware, sir, that an armed resistance to the Emperor is presumptuous and traitorous.

Tancredi. He has carried fire and sword into my country, and has excited the Genoese and Pisans — men speaking the same language as ourselves — to debark on our coasts, to demolish our villages, and to consume our harvests.

Constantia. Being a sovereign, he possesses the undoubted right.

Tancredi. Being a Sicilian, I have no less a right to resist him.

Constantia. Right? Do rights appertain to vassals?

Tancredi. Even to them ; and this one particularly. Were I still a vassal, I should remember that I am a king by election, by birth a Sicilian, and by descent a Norman.

Constantia. All these fine titles give no right whatever to the throne, from which an insuperable bar precludes you.

Tancredi. What bar can there be which my sword and my people's love are unable to bear down ?

Constantia. Excuse my answer.

Tancredi. Deign me one, I entreat you, Madonna ; although the voice of my country may be more persuasive with me even than yours.

Constantia. Count Lecce, you are worthy of all honor, excepting that alone which can spring only from lawful descent.

Tancredi. My father was the first-born of the Norman conqueror, King of Sicily ; my mother, in her own right, Countess of Lecce. I have no reason to blush at my birth ; nor did ever the noble breast which gave me nourishment heave with a sense of ignominy as she pressed me to it. She thought the blessing of the poor equivalent to the blessing of the priest.

Constantia. I would not refer to her ungently ; but she by her alliance set at nought our Holy Father.

Tancredi. In all her paths, in all her words and actions, she obeyed him.

Constantia. Our Holy Father ?

Tancredi. Our holiest, our only holy one, — "our Father which art in heaven." She wants no apology : precedent is nothing ; but remember our ancestors — I say *ours ;* for I glory in the thought that they are the same, and so near. Among the early dukes of Normandy, vanquishers of France, and (what is greater) conquerors of England, fewer were born within the pale of wedlock than without. Nevertheless, the ladies of our nation were always as faithful to love and duty as if hoods and surplices and psalms had gone before them, and the Church had been the vestibule to the bedchamber.

Constantia. My cousin the Countess was irreproachable, and her virtues have rendered you as popular as your exploits. Who is this pretty boy, who holds down his head so, with the salver in his hand ?

Tancredi. He is my son.

Constantia. Why, then, does he kneel before me?

Tancredi. To teach his father his duty.

Constantia. You acknowledge the rights of my husband?

Tancredi. To a fairer possession than fair Sicily.

Constantia. I must no longer hear this language.

Tancredi. I utter it from the depths of a heart as pure as the coldest.

Constantia (*to the boy*). Yes, my sweet child, I accept the refreshments you have been holding so patiently and present so gracefully. But you should have risen from your knees: such a posture is undue to a captive.

Boy. Papa! what did the lady say? Do you ever make ladies captives?

(*To Constantia*). Run away! I will hold his hands for him.

Constantia. I intend to run away; but you are quite as dangerous as your father. Count, you must name my ransom.

Tancredi. Madonna, I received it when you presented your royal hand to my respectful homage. The barons who accompanied you are mounted at the door, in order to reconduct you; and the most noble and the most venerable of mine will be proud of the same permission.

Constantia. I also am a Sicilian, Tancredi! I also am sensible to the glories of the Norman race. Never shall my husband, if I have any influence over him, be the enemy of so courteous a knight. I could almost say, Prosper! prosper! for the defence, the happiness, the example, of our Sicily.

Tancredi. We may be deprived of territory and power, but never of knighthood. The brave alone can merit it; the brave alone can confer it; the recreant alone can lose it. So long as there is Norman blood in my veins, I am a knight; and our blood and our knighthood are given us to defend the sex. — Insensate! I had almost said the weaker! and with your eyes before me!

Constantia. He cannot be a rebel, nor a false, bad man.

Tancredi. Lady, the sword which I humbly lay at your feet was, a few years ago, a black misshapen mass of metal: the gold that surrounds it, the jewel that surmounts it, the victories it hath gained, constitute now its least value; it owes the greatest to its position.

XIII. PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Mary. My dear, dear sister! it is long, very long, since we met.

Elizabeth. Methinks it was about the time they chopped off our Uncle Seymour's head for him. Not that he was *our* uncle, though: he was only Edward's.

Mary. The Lord Protector, if not your uncle, was always doatingly fond of you; and he often declared to me, even within your hearing, he thought you very beautiful.

Elizabeth. He said as much of you, if that is all; and he told me why: "*not to vex me*," — as if, instead of vexing me, it would not charm me. I beseech your Highness is there any thing remarkable or singular in thinking me — what he thought me?

Mary. No, indeed; for so you are. But why call me *Highness*, drawing back and losing half your stature in the circumference of the courtesy.

Elizabeth. Because you are now, at this blessed hour, my lawful Queen.

Mary. Hush, prithee hush! The Parliament has voted otherwise.

Elizabeth. They would choose you.

Mary. What would they do with me?

Elizabeth. Trump you.

Mary. I am still at a loss.

Elizabeth. Bamboozle you.

Mary. Really, my dear sister, you have been so courted by the gallants, that you condescend to adopt their language in place of graver.

Elizabeth. Cheat you, then: will that do?

Mary. Comprehensibly.

Elizabeth. I always speak as the thing spoken of requires. To the point. Would our father have minded the caitiffs?

Mary. Naming our father, I should have said, *our father now in bliss;* for surely he must be, having been a rock of defence against the torrent of irreligion.

Elizabeth. Well; in bliss or out, there, here, or anywhere,

would he, royal soul! have minded Parliament? No such fool he. There were laws before there were parliaments; and there were kings before there were laws. Were I in your Majesty's place (God forbid the thought should ever enter my poor weak head, even in a dream!), I would try the mettle of my subjects: I would mount my horse, and head them.

Mary. Elizabeth, you were always a better horsewoman than I am: I should be ashamed to get a fall among the soldiers.

Elizabeth. Pish! pish! it would be among knights and nobles — the worst come to the worst. Lord o' mercy! do you think they never saw such a thing before?

Mary. I must hear of no resistance to the powers that be. Beside, I am but a weak woman.

Elizabeth. I do not see why women should be weak, unless they like.

Mary. Not only the Commons, but likewise the peers, have sworn allegiance.

Elizabeth. Did you ever in your lifetime, in any chronicle or commentary, read of any parliament that was not as ready to be forsworn as to swear?

Mary. Alas!

Elizabeth. If ever you did, the book is a rare one, kept in an out-of-the-way library, in a cedar chest all to itself, with golden locks and amber seals thereto.

Mary. I would not willingly think so ill of men.

Elizabeth. For my part, I can't abide 'em. All that can be said is, some are not so bad as others. You smile, and deem the speech a silly and superfluous one. We may live, Sister Mary, to see and acknowledge that it is not quite so sure and flat a verity as it now appears to us. I never come near a primrose but I suspect an adder under it; and, the sunnier the day, the more misgivings.

Mary. But we are now, by the settlement of the monarchy, farther out of harm's way than ever.

Elizabeth. If the wench has children to-morrow, as she may have, they will inherit.

Mary. No doubt they would.

Elizabeth. No doubt? I will doubt: and others shall doubt too. The heirs of my body — yours first — God prosper

them! Parliament may be constrained to retrace its steps. One half sees no harm in taking bribes; the other, no guilt in taking fright. Corruption is odious and costly; but, when people have yielded to compulsion, conscience is fain to acquiesce. Men say they were forced, and what is done under force is invalid.

Mary. There is nothing like compulsion.

Elizabeth. Then let there be. Let the few yield to the many, and all to the throne. Now is your time to stir. The furnace is mere smut, and no bellows to blow the embers. Parliament is without a leader. Three or four turnspits are crouching to leap upon the wheel; but, while they are snarling and snapping one at another, what becomes of the roast? Take them by the scuff, and out with 'em. The people will applaud you. They want bread within doors, and honesty without. They have seen enough of partisans and parliaments.

Mary. We cannot do without one.

Elizabeth. Convoke it, then; but call it with sound of trumpet. Such a body is unlikely to find a head. There is little encouragement for an honest knight or gentleman to take the station. The Commons slink away with lowered shoulders, and bear hateful compunction against the very names and memory of those braver men who, in dangerous times and before stern, authoritative, warlike sovereigns, supported their pretensions. Kings, who peradventure would have strangled such ringleaders, well remember and well respect them; their fellows would disown their benefactors and maintainers. Kings abominate their example; clowns would efface the images on their sepulchres. What forbearance on our part can such knaves expect, or what succor from the people?

Mary. What is done is done.

Elizabeth. Oftentimes it is easier to undo than to do. I should rather be glad than mortified at what has been done yonder. In addition to those churls and chapmen in the lower House, there are also among the peers no few who voted most audaciously.

Mary. The majority of them was of opinion that the Lady Jane should be invested with royal state and dignity.

Elizabeth. The majority! So much the better, — so much

the better, say I. I would find certain folk who should make sharp inquest into their title-deeds, and spell the indentures syllable by syllable. Certain lands were granted for certain services, which services have been neglected. I would not in such wise neglect the lands in question, but annex them to my royal domains.

Mary. Sister! sister! you forget that the Lady Jane Grey (as was) is now queen of the realm.

Elizabeth. Forget it, indeed! The vile woman! I am minded to call her as such vile women are called out of doors.

Mary. Pray, abstain; not only forasmuch as it would be unseemly in those sweet, slender, delicate lips of yours, but also by reason that she is adorned with every grace and virtue, bating (which, indeed, outvalues them all) the true religion. Sister, I hope and believe I in this my speech have given you no offence; for your own eyes, I know, are opened. Indeed, who that is not wilfully blind can err in so straight a road, even if so gentle and so sure a guidance were wanting? The mind, sister, the mind itself, must be crooked which deviates a hair's-breadth. Ay, that intelligent nod would alone suffice to set my bosom quite at rest thereupon. Should it not?

Elizabeth. It were imprudent in me to declare my real opinion at this juncture: we must step warily when we walk among cocatrices. I am barely a saint, — indeed, far from it; and I am much too young to be a martyr. But that odious monster, who pretends an affection for reformation, and a reverence for learning, is counting the jewels in the crown, while you fancy she is repeating her prayers or conning her Greek.

Sister Mary, as God is in heaven, I hold nothing so detestable in a woman as hypocrisy, — add thereunto, as you fairly may, avarice, man-hunting, lasciviousness. The least atom of the least among these vices is heavy enough to weigh down the soul to the bottomless pit.

Mary. Unless divine grace —

Elizabeth. Don't talk to me. Don't spread the filth fine.

Now could not that empty fool, Dudley, have found some other young person of equal rank with Mistress Jane, and of higher beauty? Not that any other such, pretty as the boy is, would listen to his idle discourse.

And, pray, who are these Dudleys? The first of them was

made a man of by our grandfather. And what was the man, after all? Nothing better than a huge smelting-pot, with a commodious screw at the colder end of the ladle.

I have no patience with the bold harlotry.

Mary. I see you have not, sister!

Elizabeth. No, nor have the people. They are on tip-toe for rising in all parts of the kingdom.

Mary. What can they do? God help them!

Elizabeth. Sister Mary! good Sister Mary! did you say, *God help them?* I am trembling into a heap. It is well you have uttered such words to safe and kindred ears. If they should ever come whispered at the Privy Council, it might end badly.

I believe my visit hath been of as long continuance as may seem befitting. I must be gone.

Mary. Before your departure, let me correct a few of your opinions in regard to our gentle kinswoman and most gracious Queen. She hath nobly enlarged my poor alimony. Look here! to begin.

Elizabeth. What! all golden pieces? I have not ten groats in the world.

Mary. Be sure she will grant unto you plenteously. She hath condescended to advise me of her intent. Meanwhile, I do entreat you will take home with you the purse you are stroking down, thinking about other things.

Elizabeth. Not I, not I, if it comes from such a creature.

Mary. You accept it from me.

Elizabeth. Then, indeed, unreservedly. Passing through your hands, the soil has been wiped away. However, as I live, I will carefully wash every piece in it with soap and water. Do you believe they can lose any thing of their weight thereby?

Mary. Nothing material.

Elizabeth. I may reflect and cogitate upon it. I would not fain offer anybody light money.

Truth! I fear the purse, although of chamois and double stitched, is insufficient to sustain the weight of the gold, which must be shaken violently on the road as I return. Dear Sister Mary, as you probably are not about to wear that head-tire, could you, commodiously to yourself, lend it me awhile, just to deposit a certain part of the moneys therein? for the velvet

is stout, and the Venetian netting close and stiff: I can hardly bend the threads. I shall have more leisure to admire its workmanship at home.

Mary. Elizabeth, I see you are grown forgiving. In the commencement of our discourse, I suggested a slight alteration of manner in speaking of our father. Do you pray for the repose of his soul morning and night?

Elizabeth. The doubt is injurious.

Mary. Pardon me! I feel it. But the voices of children, O Elizabeth, come to the ear of God above all other voices. The best want intercession. Pray for him, Elizabeth; pray for him.

Elizabeth. Why not? He did indeed — but he was in a passion — order my mother up the three black stairs, and he left her pretty head on the landing; but I bear him no malice for it.

Mary. Malice! The baneful word hath shot up from hell in many places, but never between child and parent. In the space of that one span, on that single sod from Paradise, the serpent never trailed. Husband and wife were severed by him, then again clashed together; brother slew brother: but parent and child stand where their Creator first placed them, and drink at the only source of pure, untroubled love.

Elizabeth. Beside, you know, being King, he had clearly a right to do it, plea or no plea.

Mary. We will converse no longer on so dolorous a subject

Elizabeth. I will converse on it as long as such is my pleasure.

Mary. Being my visitor, you command here.

Elizabeth. I command nowhere. I am blown about like a leaf: I am yielding as a feather in a cushion, only one among a million. But I tell you, honestly and plainly, I do not approve of it, anyhow! It may have grown into a trick and habit with him: no matter for that; in my view of the business, it is not what a husband ought to do with a wife. And, if she did — but she did not; and I say it.

Mary. It seems, indeed, severe.

Elizabeth. Yea, afore God, methinks it smacks a trifle of the tart.

Mary. Our father was God's vicegerent. Probably it is

for the good of her soul, poor lady! Better suffer here than hereafter. We ought to kiss the rod, and be thankful.

Elizabeth. Kiss the rod, forsooth! I have been constrained erewhile even unto that; and no such a child neither. But I would rather have kissed it fresh and fair, with all its buds and knots upon it, than after it had bestowed on me, in such a roundabout way, such a deal of its embroidery and lace-work. I thank my father for all that. I hope his soul lies easier than my skin did.

Mary. The wish is kind; but prayers would much help it. Our father, of blessed memory, now (let us hope) among the saints, was somewhat sore in his visitations; but they tended heavenward.

Elizabeth. Yea, when he cursed and cuffed and kicked us.

Mary. He did kick, poor man!

Elizabeth. Kick! Fifty folks, young and old, have seen the marks his kicking left behind.

Mary. We should conceal all such his infirmities. They arose from an irritation in the foot, whereof he died.

Elizabeth. I only know I could hardly dance or ride for them; chiefly caught, as I was, fleeing from his wrath. He seldom vouchsafed to visit me: when he did, he pinched my ear so bitterly I was fain to squeal. And then he said I should turn out like my mother: calling me by such a name, moreover, as is heard but about the kennel; and even there it is never given to the young.

Mary. There was choler in him at certain times and seasons. Those who have much will, have their choler excited when opposite breath blows against it.

Elizabeth. Let them have will; let them have choler too, in God's name: but it is none the better, as gout is, for flying to hand or foot.

Mary. I have seen — now do, pray, forgive me —

Elizabeth. Well, what have you seen?

Mary. My sweet little sister lift up the most delicate of all delicate white hands, and with their tiny narrow pink nails tear off ruffs and caps, and take sundry unerring aims at eyes and noses.

Elizabeth. Was that any impediment or hindrance to riding and dancing? I would always make people do their duty, and always will. Remember (for your memory seems accurate

enough) that, whenever I scratched anybody's face, I permitted my hand to be kissed by the offender within a day or two.

Mary. Undeniable.

Elizabeth. I may, peradventure, have been hasty in my childhood: but all great hearts are warm; all good ones are relenting. If, in combing my hair, the hussy lugged it, I obeyed God's command and referred to the *lex talionis*. I have not too much of it; and every soul on earth sees its beauty. A single one would be a public loss. Uncle Seymour — but what boots it? There are others who can see perhaps as far as Uncle Seymour.

Mary. I do remember his saying that he watched its growth as he would a melon's. And how fondly did those little, sharp, gray eyes of his look and wink when you blushed and chided his flattery!

Elizabeth. Never let any man dare to flatter me: I am above it. Only the weak and ugly want the refreshment of that perfumed fan. I take but my own; and touch it who dares!

Really, it is pleasant to see in what a pear-form fashion both purse and caul are hanging. Faith! they are heavy: I could hardly lift them from the back of the chair.

Mary. Let me call an attendant to carry them for you.

Elizabeth. Are you mad? They are unsealed, and ill-tied: any one could slip his hand in.

And so that — the word was well nigh out of my mouth — gave you all this gold?

Mary. For shame! Oh, for shame!

Elizabeth. I feel shame only for her. It turns my cheeks red, — together with some anger upon it. But I cannot keep my eyes off that book — if book it may be — on which the purse was lying.

Mary. Somewhat irreverently, God forgive me! But it was sent at the same time by the same fair creature, with many kind words. It had always been kept in our father's bedroom closet, and was removed from Edward's by those unhappy men who superintended his education.

Elizabeth. She must have thought all those stones are garnets: to me they look like rubies, one and all. Yet, over so large a cover, they cannot all be rubies.

Mary. I believe they are ; excepting the glory in the centre, which is composed of chrysolites. Our father was an excellent judge in jewelry, as in every thing else ; and he spared no expenditure in objects of devotion.

Elizabeth. What creature could fail in devotion with an object such as that before the eyes? Let me kiss it, — partly for my Saviour's and partly for my father's sake.

Mary. How it comforts me, O Elizabeth, to see you thus press it to your bosom! Its spirit, I am confident, has entered there. Disregard the pebbles : take it home ; cherish it evermore. May there be virtue, as some think there is, even in the stones about it! God bless you, strengthen you, lead you aright, and finally bring you to everlasting glory!

Elizabeth (*going*). The Popish puss!

XIV. PHILIP II. AND DONA JUANA COELHO.

Juana. Condescend, O my King, to hear me!

Philip. By what means, Dona Juana, have you obtained this admission to my presence?

Juana. Sire, by right of my sex and my misfortunes.

Philip. And what misfortune of yours, pray, madam, is it in my power to remove or alleviate?

Juana. All mine, O most puissant monarch! and nearly all the heaviest that exist on earth ; the providence of God having placed the larger part of the known world under the sceptre or the influence of your Majesty.

Philip. And the more suffering part, no doubt. God, and his mother, and the blessed saints, have exalted me to my station, that I may bring chastisement on the perverse and rebellious, and ward it off from the dutiful and obedient. I have now little leisure : to the point, then.

Juana. O Sire! my husband has offended, — I know not how.

Philip. Nor should you. His offence is against the State.

Juana. He has been secretary many years to your Majesty; and, in times and circumstances the most trying, he has ever been a faithful vassal. The riches he possesses flowed in great measure from royal bounty; none from treason, none from peculation, none from abuse of power.

Philip. Know you his steps, his thoughts?

Juana. I have always shared them.

Philip. Always? No, madam. Let me tell you, he aspires too high.

Juana. O Sire! that is a generous fault, — the fault of every one who loves glory; of every true Spaniard, and, above all, of Antonio Perez.

Philip. When did he first begin to look so loftily?

Juana. When first he began to serve your Majesty.

Philip. Has he no gratitude, no sense of duty, no feeling of nothingness, as becomes a subject? I made him what he is. Tell me no more I enriched him. That is little: beside, I know not that I did it; and I could only wish to have done it, that I might undo it. I cannot remember that he has had any thing from me beyond the salary of his offices; but those who accept my money for any services would just as readily accept it from my enemies. They care no more from whose hand it comes than whose effigy it bears.

Juana. He had enough and abundantly from his offices; nor, indeed, was he without a patrimony, nor I without a dower.

Philip. He should have minded his business: he should have taken example from Scovedo.

Juana. Sire, it becomes not me to express astonishment, or even to feel it, in the august presence.

Philip. Something very like astonishment produces good effects, occasionally. Madam, would you wish further audience?

Juana. Too graciously vouchsafed me! Sire, Antonio Perez, my husband, is accused of being privy to the assassination —

Philip. Unmannerly, ill-featured expression!

Juana. — Of his colleague, Scovedo. I come to entreat, on the part of his family and of mine, that he may be brought to trial speedily and openly. If your Majesty will indulge us with this further act of royal clemency and favor, I engage

that a crime so detestable, a crime from which the nature of Don Antonio is abhorrent, shall be removed for ever from our house.

Philip. At my good pleasure, I may confront him with his accomplices.

Juana. Alas! alas! who are the guilty?

Philip. Who? who? (*Aside.*) Suspicious, audacious woman! Some have suspected those about the Princess of Evoli, and have watched her.

Juana. Kind soul, may never harm befall her from their wiles! Beauty, that should fill the world with light and happiness, brings only evil spirits into it, and is blighted by malignity and grief. Who upon earth could see the Princess of Evoli, and not be softened?

Philip. The injured, the insulted.

Juana. Alas! even she, then, serves the purposes of the envious. From the plant that gives honey to the bee, the spider and wasp draw poison.

Philip. You know the lady very intimately?

Juana. She honors me with her notice.

Philip. She honors your husband, too, with her notice, — does she not?

Juana. Most highly.

Philip. Then, madam, by the saints, he dies!

Juana. O Sire! recall the threat!

Philip. We never threaten; we sentence.

Juana. He is innocent! By the beloved of God! by the Fountain of truth and purity! he is innocent!

Philip. And she too! and she too! marvel of virtue! A brazen breast would split with laughter. She! Evoli! Evoli!

Juana. Is as innocent as he. O Sire! this beautiful and gentle lady —

Philip. Ay, ay, very gentle: she brings men's heads to the scaffold, if they have ever lain in her lap.

Juana. The unsuspicious, generous princess —

Philip. Killed the poor fool Scovedo.

Juana. Pardon me, Sire, she hardly knew him, and bore no ill-will toward him.

Philip. Nor toward Perez; at worst, not very spiteful. Dead secretaries and dead rats should drive off living ones. He was useful to me, — I mean Scovedo, — even when alive:

I cannot afford one like him every day. Do you hear, Dona Juana?

Juana. Perfectly, Sire.

Philip. And understand?

Juana. As well as I dare.

Philip. Could you live in privacy, with your accomplishments and your beauty?

Juana. Alas! I wish it had always been my lot!

Philip. I may promote you to that enviable situation.

Juana. My husband, now he has lost the countenance of your Majesty, would retreat with me from the world.

Philip. It is not in open places that serpents hatch their eggs. God protects me: I must protect the State. Perez is unworthy of you.

Juana. Sire, if I thought him so, I would try to make him worthy.

Philip. There are offences that women cannot pardon.

Juana. Then they should retire, and learn how.

Philip. That insolent and ungrateful man wrongs and despises you. He too, among the rest, presumes to love the Princess of Evoli.

Juana. Who does not?

Philip. Who shall dare? Perez, I tell you again, has declared his audacious passion to her.

Juana. Then, God forgive him his impetuosity and sinfulness! If she rejected him, he is punished.

Philip. If!—if! Do you pretend, do you imagine, she would listen to one like him? Do you reason about it; do you calculate on it; do you sigh and weep at it, as if in your spite and stupidity you could believe it? By the blood of the martyrs, I will drain the last drop of that traitor's! Off! unclasp my knee! I cannot wait for the words in your throat!

XV. DANTE AND BEATRICE.

Dante. When you saw me profoundly pierced with love, and reddening and trembling, did it become you, did it become you, you whom I have always called *the most gentle Bice*, to join in the heartless laughter of those girls around you? Answer me. Reply unhesitatingly. Requires it so long a space for dissimulation and duplicity? Pardon! pardon! pardon! My senses have left me: my heart being gone, they follow.

Beatrice. Childish man! pursuing the impossible.

Dante. And was it this you laughed at? We cannot touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet, and weep.

Beatrice. But weep not, gentle Dante! fall not before the weakest of his creatures, willing to comfort, unable to relieve, you. Consider a little. Is laughter at all times the signal or the precursor of derision? I smiled, let me avow it, from the pride I felt in your preference of me; and, if I laughed, it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves? Come, do not drop again so soon so faint a smile. I will not have you grave, nor very serious. I pity you; I must not love you: if I might, I would.

Dante. Yet how much love is due to me, O Bice, who have loved you, as you well remember, even from your tenth year! But it is reported, and your words confirm it, that you are going to be married.

Beatrice. If so, and if I could have laughed at that, and if my laughter could have estranged you from me, would you blame me?

Dante. Tell me the truth.

Beatrice. The report is general.

Dante. The truth! the truth! Tell me, Bice.

Beatrice. Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven.

Dante. Is heaven, then, under the paternal roof?

Beatrice. It has been to me, hitherto.

Dante. And now you seek it elsewhere.

Beatrice. I seek it not. The wiser choose for the weaker. Nay, do not sigh so. What would you have, my grave, pensive Dante? What can I do?

Dante. Love me.

Beatrice. I always did.

Dante. Love me? Oh, bliss of heaven!

Beatrice. No, no, no! Forbear! Men's kisses are always mischievous and hurtful; everybody says it. If you truly loved me, you would never think of doing so.

Dante. Nor even this?

Beatrice. You forget that you are no longer a boy; and that it is not thought proper at your time of life to continue the arm at all about the waist. Beside, I think you would better not put your head against my bosom; it beats too much to be pleasant to you. Why do you wish it? Why fancy it can do you any good? It grows no cooler: it seems to grow even hotter. Oh, how it burns! Go, go; it hurts me too: it struggles, it aches, it throbs. Thank you, my gentle friend, for removing your brow away: your hair is very thick and long; and it began to heat me more than you can imagine. While it was there, I could not see your face so well, nor talk with you so quietly.

Dante. Oh! when shall we talk quietly in future?

Beatrice. When I am married. I shall often come to visit my father. He has always been solitary since my mother's death, which happened in my infancy, long before you knew me.

Dante. How can he endure the solitude of his house when you have left it?

Beatrice. The very question I asked him.

Dante. You did not then wish to — to — go away?

Beatrice. Ah, no! It is sad to be an outcast at fifteen.

Dante. An outcast?

Beatrice. Forced to leave a home.

Dante. For another?

Beatrice. Childhood can never have a second.

Dante. But childhood is now over.

Beatrice. I wonder who was so malicious as to tell my father that? He wanted me to be married a whole year ago.

Dante. And, Bice, you hesitated?

Beatrice. No; I only wept. He is a dear, good father. I never disobeyed him but in those wicked tears; and they ran the faster the more he reprehended them.

Dante. Say, who is the happy youth?

Beatrice. I know not who ought to be happy, if you are not.

Dante. I?

Beatrice. Surely, you deserve all happiness.

Dante. Happiness! any happiness is denied me. Ah, hours of childhood! bright hours! what fragrant blossoms ye unfold! what bitter fruits to ripen!

Beatrice. Now cannot you continue to sit under that old fig-tree at the corner of the garden? It is always delightful to me to think of it.

Dante. Again you smile: I wish I could smile too.

Beatrice. You were usually more grave than I, although very often, two years ago, you told me I was the graver. Perhaps I *was* then, indeed; and perhaps I ought to be now: but, really, I must smile at the recollection, and make you smile with me.

Dante. Recollection of what, in particular?

Beatrice. Of your ignorance that a fig-tree is the brittlest of trees, especially when it is in leaf; and, moreover, of your tumble, when your head was just above the wall, and your hand (with the verses in it) on the very coping-stone. Nobody suspected that I went every day to the bottom of our garden, to hear you repeat your poetry on the other side; nobody but yourself: you soon found me out. But on that occasion I thought you might have been hurt; and I clambered up our high peach-tree in the grass-plot nearest the place; and thence I saw Messer Dante, with his white sleeve reddened by the fig-juice, and the seeds sticking to it pertinaciously, and Messer blushing, and trying to conceal his calamity, and still holding the verses. They were all about me.

Dante. Never shall any verse of mine be uttered from my lips, or from the lips of others, without the memorial of Bice.

Beatrice. Sweet Dante! in the purity of your soul shall Bice live; as (we are told by the goat-herds and foresters) poor creatures have been found preserved in the serene and lofty regions of the Alps, many years after the breath of life had left them. Already you rival Guido Cavalcanti and Cino da Pistoja: you must attempt — nor perhaps, shall it be vainly — to surpass them in celebrity.

Dante. If ever I am above them, — and I must be, — I know already what angel's hand will have helped me up the ladder. Beatrice, I vow to heaven, shall stand higher than

Selvaggia, high and glorious and immortal as that name will be. You have given me joy and sorrow; for the worst of these (I will not say the least) I will confer on you all the generations of our Italy, all the ages of our world. But, first, (alas, from me you must not have it!) may happiness, long happiness, attend you!

Beatrice. Ah! those words rend your bosom! Why should they?

Dante. I could go away contented, or almost contented, were I sure of it. Hope is nearly as strong as despair, and greatly more pertinacious and enduring. You have made me see clearly that you never can be mine in this world; but at the same time, O Beatrice, you have made me see quite as clearly that you may and must be mine in another. I am older than you: precedency is given to age, and not to worthiness, in our way to heaven. I will watch over you; I will pray for you when I am nearer to God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me to behold you lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain should call me onward.

Beatrice. Hush, sweetest Dante! hush!

Dante. It is there, where I shall have caught the first glimpse of you again, that I wish all my portion of Paradise to be assigned me; and there, if far below you, yet within the sight of you, to establish my perdurable abode.

Beatrice. Is this piety? Is this wisdom? O Dante! And may not I be called away first?

Dante. Alas! alas! how many small feet have swept off the early dew of life, leaving the path black behind them! But to think that you should go before me! It almost sends me forward on my way, to receive and welcome you. If indeed, O Beatrice! such should be God's immutable will, sometimes look down on me when the song to him is suspended. Oh! look often on me with prayer and pity; for there all prayers are accepted, and all pity is devoid of pain. Why are you silent?

Beatrice. It is very sinful not to love all creatures in the world. But is it true, O Dante! that we always love those the most who make us the most unhappy.

Dante. The remark, I fear, is just.

Beatrice. Then, unless the Virgin be pleased to change my

inclinations, I shall begin at last to love my betrothed ; for already the very idea of him renders me sad, wearisome, and comfortless. Yesterday, he sent me a bunch of violets. When I took them up, delighted as I felt at that sweetest of odors, which you and I once inhaled together —

Dante. And only once.

Beatrice. You know why. Be quiet now, and hear me. I dropped the posy ; for around it, hidden by various kinds of foliage, was twined the bridal necklace of pearls. O Dante! how worthless are the finest of them (and there are many fine ones) in comparison with those little pebbles, some of which (for perhaps I may not have gathered up all) may be still lying under the peach-tree, and some (do I blush to say it?) under the fig! Tell me not who threw these, nor for what. But you know you were always thoughtful, and sometimes reading, sometimes writing, and sometimes forgetting me, while I waited to see the crimson cap, and the two bay-leaves I fastened in it, rise above the garden-wall. How silently you are listening, if you do listen!

Dante. Oh, could my thoughts incessantly and eternally dwell among these recollections, undisturbed by any other voice, — undisturbed by any other presence! Soon must they abide with me alone, and be repeated by none but me, — repeated in the accents of anguish and despair! Why could you not have held in the sad home of your heart that necklace and those violets.

Beatrice. My Dante! we must all obey: I, my father; you, your God. He will never abandon you.

Dante. I have ever sung, and will for ever sing, the most glorious of his works: and yet, O Bice! he abandons me, he casts me off; and he uses your hand for this infliction.

Beatrice. Men travel far and wide, and see many on whom to fix or transfer their affections ; but we maidens have neither the power nor the will. Casting our eyes on the ground, we walk along the straight and narrow road prescribed for us ; and, doing thus, we avoid in great measure the thorns and entanglements of life. We know we are performing our duty ; and the fruit of this knowledge is contentment. Season after season, day after day, you have made me serious, pensive, meditative, and almost wise. Being so little a girl, I was proud that you, so much taller, should lean on my shoulder

to overlook my work. And greatly more proud was I when in time you taught me several Latin words, and then whole sentences, both in prose and verse; pasting a strip of paper over, or obscuring with impenetrable ink, those passages in the poets which were beyond my comprehension, and might perplex me. But proudest of all was I when you began to reason with me. What will now be my pride, if you are convinced by the first arguments I ever have opposed to you; or if you only take them up and try if they are applicable. Certainly do I know (indeed, indeed I do) that even the patience to consider them will make you happier. Will it not, then, make me so? I entertain no other wish. Is not this true love?

Dante. Ah, yes! the truest, the purest, the least perishable; but not the sweetest. Here are the rue and hyssop; but where the rose?

Beatrice. Wicked must be whatever torments you; and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the Tempter should intercept it, and respire it polluted into your ear? Do not make me hesitate to pray to the Virgin for you, nor tremble lest she look down on you with a reproachful pity. To her alone, O Dante! dare I confide all my thoughts. Lessen not my confidence in my only refuge.

Dante. God annihilate a power so criminal! Oh, could my love flow into your breast with hers! It should flow with equal purity.

Beatrice. You have stored my little mind with many thoughts; dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom; as the *Contadina* lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God; and, under God, my father. Surely, the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You will be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

Dante. Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken in this estimate. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a movable accumulation,

swept along the surface of the earth ; the other stands fixed and solid and alone, above the violence of war and of the tempest, above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones ; but the snow colossus soon melts. The good stand under the eye of God ; and therefore stand.

Beatrice. Now you are calm and reasonable, listen to Bice. You must marry.

Dante. Marry ?

Beatrice. Unless you do, how can we meet again, unreservedly ? Worse, worse than ever ! I cannot bear to see those large, heavy tears following one another, heavy and slow as nuns at the funeral of a sister. Come, I will kiss off one, if you will promise me faithfully to shed no more. Be tranquil, be tranquil ; only hear reason. There are many who know you ; and all who know you must love you. Don't you hear me ? Why turn aside ? and why go further off ? I will have that hand. It twists about as if it hated its confinement. Perverse and peevish creature ! you have no more reason to be sorry than I have ; and you have many to the contrary which I have not. Being a man, you are at liberty to admire a variety, and to make a choice. Is that no comfort to you ?

Dante.

> " Bid this bosom cease to grieve ?
> Bid these eyes fresh objects see ?
> Where's the comfort to believe
> None might once have rivall'd me ?
> What ! my freedom to receive !
> Broken hearts, are they the free ?
> For another can I live
> When I may not live for thee ? "

Beatrice. I will never be fond of you again, if you are so violent. We have been together too long, and we may be noticed.

Dante. Is this our last meeting ? If it is — and that it is, my heart has told me — you will not, surely you will not refuse —

Beatrice. Dante ! Dante ! they make the heart sad after : do not wish it. But prayers — oh, how much better are they ! how much quieter and lighter they render it ! They carry it up to heaven with them ; and those we love are left behind no longer.

XVI. QUEEN ELIZABETH, CECIL, DUKE OF ANJOU, AND DE LA MOTTE FÉNÉLON.

Elizabeth. You are only nineteen, M. D'Anjou: I, as all the world knows, am bordering on thirty.

La Motte (*aside*). Thirty-nine, that is. (Pretty bordering.)

Elizabeth (*continuing*). If in fifteen or twenty years, sooner or later, I should haply lose a part of those personal charms which, for the benefit of my people, God's providence hath so bountifully bestowed on me, and which your partial eye hath multiplied; if they should wane, and their power over your gentle heart become fainter, — die I must: die of grief; the grievousest of grief, — the loss of your affection.

Anjou. Impossible! Such charms perish! wane! decline! in fifteen or twenty years!

La Motte (*aside*). They have all been gone the best part of the time.

Anjou. Angelic vision! I am unworthy of them: earth may be so too. Death alone can deprive her of their radiance: but the angels can be happy without them; and mankind hath not so sinned a second time as to deserve a deluge,— a universal deluge of tears for which no ark hath been provided.

Elizabeth (*to Cecil*). He speaks well, rationally, religiously: but, Cecil, the inches are wanting.

Anjou. A few years are as unlikely to produce a change on that countenance of a seraph, as eternity is to produce it in my passion.

Elizabeth. I cannot but smile at you, my sweet cousin! But surely you mock me. Do my features (which, alas! like my heart, were ever too flexible) seem to you so settled?

Anjou. Not otherwise than as the stars above are settled in the firmament.

Elizabeth. Believe it or not believe it, I have been more beautiful.

La Motte (*aside*). No heretic will ever be burned for disputing the verity of that article.

Anjou. More beautiful still?

Elizabeth. Ay, truly; two years ago.

Anjou. Truth is powerful; but modesty is powerfuller.

Here, indeed, truth flies before her. For this uncourteous speech, thus extorted from me, on my knees do I crave your pardon, O gracious Queen! O empress of my heart!

Elizabeth. I increase in glory by that application.

Anjou. I have always heard that the lofty of both sexes love the less in stature, and that the beautiful are partial to the plain.

Elizabeth. Am I plain, false traitor? I could almost find it in my heart to beat you, for changing your tone so suddenly.

Anjou. That gracious glance could heal even wounds inflicted by the rack, and turn agonies into ecstasies. I spake (alas, too truly!) of myself. Whatever are the graces which the world sees in my person, I am shorter than several in the courts of France and England. Indeed, I never saw so many personable men before, as I have seen about your Majesty.

Elizabeth (*aside*). He has caught some of his Brother Henry's jealousy; maybe he hath spied at Dudley; maybe he hath heard of the Admiral and — the rest.

Sir, my cousin! they are well enough; that is, they are well enough for grooms, and servitors about the house.

Anjou. Your Majesty is now looking at those unfortunate holes and seams left all over my face by the small-pox.

Elizabeth. Dimples! dimples! hiding-places of love.

La Motte, did you not assure me that there is a surgeon in London who can remove them all?

La Motte. And most truly. I have conversed with him myself, and have seen many whose faces he hath put into repair. You would believe that the greater part had never had a speck upon them.

Elizabeth. Touch your face! Would you let him? would you suffer him to alter one feature, one component of feature, in that countenance?

Anjou. My mother has insisted that it might be improved.

Elizabeth. My dear sister, the Queen Catarina, is the wisest of queens and of women. A mother so perspicacious might espy a defect, when another of equal perspicacity (if any such existed) could find none.

(*To Cecil.*) What a monkey! How hideous! and how vain, worst of all!

Cecil. His Highness hath much penetration.

Elizabeth. But the inches, Cecil, — the inches!

Anjou. I perceive your Majesty hath been comparing my stature with my Lord Burleigh's. I wish, indeed, I resembled his Lordship in figure and dignity. I would gladly be half an inch taller.

Elizabeth. Men never are contented. You are between five and six feet high.

(*Aside*). Eleven inches from six, though.

Anjou. If my height is unobjectionable, my heart is quite at ease; for it has been certified to me that the surgeon can render my face as smooth as —

Elizabeth (*aside*). The outside of an oyster-shell.

Anjou. And should he fail, should he peradventure, my beard in another year will overgrow the marks.

Elizabeth (*to Cecil*). Such creatures are usually born with beards from chin to eyebrow, and from eyebrow to nose.

(*To Anjou.*) Beards so comprehensive add more to majesty than to comeliness.

(*To Cecil.*) 'Fore Gad! Cecil, I would not have him for a husband, were he ten inches taller, and ten wider across the shoulders. To gratify my beloved people, on whom all my thoughts are bent, I must look narrowly to the succession, seeing that from my body must descend the issue of their future kings. We want the inches, Cecil, we verily do want the inches. My father was a portly man, Cecil, and my grandfather, albeit spare, was wirily elastic. For reasons of State, I would never have my Sister Mary's widower. The nation might possibly have been disappointed in the succession, and I should have wasted away among the bleeding hearts of my people. Say something to the man, and let him go. Were there the inches — but we must not press upon that point.

Cecil. May it please your Majesty, ten or a dozen in height and breadth would cover a multitude of sins, and almost atone for the mass.

Elizabeth. At him upon that!

Anjou. I do perceive there are difficulties; but I humbly trust that none of them are insurmountable.

Elizabeth. Excuse my maidenly sighs, sweet cousin!

La Motte (*aside*). No sighs of that description have escaped her since she was fourteen. The first and last of them

caught the sails of the High Admiral, and cast him on the breakers.

Anjou. Those tender breathings, most gracious lady, seem to arise from my breast and to murmur on your lips; those beauteous lips which may soften or shorten the thread of my destiny.

Elizabeth. Faith and troth, Cecil, this rogue duke possesses a vast treasury of jewelled language. The boy is well educated, and hath much discernment. It would cost no ordinary poet half a day's labor, and the better part of his ten nails, to have devised what our cousin hath spoken off-hand.

(*To Anjou.*) Sir, my cousin! of all the princes who have wooed me, none so well knows the avenues to my heart as you do. I beseech you, urge me no further in this moment of my weakness. The woman who avoweth her love loseth her lover. Forbear! Oh, forbear! have patience: leave my wits to settle! Time, too clearly I perceive it, will only rivet my chains.

La Motte (*to Anjou*). He hath taken his leisure in forging them, and hath left them brittle at last.

Anjou (*to La Motte*). Forty-nine years! Women of that age have bent down their spectacles over the cradles of their great-grandchildren. In God's name, La Motte, how much older do they ever grow?

Elizabeth. What did I overhear of children? The Lord vouchsafe us whatever number of girls it may please his Divine providence! I would implore of it, in addition, only just two boys; one for France, and one for England.

La Motte. We cannot be quite happy with fewer than four girls, may it please your Majesty.

Elizabeth. It pleaseth me well; and I see no difficulty in inserting so discreet a prayer in our Litany. But why four? Why four, precisely?

La Motte. May it please your Majesty! in order to represent their mother and the Graces. In the first I have presumed to mention, the cardinal virtues have already their representative.

Cecil. M. De La Motte Fénélon! her Majesty has been graciously pleased to impose on me her royal command that I should express her Majesty's deep sorrow (since she herself

is incapable in this presence of expressing any such sentiment) at the strange misadventure, the sad, untoward demise, of so many Protestant lords and gentlemen, in his most Christian Majesty's good city of Paris, on the Feast of St. Bartholomew last past. And her most gracious Majesty, in the tenderness of her royal heart, urged by the cries and clamors of her loving subjects, would remonstrate, however blandly, thereupon. In order to pacify her people, who are dearer to her than life, and in order that no delay whatever may be interposed to your forthcoming nuptials, her Majesty would fain insure your Highness's compliance with the established religion of the realm ; and is ready to accept any valid security that your and her royal progeny (the first-born and second-born son, especially) be educated in the same. The daughters, in course, follow the footsteps of the mother.

Anjou. My children can receive no better instruction than from their most religious and accomplished mother. I am tolerant of all religions ; and, to give a proof of it, I am going to fight for the Protestants in the Low-Countries.

Elizabeth (*to Cecil*). Do not let him go: he will obtain great influence over them, and curtail our traffic and taxes.

(*To Anjou.*) O Anjou! Anjou! O my beloved Francis! do you, must you, can you, leave us? My sobs choke me. Is war, is even glory, preferable to love? Alas! alas! you cannot answer me: you know not what love is. Oh, imperfection of speech, — in the presence of Anjou to separate war and glory! But when will you return?

Anjou. Before the end of next month, at farthest.

Elizabeth. What years, what ages, roll within that period! My heart is already on the ocean with you, swelling more tumultuously. The danger I most dread is from the elements: no other enemy is great enough to hurt you. Only look from the window! The waves are beating and roaring against our town of Sandwich, ready to engulf it.

Anjou. Sweet lady! the sun is shining on the eighth of February as brightly as it ever shone on May before. But shines it not at this moment on May?

Elizabeth. Flatterer! deceiver! I am shipwrecked and lost already. Adieu! adieu! — must I only say — *my cousin?*

Anjou. She is gone — God be praised! Why did not you

tell me, Fénélon, what a hyena the creature is? Her smile cured me at once of love-qualms.

La Motte. She is not so amiss. Really, she was well-looking no longer than some twenty years ago. But every woman has been several women if she has lived long. The English at this hour call her handsome.

Anjou. The English may be good historians: they are bad grammarians; they confound the preterite and the present. Beside, to call her otherwise, would cost the best among them his head. How many days ago is it that she chopped off the hand of the most eloquent and honest man in her universities, for disapproving of her intended marriage with me? And yet he praised her, and spoke affectionately. What prince, whether in modern times or ancient, ever inflicted so many and such atrocious pains and penalties, or ever expected such enormous sums in proportion to the ability of the people? But in England the pack is well whipped in, and always follows the first hound at full cry, muzzle to hoof. The English have belief for every thing but religion: there they would run wild; only a few good Catholics whimper and sit quiet. Englishmen verily believe the Queen loves them tenderly, while they see one after another led with the halter round their necks up the ladder, some wanting their ears, some their noses, and some their hands. Talk to me of St. Bartholomew's day! — the dead upon that day died whole.

What stomachs have these islanders! The Lord High Admiral well deserved his commission; but he was braver on land than at sea.

La Motte. The English drink valiantly, and do not see clearly small defects in beauty by bedtime. They are hale, and deem it unmeet and unmanly to be squeamish.

Anjou. So it appears, by what my brother told me, and by what (as we know) went against the grain with him. But he was heir-apparent. If Dudley had been a gentleman by descent, Charles perhaps might not have so taken to heart his precedency.

La Motte. She has points about her.

Anjou. Ay, truly; too many. Were her nose but awry, she might see to read through it. Then (mercy upon us!) those long, narrow, ferret's teeth, intersecting a face of such proportions that it is like a pared cucumber set on end. And

then, those foxy eyelashes and eyebrows! And those wild-fire eyes, equal in volubility to her tongue and her affections, and leering like a panther's when it yawns. Gramercy! the fellow who pretends he can fill up the trenches and pitfalls in my face may try his hand at hers; I never will. Sacre! the skinny old goshawk, all talon and plumage. By St. Martin! I would not have her, — no, not even to nail against my stable-door. I do not wonder that Dudley requires a couple of wives to take the taste of this wormwood out of his mouth. My wonder is that he should have been at the trouble to murder the same number of handsome ones to make room for her. I myself would have done a good deal, perhaps as much or nearly so, to get a kingdom; but my charger could never overleap this bar. No, La Motte! I must be contented with the Netherlands.

XVII. MARY AND BOTHWELL.

Mary. Bothwell! Bothwell! what would you have? I can hardly believe my senses. It was wrong, it was very wrong indeed, to commit such an outrage. You forget my condition, my station, and what you owe me, — the allegiance, the duty —

Bothwell. Nay, nay, my gracious Queen! I thought of nothing else all our ride. What a sweet, fresh color it has given my royal mistress! Oh, could the ugly Elizabeth but see it, I should hail you Queen of England the next hour!

Mary. How dare you call my cousin ugly? and to my face! And do you think she would give the crown of England to look at me? O you silly man! But what can you mean?

Bothwell. I mean, she would burst and crack at it, like a dry and gnarly log of mountain-ash on a Christmas hearth.

Mary. At me? at my color? I cannot help laughing at your absurdity, most wicked, flattering, deceiving creature!

Bothwell. I flatter! I deceive! I never try to do what I am likely to fail in: here I must; here all must.

Mary. I wish you had, indeed, failed altogether.

Bothwell. So, then, my royal dove, I did not quite?

Mary. Impudent man! go away.

Ah, Bothwell! you are now a traitor after this. They would treat you like one. The laws call it abduction, — and God knows what beside.

Bothwell. Treat me like a traitor! — me! — the truest man among them! Yea, if I would let them, and this fair hand could sign it.

Mary. O Heaven! do not talk so; you make me very sad. I will never be so cruel to you as you have been to me.

Bothwell. The laws too; the laws, forsooth! Neither in our country, nor in any other, do the laws touch any thing higher than the collar of the most diminutive thief; and a lawyer is always at hand to change his coat and character with him for a groat.

Mary. With what derision and scorn you speak of laws and lawyers! You little know how vindictive they are.

Bothwell. Faith! we are not well acquainted; but I know enough of them to know that.

Mary. Are not you afraid?

Bothwell. I tremble in the presence of majesty and beauty. Where they are, there lies my law. I do confess I am afraid, and hugely; for I feel hard knockings (there must surely be all the pandects) where my heart was lately.

Mary. You never had any heart, or you would not have treated me in this manner.

Bothwell. You shall want nothing with me: you shall never pine after the past.

Mary. Ah, but! — ah, but! — indeed, indeed, good Bothwell! he was very handsome; and you must acknowledge it. If he had only been less cross and jealous and wayward and childish —

Bothwell. Too childish by half for you, fair lady! and he was all those other little things beside.

Mary. What is over is over! God forgive you, bad man! Sinner! serpent! it was all you. And you dare smile! Shame upon you, varlet! Yes; now you look as you should do. Nobody ought to be more contrite. You may speak again, if you will only speak to the purpose. Come; no wicked thoughts! I mean if you will speak reasonably. But you really are a very, very wicked man, indeed.

Bothwell. Happy the man who hears those blessed words! They grow but on soft sweet lips, fresh pouting from ardent pressure.

Mary. If you presume to talk so, I will kill myself. Are you not ashamed?

Bothwell. My blushes quite consume me; I feel my hair crackle on my head; my beard would burn my fingers.

Mary. I will not laugh, sirrah!

Bothwell. No, my most gracious lady: in mercy stop halfway! That smile is quite sufficient.

Mary. Do you fancy I am capable of smiling? I am quite serious. You have carried me away, and now you have nothing to do but to take me back again.

Bothwell. It would be dangerous: you have too many enemies.

Mary. I do not mind them while you are with me. Am I wild? You have frightened me so I scarcely know what I say.

Bothwell. A part of your understanding, most gracious lady, seems at last to have fallen on me.

Mary. Whither now would you carry me? You know it is quite against my will, — absolute, downright force.

Bothwell. Pardon, sweet lady! pardon my excess of zeal and devotion, my unutterable —

Mary. What?

Bothwell. Love.

Mary. A subject's is loyalty. Love, indeed!

Bothwell. Let me perish, but not against an iceberg.

Mary. Ah, bold, cruel man! this is scoffing. Does it end *so?*

Bothwell. Nay, never let it end *so;* never let it end at all: let one thing under heaven be eternal.

Mary. As if I, so helpless a creature, could order it.

Bothwell. What have the Powers above denied you?

Mary. Happiness, innocence, peace. No, they did not deny them. Bothwell! Bothwell! they were mine, — were they not?

Bothwell. And good things they are, no doubt; but there are other good things beside: all which you possess, and these too. These should not always be shut up in the casket. Where there are peace and happiness, there is sure to be

innocence; for what else can any one wish? But those who can bring them into the hearts of others, and will not, I never will call innocent. I do not remember that any living person has entreated me, and met with a refusal.

Mary. Ah! such men may be beloved, but cannot love. What is that to me? It is unbecoming in me to reason with a profligate, or to listen any longer. You have often run, then, into such courses?

Bothwell. Alas! from my youth upward I have always been liable to these paroxysms.

Mary. For shame! I do not understand a single word of what you are saying. Again, I ask you, and I insist upon an answer, whither are you conducting me?

Bothwell. To freedom, to safety, to the protection of a dutiful subject, to the burning heart of a gallant man.

Mary. I am frightened out of my senses at the mere mention of any such things. What can you possibly mean? I never knew the like. I will not hear of it, you rebel! And you dare already —

Bothwell. Do you look so sternly on me, when you yourself have reduced me to this extremity? And now, worse! worse! do you deprive me of the last breath, by turning away from me those eyes, — the bright, unerring stars of my destiny?

Mary. If they had any power (but they have none!) I would strike you almost dead with them for that audacity. Again? O madman! madman! madman!

Bothwell. To mistake the lips for the hand, — hallucination!

Mary. Now, if you should (and you must!) be overtaken?

Bothwell. You would deliver me up to death and ignominy?

Mary. Our pure religion teaches us forgiveness.

Bothwell.

> Then by my troth is it pure and bright
> As a pewter plate on a Saturday night.

Here is a stave of my own to its honor and glory.

Mary. You sing too?

Bothwell. Yes; but I am no tenor.

Mary (*aside*). Ah, sweet soul! thou* wert gentle, fond, and faithful!

* Thinking of Rizzio.

Bothwell (*catching the last word*). Capital for the faithful; and, moreover, it is the cleverest and rarest religion in the world. Few, even of the adventurously pious, so far interfere with the attributes of the Almighty as to take pardon into their own hands, — unless for offences against others. There indeed they find as little difficulty in practising as in preaching.

Mary. I am quite edified at seeing you grow so serious. I once heard that you had abandoned the religion of your ancestors.

Bothwell. I did not abandon it: it dropped off me unaware. Now to prove my constancy, I never would take another. It is hard that a man like me should be accused of irreligion. They may do any thing with me they like, if they will only let me be quiet. I am long-suffering: I never preach again.

Mary. Well, at least you have not fallen into heresy: you are not malignant?

Bothwell. By Jupiter! no; neither the one nor the other. Sweet, gracious lady! how could you suspect me?

Mary. Because you men are so violent and so fond of change. You will never hear reason; you will never do your duty.

Bothwell. By the stars above! I will do mine before I ever presume to pray again.

Mary. And so, you dare to swear and laugh in my presence! I do really think, Bothwell, you are one of the most impudent men I ever met withal.

Bothwell. Ah, my beloved lady! —

Mary. Stop, stop! I shall not let you say that.

Bothwell. My most gracious Queen and mistress!

Mary. You are now, I believe, within the rules and regulations; that is, if you would not look up to me in such a very odd way. Modest men always look down on the eyelashes, not between them.

Bothwell. Happy the modest men, if they do.

Mary. There! now you look exactly as you should always.

Bothwell. Faint as I am, and sinking betwixt fear and love, I feel that, by thus taking my hand, your Highness in part forgives and entirely pities the most unfortunate of your servants. For, surely, he is the most unfortunate, who, having

ventured the most to serve you, has given you thereby the most offence. I do not say I hazarded my freedom; it was lost when I first beheld you: I do not say I hazarded my life; I had none until to-day: and who dares touch it on the altar where I devote it? Lady, vouchsafe to hear me!

Mary. What a rough hand you have, Bothwell! what a heavy one! and (holy Virgin!) what a vastly broad one! it would cover I don't know what. And what a briery bower of hair overarching it! Curious! it is quite red all over,— everywhere but where there is this long scar, and these two ugly warts. Do I hurt you?

Bothwell. My heart and every fibre feel it, but can well bear it.

Mary. How much whiter the back of the hand is, for a moment, by just passing two fingers over it! — look! But, really, warts are frightful things; and scars not much better. And yet there are silly girls, who, when they have nothing else to think about, could kiss them.

Bothwell. Ay, ay; but be girls as silly as they will, I never let them play such idle tricks with me.

Mary. I am glad to hear it. I fancied you had said something very different: you must not joke; it vexes me.

Bothwell. The warts will vanish under the royal touch. As for the scar, I would not lose the scar for the crown of Scotland, in defence whereof I fairly won it.

Mary. Oh! you are a very brave man, but a very bold one.

Bothwell. Illiterate and ignorant as I am, I would gladly learn from the best informed and most intellectual of God's creatures, where lies the difference.

Mary. I don't know, I don't know. I am quite bewildered. Move your hand off my knee. Do not lay your cheek there, sir!

O Bothwell! I am tired to death. Take me back! oh, take me back! Pray do! if you have any pity.

Bothwell. Would your Highness be pleased to repose awhile, and remain by yourself in a chamber upstairs?

Mary. I think it might do me good.

Bothwell. May I order the trustiest of the handmaidens to attend your Highness?

Mary. You may. Go, go; I thought I desired you before not to look up at me in that manner. Thank you, gentle

Bothwell! I did not speak too harshly, did I? If I did, you may kiss my hand.

Bothwell. If this scar and these warts (which are fast disappearing, I perceive) are become less frightful to your Highness, might the humblest of your servitors crave permission to conduct your Highness nigh unto the chamber-door?

Mary. Ah me! where are my own women? where are my ushers?

Bothwell. Your Highness, in all your wrongs and straits, has the appointment of one supernumerary.

Mary. Be it so: I cannot help myself, as you know; and the blame is all yours.

Bothwell. When your Highness is ready to receive the services of the handmaiden, how may it please your Highness that she shall know it?

Mary. Let her tap twice with her knuckles: I can open the door myself, — or she may.

Bothwell. My Queen's most gracious commands shall be duly executed.

XVIII. TASSO AND CORNELIA.

Tasso. She is dead, Cornelia! she is dead!

Cornelia. Torquato! my Torquato! after so many years of separation do I bend once more your beloved head to my embrace?

Tasso. She is dead!

Cornelia. Tenderest of brothers! bravest and best and most unfortunate of men! What, in the name of Heaven, so bewilders you?

Tasso. Sister! sister! sister! I could not save her.

Cornelia. Certainly, it was a sad event; and they who are out of spirits may be ready to take it for an evil omen. At this season of the year, the vintagers are joyous and negligent.

Tasso. How! what is this?

Cornelia. The little girl was crushed, they say, by a wheel of the car laden with grapes, as she held out a handful of

vine-leaves to one of the oxen. And did you happen to be there just at the moment?

Tasso. So, then, the little too can suffer! — the ignorant, the indigent, the unaspiring! Poor child! she was kind-hearted, else never would calamity have befallen her.

Cornelia. I wish you had not seen the accident.

Tasso. I see it? — I? I saw it not. No other is crushed where I am. The little girl died for her kindness! Natural death!

Cornelia. Be calm, be composed, my brother!

Tasso. You would not require me to be composed or calm, if you comprehended a thousandth part of my sufferings.

Cornelia. Peace! peace! we know them all.

Tasso. Who has dared to name them? Imprisonment, derision, madness.

Cornelia. Hush! sweet Torquato! If ever these existed, they are past.

Tasso. You do think they are sufferings? ay?

Cornelia. Too surely.

Tasso. No, not too surely: I will not have that answer. They would have been; but Leonora was then living. Unmanly as I am, did I complain of them? and while she was left me?

Cornelia. My own Torquato! is there no comfort in a sister's love? Is there no happiness but under the passions? Think, O my brother, how many courts there are in Italy: are the princes more fortunate than you? Which among them all loves truly, deeply, and virtuously? Among them all, is there any one, for his genius, for his generosity, for his gentleness, — ay, for his mere humanity, — worthy to be beloved?

Tasso. Princes! talk to me of princes! How much cross-grained wood a little gypsum covers, a little carmine quite beautifies! Wet your forefinger with your spittle; stick a broken gold-leaf on the sinciput; clip off a beggar's beard to make it tresses; kiss it; fall down before it; worship it. Are you not irradiated by the light of its countenance? Princes! princes! Italian princes! Estes! What matters that costly carrion? Who thinks about it? (*After a pause.*) She is dead! She is dead!

Cornelia. We have not heard it here.

Tasso. At Sorrento, you hear nothing but the light surges of the sea, and the sweet sprinkles of the guitar.

Cornelia. Suppose the worst to be true.

Tasso. Always, always.

Cornelia. If she ceases, as then perhaps she must, to love and to lament you, think gratefully, contentedly, devoutly, that her arms had clasped your neck before they were crossed upon her bosom in that long sleep which you have rendered placid, and from which your harmonious voice shall once more awaken her. Yes, Torquato! her bosom had throbbed to yours, often and often, before the organ-peal shook the fringes round the *catafalco.* Is not this much, from one so high, so beautiful?

Tasso. Much? yes, for abject me. But I did so love her! so love her!

Cornelia. Ah! let the tears flow: she sends you that balm from heaven.

Tasso. So love her did poor Tasso! Else, O Cornelia, it had indeed been much. I thought, in the simplicity of my heart, that God was as great as an emperor, and could bestow and had bestowed on me as much as the German had conferred or could confer on his vassal. No part of my insanity was ever held in such ridicule as this. And yet the idea cleaves to me strangely, and is liable to stick to my shroud.

Cornelia. Woe betide the woman who bids you to forget that woman who has loved you! she sins against her sex. Leonora was unblamable. Never think ill of her for what you have suffered.

Tasso. Think ill of her? — I? — I? — I? No: those we love, we love for every thing, — even for the pain they have given us. But she gave me none: it was where she was not, that pain was.

Cornelia. Surely, if love and sorrow are destined for companionship, there is no reason why the last comer of the two should supersede the first.

Tasso. Argue with me, and you drive me into darkness. I am easily persuaded and led on while no reasons are thrown before me. With these you have made my temples throb again. Just Heaven! dost thou grant us fairer fields, and wider, for the whirlwind to lay waste? Dost thou build us up habitations above the street, above the palace, above the

citadel, for the plague to enter and carouse in? Has not my youth paid its dues, paid its penalties? Cannot our griefs come first, while we have strength to bear them? The fool! the fool! who thinks it a misfortune that his love is unrequited. Happier young man! look at the violets until thou drop asleep on them. Ah! but thou must wake!

Cornelia. O Heavens! what must you have suffered! for a man's heart is sensitive in proportion to its greatness.

Tasso. And a woman's?

Cornelia. Alas! I know not; but I think it can be no other. Comfort thee, comfort thee, dear Torquato!

Tasso. Then, do not rest thy face upon my arm; it so reminds me of her. And thy tears too! they melt me into her grave.

Cornelia. Hear you not her voice as it appeals to you; saying to you, as the priests around have been saying to *her*, "Blessed soul! rest in peace"?

Tasso. I heard it not; and yet I am sure she said it. A thousand times has she repeated it, laying her hand on my heart to quiet it, simple girl! She told it to rest in peace, — and she went from me! Insatiable love! ever self-torturer, never self-destroyer! the world, with all its weight of miseries, cannot crush thee, cannot keep thee down. Generally, men's tears, like the droppings of certain springs, only harden and petrify what they fall on; but mine sank deep into a tender heart, and were its very blood. Never will I believe she has left me utterly. Oftentimes, and long before her departure, I fancied we were in heaven together. I fancied it in the fields, in the gardens, in the palace, in the prison. I fancied it in the broad daylight, when my eyes were open, when blessed spirits drew around me that golden circle which one only of earth's inhabitants could enter. Oftentimes in my sleep, also, I fancied it; and sometimes in the intermediate state, in that serenity which breathes about the transported soul, enjoying its pure and perfect rest, a span below the feet of the Immortal!

Cornelia. She has not left you: do not disturb her peace by these repinings.

Tasso. She will bear with them. Thou knowest not what she was, Cornelia; for I wrote to thee about her while she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her

beautiful form, but her very voice bent over me. How girlish in the gracefulness of her lofty form! how pliable in her majesty! what composure at my petulance and reproaches! what pity in her reproofs! Like the air that angels breathe in the metropolitan temple of the Christian world, her soul at every season preserved one temperature. But it was when she could and did love me! Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the unchangeable. The purifying flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when they meet above.

Cornelia. Indulge in these delightful thoughts, my Torquato; and believe that your love is and ought to be imperishable as your glory. Generations of men move forward in endless procession to consecrate and commemorate both. Color-grinders and gilders, year after year, are bargained with to refresh the crumbling monuments and tarnished decorations of rude, unregarded royalty, and to fasten the nails that cramp the crown upon its head. Meanwhile, in the laurels of my Torquato, there will always be one leaf above man's reach, above time's wrath and injury, inscribed with the name of Leonora.

Tasso. O Jerusalem! I have not, then, sung in vain the Holy Sepulchre.

Cornelia. After such devotion of your genius, you have undergone too many misfortunes.

Tasso. Congratulate the man who has had many, and may have more. I have had, I have, I can have, one only.

Cornelia. Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but, after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

Tasso. Have the stars smooth surfaces? No, no; but how they shine!

Cornelia. Capable of thoughts so exalted, so far above the earth we dwell on, why suffer any to depress and anguish you?

Tasso. Cornelia, Cornelia! the mind has within it temples and porticos and palaces and towers: the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun and stronger than the storm; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the Psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee again, hath its hun-

dred gates, compared whereto the Theban are but willow wickets ; and all those hundred gates can genius throw open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them.

Cornelia. Torquato has thrown open those of his holy temple ; Torquato hath stood, another angel, at his tomb ; and am I the sister of Torquato ? Kiss me, my brother, and let my tears run only from my pride and joy ! Princes have bestowed knighthood on the worthy and unworthy : thou hast called forth those princes from their ranks, pushing back the arrogant and presumptuous of them like intrusive varlets, and conferring on the betternost crowns and robes, imperishable and unfading.

Tasso. I seem to live back into those days. I feel the helmet on my head ; I wave the standard over it : brave men smile upon me ; beautiful maidens pull them gently back by the scarf, and will not let them break my slumber, nor undraw the curtain. Corneliolina ! —

Cornelia. Well, my dear brother, why do you stop so suddenly in the midst of them ? They are the pleasantest and best company, and they make you look quite happy and joyous.

Tasso. Corneliolina, dost thou remember Bergamo ? What city was ever so celebrated for honest and valiant men in all classes, or for beautiful girls ? There is but one class of those : Beauty is above all ranks ; the true Madonna, the patroness and bestower of felicity, the queen of heaven.

Cornelia. Hush, Torquato, hush ! talk not so.

Tasso. What rivers, how sunshiny and revelling, are the Brembo and the Serio ! What a country the Valtellina ! I went back to our father's house, thinking to find thee again, my little sister ; thinking to kick away thy ball of yellow silk as thou wast stooping for it, to make thee run after me and beat me. I woke early in the morning : thou wert grown up and gone. Away to Sorrento : I knew the road ; a few strides brought me back ; here I am. To-morrow, my Cornelia, we will walk together, as we used to do, into the cool and quiet caves on the shore ; and we will catch the little breezes as they come in and go out again on the backs of the jocund waves.

Cornelia. We will, indeed, to-morrow ; but, before we set

out, we must take a few hours' rest, that we may enjoy our ramble the better.

Tasso. Our Sorrentines, I see, are grown rich and avaricious. They have uprooted the old pomegranate hedges, and have built high walls to prohibit the wayfarer from their vineyards.

Cornelia. I have a basket of grapes for you in the book-room that overlooks our garden.

Tasso. Does the old twisted sage-tree grow still against the window?

Cornelia. It harbored too many insects at last, and there was always a nest of scorpions in the crevice.

Tasso. Oh, what a prince of a sage-tree! And the well too, with its bucket of shining metal, large enough for the largest cocomero* to cool in it for dinner.

Cornelia. The well, I assure you, is as cool as ever.

Tasso. Delicious! delicious! And the stonework round it, bearing no other marks of waste than my pruning-hook and dagger left behind?

Cornelia. None whatever.

Tasso. White in that place no longer? There has been time enough for it to become all of one color, — gray, mossy, half-decayed.

Cornelia. No, no; not even the rope has wanted repair.

Tasso. Who sings yonder?

Cornelia. Enchanter! No sooner did you say the word *cocomero*, than here comes a boy carrying one upon his head.

Tasso. Listen! listen! I have read in some book or other those verses long ago. They are not unlike my *Aminta.* The very words!

Cornelia. Purifier of love, and humanizer of ferocity! how many, my Torquato, will your gentle thoughts make happy!

Tasso. At this moment I almost think I am one among them.†

* Water-melon.

† The miseries of Tasso arose not only from the imagination and the heart. In the metropolis of the Christian world, with many admirers and many patrons, — bishops, cardinals, princes, — he was left destitute, and almost famished. These are his own words: "*Appena* in questo stato ho comprato *due meloni:* e benche io sia stato *quasi sempre infermo*, molte volte mi sono contentato del: manzo e la ministra di latte o di zucca, *quando ho potuto averne*, mi e stata in vece di delizie." In another part

Cornelia. Be quite persuaded of it. Come, brother, come with me. You shall bathe your heated brow and weary limbs in the chamber of your childhood. It is there we are always the most certain of repose. The boy shall sing to you those sweet verses; and we will reward him with a slice of his own fruit.

Tasso. He deserves it: cut it thick.

Cornelia. Come, then, my truant! Come along, my sweet, smiling Torquato!

Tasso. The passage is darker than ever. Is this the way to the little court? Surely those are not the steps that lead down toward the bath? Oh, yes! we are right: I smell the lemon-blossoms. Beware of the old wilding that bears them; it may catch your veil; it may scratch your fingers! Pray, take care: it has many thorns about it. And now, Leonora, you shall hear my last verses! Lean your ear a little toward me; for I must repeat them softly under this low archway, else others may hear them too. Ah! you press my hand once more. Drop it, drop it! or the verses will sink into my breast again, and lie there silent! Good girl!

> Many, well I know, there are
> Ready in your joys to share,
> And (I never blame it) you
> Are almost as ready too.
> But when comes the darker day,
> And those friends have dropped away,
> Which is there among them all
> You should, if you could, recall?

he says that he was unable to pay the carriage of a parcel. No wonder, if he had not wherewithal to buy enough of zucca for a meal. Even had he been in health and appetite, he might have satisfied his hunger with it for about five farthings, and have left half for supper. And now a word on his insanity. Having been so imprudent not only as to make it too evident in his poetry that he was the lover of Leonora, but also to signify (not very obscurely) that his love was returned, he much perplexed the Duke of Ferrara, who, with great discretion, suggested to him the necessity of feigning madness. The lady's honor required it from a brother; and a true lover, to convince the world, would embrace the project with alacrity. But there was no reason why the seclusion should be in a dungeon, or why exercise and air should be interdicted. This cruelty, and perhaps his uncertainty of Leonora's compassion, may well be imagined to have produced at last the malady he had feigned. But did Leonora love Tasso as a man would be loved? If we wish to do her honor, let us hope it: for what greater glory can there be than to have estimated at the full value so exalted a genius, so affectionate and so generous a heart?

One who wisely loves and well
Hears and shares the griefs you tell ;
Him you ever call apart
When the springs o'erflow the heart ;
For you know that he alone
Wishes they were *but* his own.
Give, while these he may divide,
Smiles to all the world beside.

Cornelia. We are now in the full light of the chamber : cannot you remember it, having looked so intently all around ?

Tasso. O sister ! I could have slept another hour. You thought I wanted rest : why did you waken me so early ? I could have slept another hour or longer. What a dream ! But I am calm and happy.

Cornelia. May you never more be otherwise ! Indeed, he cannot be whose last verses are such as those.

Tasso. Have you written any since that morning ?

Cornelia. What morning ?

Tasso. When you caught the swallow in my curtains, and trod upon my knees in catching it, — with luckily, naked feet. The little girl of thirteen laughed at the outcry of her brother Torquatino, and sang without a blush her earliest lay.

Cornelia. I do not recollect it.

Tasso. I do.

"Rondinello ! rondinello !
Tu sei nero, ma sei bello.
Cosa fà se tu sei nero ?
Rondinello ! sei il primiero
De' volanti, palpitanti,
(E vi sono quanti quanti !)
Mai tenuto a questo petto,
E perciò sei il mio diletto." *

* The author wrote the verses first in English ; but he found it easy to write them better in Italian. They stood in the text as below : they only do for a girl of thirteen : —

"Swallow ! swallow ! though so jetty
Are your pinions, you are pretty ;
And what matter were it though
You were blacker than a crow ?
Of the many birds that fly
(And how many pass me by !)
You're the first I ever prest,
Of the many, to my breast :
Therefore it is very right
You should be my own delight."

Cornelia. Here is the cocomero; it cannot be more insipid. Try it.

Tasso. Where is the boy who brought it? where is the boy who sang my *Aminta?* Serve him first; give him largely. Cut deeper: the knife is too short: deeper; mia brava Corneliolina! quite through all the red, and into the middle of the seeds. Well done!

XIX. VITTORIA COLONNA AND MICHEL-ANGELO BUONARROTI.

Vittoria. What has detained you so long, Michel-Angelo? Were we not to have read together, early in the forenoon, the little book of poetry which is lying there on the table?

Michel-Angelo. Excuse me, Madonna. The fault, if mine at all, is mine only in part.

Vittoria. I will pardon it the rather, because, whatever it was, it has removed the traces of care and of study from your brow, and supplanted them with an unwonted smile. Pray, now, what provokes this hilarity?

Michel-Angelo. Not the delay, I assure you, which never has any such effect when I am coming to the Palazzo Pescara; but merely the mention of poetry.

Vittoria. Why so? I perceive there is mischief in your countenance; let me also have a hand in it, if I find it is such as I like.

Michel-Angelo. When I was walking hither, a middle-aged gentleman, tall, round-shouldered, somewhat grizzly, of a complexion rather cindery than pale, with a look half leering and half imploring, and in a voice half querulous and half passionate, accosted me. He offered many apologies for never having heard of me until this morning, although my fame (he protested) had filled the universe. Whatever he said at one instant, he unsaid the next, in like manner.

"But you shall forgive me; you shall soon forgive me," cried he, thrusting into my hand a large volume from its more opportune station under the coat-flap. I felt it damp, having

lain, perhaps in the middle of a thousand, two entire winters; and I apprehended cold and rheumatism, as much almost at the cover as at the contents. While I held it, uncertain how to reply, he suddenly snatched it back, and cut open the leaves with a very sharp penknife: injuring few of them by the operation, for he was cautious and tender in the extreme.

"I would not delay you in the reading," said he, returning it; "for your praise will richly crown my labors."

Vittoria. What was it? and where is it?

Michel-Angelo. Madonna, let me be an example of patience to you. Wait a little, and you shall hear the whole.

Vittoria. No, no, no!

Michel-Angelo. I do not mean the whole of the poem: I mean only the whole of the occurrence. I saw on the title-page that it was a poem in twenty-four cantos, each containing a hundred stanzas, entitled *The Strangulation of Cethegus.* Between the moments of my surprise and my dismay, —

"You will find," exclaimed the author, "how wrongfully I have been accused by the malevolent and invidious (and there are few others in the world) of copying our most celebrated writers, and of being destitute of originality myself. If occasionally I resemble them in some sort, it is only to show them how they might have written, with a little more care, judgment, and — we will not say — genius!"

Vittoria. On such emergencies, a spice of ridicule is our speediest and most palatable remedy for disgust.

Michel-Angelo. When I inquired of him to what gentleman I was indebted for so valuable a present, he stood in amaze at first; then he repeated his family name, then his baptismal, then a poetical intermediate one of his own invention. These, he told me, I must frequently have heard. I now recognized the peculiar object of ebullient jocularity among my juvenile scholars, one of whom said, "He has cracked a biscuit which was baked for a long voyage, and, pouring a profusion of tepid water on it, he has quadrupled its bulk and heaviness!"

Vittoria. Poor man! his vanity must often be wounded.

Michel-Angelo. He has none.

Vittoria. None?

Michel-Angelo. He told me so himself.

"I have been called vain," said he; "but only by those who never knew me. Proud! yes, proud I am! Vanity, in my opinion (and I am certain that you and all sensible men must think with me), belongs only to weak minds; pride, to the strongest and most sublime. Poets, we hear, are often vain; ay, but *what* poets?"

His eyes, which before were only on a level with the cheek-bones and the frontal, now expanded beyond, and assumed the full majesty of the orbicular.

Vittoria. Well, in what manner has he treated his subject?

Michel-Angelo. He could not resist the pleasure of telling me: —

"I believe, Signor Buonarroti, you are, among other things, a painter. Proportions! ay, proportions! The pyramidal, ay! We look to that, don't we? See here, then. Cæsar is a stripling, just old enough to fall in love. In Pagan Rome they fell early. The man of genius will seize on the most trifling objects in Nature, and raise up a new creation from them. Did you never see an apple or a strawberry which had another more diminutive growing to it? Well now, from this double strawberry or apple I have made out a double Cæsar, such as never was seen before, — one the stern, resolute senator; the other the gentle, sentimental young lover."

On which I submissively asked whether the stripling, who had been received so favorably by the lady, would on the same afternoon be sure of the same facility at his entrance into the Senate; and whether it was not requisite to have attained his fortieth year? He smiled at me, and said,—

"Surely no, when a poet of the first order gives him a ticket of admission. Does not Horace say, we poets have the privilege of daring any thing?"

I was afraid to answer, "Yes; but, unhappily, we readers have not the power of *bearing* any thing." He continued, —

"Cicero is an old gentleman."

Here I ventured to interrupt him, asking if there were in reality more than five or six years between their ages, and by remarking that, although in obscure men and matters, introduced into works of invention, facts might be represented not quite accordant with exact chronology, yet that the two most remarkable characters in the Roman Commonwealth, known by every school-boy to have entered into

public life at the same time, could safely be pushed so far asunder.

"No matter, sir!" replied he, sharply; "there they are, the poet's own creation. Observe, if you please, I have placed Cethegus between them, — a well-grown personage in his meridian. Behold my pyramid!"

I was silent.

"No originality, I suppose?"

"Very great, indeed!" answered I.

"Here is one man," cried he, seizing my hand, — "one man in the world, willing to the uttermost of his power to do me justice. Strangers give me praise: friends give me only advice; and such advice, Signor Buonarroti, as would impoverish the realms of literature, if taken."

I stared at him even more wildly than before.

"Perhaps you do not recognize me?" said he. "Many have taken me for Ariosto; but I hope I am loftier and graver, and more innocent. Wherever he has gone, I have followed him, in order to abolish the impression of wantonness, and to purify (I repeat the words of our mutual admirers) the too warm air of his enchantments."

"I hope you have not forgotten," said I, "that in lustral water salt is always an ingredient."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, misunderstanding me; at which action I could not but smile. He perceived it; and, after a pause, "Ha, ha, ha!" replied he, in measured laughter. "You are a wit too, Messer Michel-Angelo! Who would have thought it of so considerable a man? Well now, I never venture on it, even among friends. We may be easy and familiar in writing or conversing, without letting ourselves down; we may countenance wit; we may even suggest it: I am not rigorous on that head, as some other great writers are. You see, I have helped you to a trifle of it, — a mere trifle. Now, you must confess you caught the spark from me," added he, coaxingly. "I will never claim it in public; I will not, indeed! I scarcely consider it in the light of a plagiarism. I have forborne greater things very long, and have only been compelled at last to declare, in a preface, that I wrote the better part of *Orlando Furioso* many years before it was conceived by Messer Ludovico. I heard his injurious claims, and told nobody the fact."

"How does your poem end, sir?" said I, with all the rapidity of impatience.

He mistook my motive, and cried, "Really, I am flattered and charmed at the interest you take in it. You have devoured it in your mind already, and would have the very shell. In compliance with your earnestness, I will answer the question, although it might be hurtful, I fear, to the effect the whole composition, grasped at once, would produce on you."

I declared the contrary, with many protestations. He raised up his head from its slanting position of distrust and doubt. Again, I assured him of my resolution to despatch it at a sitting.

Vittoria. I never thought you capable of such duplicity.

Michel-Angelo. Of what may I not be capable, if you absolve me with so gracious a smile?

"I will, then, tell you how it ends," continued he, "if you never have read the history. Cethegus was, I am sorry to say, a person of bad character, although of birth. With perfect fidelity, I have translated the speeches of Sallust; but Sallust had no notion (and history could do nothing for him) of placing the culprit bound between two Turkish mutes, with a friar in the rear, while the great bell tolled from Santa Maria Maggiore."

I started.

"That is the place, the real place: he was strangled just below."

"*Bell!*" I soliloquized, rather too audibly.

"If you never have felt the effect of a bell at executions, and particularly on the stage; if you never have felt the effect of a bell, Signor Buonarroti, through your brain and heart," said he, breathing hard, and allowing his watery diagonal eyes only half their width, — "then do I most sincerely pity you, Signor Buonarroti, and wish you a very good morning."

I bowed, and fancied my deliverance was accomplished. But he instantly turned round again, and added, —

"If you object to a bell, you may object to a clock. Now, it was precisely as the clock struck midnight that justice was done by me upon the execrable Cethegus, as a warning to all future generations."

"Nobody can be more firmly convinced," said I, "how execrable is this violation of all laws, moral, social, political, and," — I was about to add, inwardly, poetical, when he seized my hand, and said, with firm deliberation, —

"There are two men in degenerate Rome who abhor the vicious in conduct, and embrace the pure in poetry. When you have bestowed as much time as I have on the contemplation and composition of it, your surprise (but not your admiration, I humbly trust) will be considerably diminished, on the repeated perusal of my few edited volumes. I am as sure of eternal fame as if I had it in my pocket. Fame, Signor Michel-Angelo, has a snail's growth; true, real, genuine fame has, and you may know it by that. But, I promise you, in another century or two, you shall see mine a very giant. I have sometimes thought I have a host of enemies; I now begin to think I can have only one: I have him in my eye. He is capable of putting on all manner of faces. I myself have seen him looking like an elderly man; some of my friends have seen him looking quite young; and others have seen him what they thought was middle-aged. He manages his voice equally well. If you go into twenty streets, only mention me, and you will find him at the same moment in all of them. Happily, he always hits in the wrong place. He says I am restless for celebrity; he says I want vigor and originality!"

He ended with three little titters; and these, at least, were in good metre, and showed care in the composition.

Vittoria. Happy man! for vanity is rarely attended by vexation of spirit, and nobody is oppressed by a sense of emptiness. I must now undertake his defence.

Michel-Angelo. Properly, then, have you exclaimed *happy man!*

Vittoria. The clock and bell, indeed, are stumbling-blocks; but there are some instances in which even so inopportune an introduction of them is less censurable than in others. Suppose, for example, a dramatic poet in an age when the greater part of his audience was rude and ignorant. After he had supplied the more learned and intellectual with the requisites of his art, I would not quarrel with him for indulging the market folk with a hearty peal of bells, or perhaps a discharge of artillery, while they are following the triumphal car of

Cæsar, or shouting round the conflagration of Persepolis! But if another, in offering his tragedy for the perusal of our times, should neglect to sweep away the remnants of an old largess given to the multitude, it can only be from the conviction that they are his proper company; that he is about to be tried by his own order; that his services are mostly due to the majority; and that the world's population in simpletons is by no means on the wane. Consider now, my dear Michel-Angelo, if consistencies, absurdities, anachronisms, are to be found only in one department of the arts. I appeal to you, the president, prince, dictator of them all, whether it is as ridiculous to represent an angel playing on a violin, for which your master Ghirlandajo and some other more ancient painters have been reprehended, as it is to represent, what we find on many recent monuments, a poet or a musician with a lyre in his hand. For, if angels play on any instrument at all, they may as well play on such as men invented late as early; since, at whatever time men invented them, angels may have invented them before.

Michel-Angelo. A lyre in the hand of poet or musician born in our times is a contradiction to ages, a defiance to chronology, and might mislead in regard to usages a remote posterity. So, indeed, might our silly inscriptions about the *manes* and *ashes* of our uncles and aunts, who would have been horrified at the idea of being burned like Pagans, bottled up in urns, and standing bolt-upright, where milk and honey are lapped and sucked before their faces, by an ugly brood of devils unamenable to priest or purgatoy. But while emperors and kings are hoisted upon columns a hundred palms above the earth, where only a pigeon would feel secure, and while saints and martyrs, instead of receiving us at the door or on the steps, are perched on the slope of a balustrade, we need not look on the ground for a fresh crop of absurdities. The ancient Romans, quite barbarous enough in violating the pure architecture of Greece, abstained from such as these, and went no farther (nor truly was there any occasion) than to narrow the street, instead of enlarging it, for the march of armies through triumphal arches. The idea, so abused, was taken from the boughs and branches hung on poles, which shaded their forefathers at their return from plunder, while wine was poured out to them, in the dusty path, by wives and daughters. The songs alone continued just the same as they were at first,

— coarse, ribald, in the trochaic measure, which appears to be the commonest and earliest in most nations.

Vittoria. The difference between poetry and all other arts, all other kinds of composition, is this: in them utility comes before delight; in this, delight comes before utility.

Michel-Angelo. In some pleasing poems, there is nothing whatsoever of the useful.

Vittoria. My friend, I think you are mistaken. An obvious moral is indeed a heavy protuberance, which injures the gracefulness of a poem; but there is wisdom of one kind or other in every sentence of a really good composition, and it produces its effect in various ways. You employ gold in your pictures; not always of the same consistency or the same preparation; but several of your colors, even the most different, are in part composed of it. This is a matter of which those, in general, who are gratified with the piece are unsuspicious. The beautiful in itself is useful, by awakening our finer sensibilities, which it must be our own fault if we do not often carry with us into action. A well-ordered mind touches no branch of intellectual pleasure so brittle and incompliant as never to be turned to profit.

Michel-Angelo. The gift that was just now forced into my hand, I sadly suspect, would have produced but little.

Vittoria. Have you brought your treasure with you? Where is it?

Michel-Angelo. Knowing your antipathy to bad smells and bad poems, knowing also that Father Tiber is accustomed to both of them, I devoutly made my offering to him as I crossed the bridge.

Vittoria. Indeed, I am not over-curious about a specimen; and few things that are hopeless ever gave any one less concern.

Michel-Angelo. Such resignation merits all possible reward; and all that lies in me you shall receive. As the last page fluttered on the battlement, I caught two verses, without the intermediate: —

> "Signor Cetego! la preghiera é vana.
> Spicciti! senti! suona la campana."

And these two in sequence, which are the conclusion: —

> "Cetego casca in terra come un bove,
> E l'anima gli scappa — chi sà dove!"

Vittoria. If I could suppress my smile, perhaps I should reprove you; but at last I will be grave. Men like yourself, — men of reputation and authority, — should not only be lenient and indulgent, but even grateful, to the vain and imbecile who attempt to please us. If we are amused at an ebullition of frowardness in children, at their little contortions, stamps, and menaces, are not the same things at least inoffensive to us, when children of the same character are gray, wrinkled, and toothless? From those of three feet we only see ourselves in a convex mirror; we see what we were at the same age: but from others of six feet we gather stores for pleasantry, for imagination, and for thought. Against their blank wall is inserted the standard by which we may measure our friends and ourselves. As we look up at it, Comedy often lays her playful hand on our shoulder; and, as we turn our faces back, we observe Philosophy close behind her. If men, in general, were much nearer to perfection than they are, the noblest of human works would be farther from it. From the fall of Adam to the slaughter of Hector, how vastly has genius been elevated by our imperfections! What history, what romance, what poem, interests us by unmixed good or by unwavering consistency? We require in you strong motives, pertinacious resolves, inflexible wills, and ardent passions; you require in us all our weaknesses. From your shore start forth abrupt and lofty precipices; on ours, diametrically opposite, lie sequestered bays and deep recesses. We deride the man who is, or would be, like us in any thing, — the vain one, in particular. Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is too often, the sign of a cold and selfish heart; in men it always is: therefore we ridicule it in society, and in private hate it.

Michel-Angelo. You prove to me, Donna Vittoria, that from base materials may rise clear and true reflections!

Vittoria. I wonder that poets who have encountered what they call the injustice of the world, hold with such pertinacity to the objects of attack.

Michel-Angelo. We are unwilling to drown our blind puppies, because they are blind; we are then unwilling to throw them into the pond, because they are just beginning to open their eyes; lastly, we refuse idle boys, who stand ready for the sport, the most misshapen one of the litter, he having been

trodden on in the stable, and kicked about by the grooms for his lameness.

Vittoria. Pretty tropes, indeed! and before one who dabbles in poetry.

Michel-Angelo. So the silver-footed Thetis dabbled in the sea, when she could descend at pleasure to its innermost depths.

Vittoria. You must certainly think, in good earnest, that I lay high claims to poetry. Here is more than enough flattery for the vainest woman, who is not a poetess also. Speak, if you please, about others, particularizing or generalizing.

Michel-Angelo. Then, to generalize a little. In our days, poetry is a vehicle which does not carry much within it, but is top-heavy with what is corded on. Children, in a hurry to raise plants, cover their allotment of border with all the seeds the pinafore will hold: so do small authors their poetry-plots. Hence, what springs up in either quarter has nothing of stamen, but only sickly succulence for grubs to feed on.

Vittoria. Never say *in our days*, unless you include many other days in most ages. In those when poetry was very flourishing, there were complaints against it, as we find by Horace and Aristophanes. I am afraid, Michel-Angelo, some idle boy has been putting a pebble into his sling, and aiming at your architraves; in other words, some poetaster or criticaster has been irreverent toward you. I do not mean about your poetry, which perhaps you undervalue; but about the greater things in which you are engaged.

Michel-Angelo. Nothing more likely; but, as only the worst can be guilty of it, I shall let them fall into other offences, that heavier punishment than I ever take the trouble to inflict may befall them. It is only the few that have found the way into my heart, who can wound it!

Vittoria. You are safe, then.

Michel-Angelo. Whoever is engaged in great and difficult works, as I am, must inevitably meet with rivals and enemies.

Vittoria. Enemies? yes! Say that word only. What a pyramid of skulls from the insanely hostile does every predominant genius erect! Leave those of your light assailants to whiten in their native deserts, and march on. Indeed, it is unnecessary to exhort you to magnanimity; for you appear unusually at ease and serene.

Michel-Angelo. Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable, and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract. The children of Niobe fell by the arrows of Diana under a bright and cloudless sky.

Vittoria. Alas! the intellectual, the beautiful, and the happy are always the nearest to danger.

Michel-Angelo. I come to you at all times, my indulgent friend, to calm my anxieties, whensoever they oppress me. You never fail; you never falter. Sometimes a compassionate look, sometimes a cheerful one, alights on the earthly thought, and dries up all its noxiousness. Music, and a voice that is more and better, are its last resorts. The gentleness of your nature has led you to them when we both had paused. There are songs that attract and melt the heart more sweetly than the Siren's. Ah! there is love too, even here below, more precious than immortality; but it is not the love of a Circe or a Calypso.

Vittoria. Nor were they happy themselves; and yet, perhaps, they were not altogether undeserving of it, — they who could select for the object of their affections the courageous, the enduring, and the intelligent. There are few men at any time whom moral dignity and elevation of genius have made conspicuous above the mass of society; and fewer still are the women who can distinguish them from persons of ordinary capacity, endowed with qualities merely agreeable. But, if it happens that a man of highest worth has been read attentively and thoroughly by those eyes which he has taught the art of divination, let another object intervene and occupy their attention, let the beloved be induced to think it a merit and a duty to forget him, yet memory is not an outcast nor an alien when the company of the day is gone, but says many things and asks many questions which she would not turn away from if she could.

Michel-Angelo. The morning comes, the fresh world opens, and the vestiges of one are trodden out by many: they were only on the dew, and with the dew they are departed.

Vittoria. Although you are not alluding to yourself at the present time, nor liable to be interrupted in the secreter paths of life, yet I think you too susceptible in those you are pursuing; and I was anxious to discover if any thing unpleasant had occurred. For little minds in high places are the worst

impediments to great. Chestnuts and esculent oaks permit the traveller to pass onward under them; briars and thorns and unthrifty grass entangle him.

Michel-Angelo. You teach me also to talk figuratively; yet not remotely from one of the arts I profess. We may make a large hole in a brick wall, and easily fill it up; but the slightest flaw in a ruby or a chrysolite is irreparable. Thus it is in minds. The ordinary soon take offence, and (as they call it) make it up again: the sensitive and delicate are long-suffering; but their wounds heal imperfectly, if at all.

Vittoria. Are you quite certain you are without any?

Michel-Angelo. You and Saint Peter insure me. The immortal are invulnerable!

Vittoria. Evader! but glad am I that you have spoken the word, although you set at nought thereby the authority of Homer. For you remind me that he, like Dante, often has a latent meaning by the side of an evident one, which, indeed, is peculiar to great poets. Unwise commanders call out all their forces to the field; the more prudent have their reserves posted where it is not everybody that can discover them.

In the *Iliad* two immortals are wounded; Venus slightly, Mars severely. The deities of love and war are the only ones exposed to violence. In the former, weakness is shown to be open to aggression; in the latter, violence to resistance and impulse; and both are subject to more pain than they can well endure. At the same time, Juno and Pallas, Mercury and Apollo and Neptune, do not stand aloof, but stand unassailable. Here we perceive that sometimes the greater gods are subtilized and attenuated into allegories. Homer bestows on them more or less potency, at his pleasure. One moment we see a bright and beautiful god stand manifest before us; presently his form and radiance are indistinct; at last, in the place where he was standing, there are only some scattered leaves, inscribed with irregular and uncouth characters; these invite our curiosity with strange similitudes; we look more attentively, and they seem brought closer together: the god has receded to deliver the oracle of his wisdom.

Michel-Angelo. Homer left a highway, overshadowed with lofty trees and perennial leafage, between the regions of Allegory and Olympus. The gloom of Dante is deeper, and the

boundaries even more indiscernible. We know the one is censured for it; perhaps the other was.

Vittoria. To the glory of our Italy be it spoken, we are less detractive than our forefathers, the Romans. Dante and Petrarca were estimated highly by those nearest them. Indeed, to confess the truth, Petrarca has received for his poetry what ought rather to have been awarded him for rarer and sublimer deserts. Dante has fared less sumptuously; and there are fewer who could entertain him. Petty Latin things called *classics*, as their betters are, — smooth, round, light, hollow, regularly figured like pasteboard zodiacs, — were long compared, and even preferred, to the triple world of Dante. I speak not of Grecian literature, because I know it not sufficiently; but I imagine Rome is to Greece what a bull-ring is to a *palæstra*, the games of the circus to the Olympic, fighting bondmen to the brothers of Helen, the starry twins of Jupiter and Leda.

Michel-Angelo. Boccaccio first scattered the illusion by which the guide seemed loftier and grander than the guided. The spirit of the immortal master, our Tuscan, no longer led by the hand, nor submissively following, soared beyond Italy; and is seen at last, in his just proportions, right against the highest pinnacle of Greece. Ariosto has not yet been countenanced by the Italian potentates, nor fostered in the genial fur of our Holy Fathers, with the same tenderness as some minute poets, who dirty their cold fingers with making little clay models after old colossal marbles. But Ariosto is too marked in his features to be fondled, and too broad in his shoulders for the chairs they occupy. He is to Ovid what Sicily is to Italy: divided by a narrow channel; the same warm climate, the same flowery glebe; less variety, less extent. Not only these, but perhaps all poets, excepting Pindar and Æschylus, want compression and curtailment; yet the parings of some would be worth the pulp of others.

Vittoria. Those to whom, I will not say genius, but splendid talents have been given, are subject to weaknesses to which inferior men are less liable; as the children of the rich are to diseases from which those of the poorer generally are exempt.

Michel-Angelo. The reason, I conceive, is this. Modern times have produced no critic contemporary with an eminent

poet. There is a pettishness and frowardness about some literary men, in which, at the mention of certain names, they indulge without moderation or shame. They are prompt and alert at showing their sore places, and strip for it up to the elbow. They feel only a comfortable warmth when they are reproved for their prejudices and antipathies, which often are no more to be traced to their origin than the diseases of the body, and come without contact, without even breathing the same air. No remedy being sought for them, they rapidly sink into the mental constitution: weakening its internal strength, and disfiguring its external character. In some persons, at first they are covered and concealed; but afterward, when they are seen and remarked, are exhibited in all their virulence, with swaggering effrontery.

Vittoria. Geese and buffaloes are enraged at certain colors; there are certain colors, also, of the mind lively enough to excite choler at a distance in the silly and ferine. I have witnessed in authors the most vehement expression of hatred against those whose writings they never read, and whose persons they never approached. All these are professors of Christianity, and some of moral philosophy.

Michel-Angelo. Do not wonder, then, if I take my walk at a distance from the sibilant throat and short-flighted wing, — at a distance from the miry hide and blindly directed horn. Such people as you describe to me may be men of talents; but talents lie below genius.

Occasionally, we attribute to a want of benevolence what in reality is only a want of discernment. The bad sticks as closely as the good, and often more readily. If we would cover with gold a cornice or a statue, we require a preparation for it; smoke does its business in a moment.

Vittoria. Sometimes we ourselves may have exercised our ingenuity, but without any consciousness of spleen or ill-humor, in detecting and discussing the peculiar faults of great poets. This has never been done, or done very clumsily, by our critics, who fancy that a measureless and shapeless phantom of enthusiasm leaves an impression of a powerful mind, and a quick apprehension of the beautiful.

"Who," they ask us, "who would look for small defects in such an admirable writer? Who is not transported by his animation, and blinded by his brightness?"

To this interrogation my answer is,—

"Very few, indeed: only the deliberate, the instructed, and the wise. Only they who partake in some degree of his nature know exactly where to find his infirmities."

We, perhaps, on some occasions have spoken of Dante in such a manner as would make the unwary, if they heard us, believe that we estimate him no higher than Statius, Silius, Valerius, and the like. On the other hand, we have admired the versatility, facility, and invention of Ovid, to such a degree as would excite a suspicion that we prefer him even to Virgil. But in one we spoke of the worst parts; in the other, of the best. Censure and praise cannot leave the lips at the same breath: one is caught before the other comes; our verdict is distributed abroad when we have summed up only one column of the evidence.

Michel-Angelo. Surely, I have heard you declare that you could produce faults out of Virgil graver than any in Ovid.

Vittoria. The faults of Ovid are those of a playful and unruly boy; the faults of Virgil are those of his master. I do not find in Ovid (as you may remember I then observed) the hypallage; such, for instance, as Virgil's "*The odor brought the wind*," instead of "*The wind brought the odor*." No child could refrain from laughter at such absurdity; no pedagogue, from whipping him for laughing at such authority. This figure (so the grammarians are pleased to call it) far exceeds all other faults in language; for it reverses the thing it should represent. If I buy a mirror, I would rather buy one which has fifty small flaws in it, than one which places my feet where my head should be.

There are poems of Ovid which I have been counselled to cast aside, and my curiosity has never violated the interdict. But, even in Homer himself, nothing of the same extent is more spirited, or truly epic, than the contest of Ajax and Ulysses. You shall hear in this apartment, some day soon, what our Bembo thinks about it. No Roman, of any age, either has written more purely, or shown himself a more consummate judge both of style and matter.

Michel-Angelo. I think so too; but some have considered him rather as correct and elegant, than forcible and original.

Vittoria. Because he *is* correct; of which alone they can form a notion, and of this imperfectly. Had he written in a

negligent and disorderly manner, they would have admired his freedom and copiousness; ignorant that, in literature as in life, the rich and noble are as often frugal as the indigent and obscure. The Cardinal never talks vaguely and superficially on any species of composition; no, not even with his friends. Where a thing is to be admired or censured, he explains in what it consists. He points to the star in the ascendant, and tells us accurately at what distance other stars are from it. In lighter mood, on lighter matters, he shakes the beetle out of the rose, and shows us what species of insect that is which he has thrown on its back at our feet, and in what part and to what extent the flower has been corroded by it. He is too noble in his nature to be habitually sarcastic, and too conscious of power to be declamatory or diffuse.

Michel-Angelo. Nevertheless, in regard to sarcasm, I have known him to wither a fungus of vanity by a single beam of wit.

Vittoria. He may, indeed, have chastised an evil-doer; but a glance of the eye or a motion of the hand is enough. Throughout the ample palace of his mind, not an instrument of torture can be found.

Michel-Angelo. Perhaps, in the offices below, a scourge may be suspended for intrusive curs, or for thieves disguised in stolen liveries. I wish my friend of this morning had met the Cardinal instead of me. Possessing no sense of shame or decency, and fancying that wherever he has thrust a book he has conferred a distinction, he would have taken the same easy liberty with his Eminence.

Vittoria. If he continues to be so prolific, we shall soon see another island emerging from the Tiber. Our friend the Cardinal has indeed no time to squander on those who, like your waylayer, infest the public roads of literature, by singing old songs and screaming old complaints. But I wish his political occupations would allow him to pursue his pleasanter studies, and especially in exercising his acute judgment on our primary poets. For our country, both anciently and of late, has always wanted a philosophical critic on poetical works; and none are popular in the present day but such as generalize or joke. Ariosto, in despite of them, is, however tardily and difficultly, coming into favor. There is quite enough in him for our admiration, although we never can

compare him with some among the ancients. For the human heart is the world of poetry: the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and genii, and angels themselves are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.

Michel-Angelo. You have been accustomed, O Madonna, to contemplate in person those illustrious men who themselves were the destinies of nations; and you are therefore less to be satisfied with the imaginative and illusory.

Vittoria. There are various kinds of greatness, as we all know; however, the most part of those who profess one species is ready to acknowledge no other. The first and chief is intellectual. But surely those, also, are to be admitted into the number of the eminently great, who move large masses by action, by throwing their own ardent minds into the midst of popular assemblies or conflicting armies; compelling, directing, and subjecting. This greatness is, indeed, far from so desirable as that which shines serenely from above, to be our hope, comfort, and guidance; to lead us in spirit from a world of sad realities into one fresh from the poet's hand, and blooming with all the variety of his creation. Hence, the most successful generals, and the most powerful kings, will always be considered by the judicious and dispassionate as invested with less dignity, less extensive and enduring authority, than great philosophers and great poets.

Michel-Angelo. By the wise, indeed; but little men, like little birds, are attracted and caught by false lights.

Vittoria. It was beautifully and piously said in days of old, that, wherever a spring rises from the earth, an altar should be erected. Ought not we, my friend, to bear the same veneration to the genius which springs from obscurity in the loneliness of lofty places, and which descends to irrigate the pastures of the mind with a perennial freshness and vivifying force? If great poets build their own temples, as indeed they do, let us at least offer up to them our praises and thanksgivings, and hope to render them acceptable by the purest incense of the heart.

Michel-Angelo. First, we must find the priests; for ours are inconvertible from their crumbling altars. Too surely we are without an Aristoteles to precede and direct them.

Vittoria. We want him not only for poetry, but philosophy.

Much of the dusty perfumery, which thickened for a season the pure air of Attica, was dissipated by his breath. Calm reasoning, deep investigation, patient experiment, succeeded to contentious quibbles and trivial irony. The sun of Aristoteles dispersed the unwholesome vapor that arose from the garden of Academus. Instead of spectral demons, instead of the monstrous progeny of mystery and immodesty, there arose tangible images of perfect symmetry. Homer was recalled from banishment; Æschylus followed; the choruses bowed before him, divided, and took their stands. Symphonies were heard, — what symphonies! so powerful as to lighten the chain that Jupiter had riveted on his rival. The conquerors of kings until then omnipotent, — kings who had trampled on the towers of Babylon, and had shaken the eternal sanctuaries of Thebes, — the conquerors of these kings bowed their olive-crowned heads to the sceptre of Destiny, and their tears ran profusely over the immeasurable wilderness of human woes.

Michel-Angelo. We have no poetry of this kind now, nor have we auditors who could estimate or know it if we had. Yet, as the fine arts have raised up their own judges, literature may, ere long, do the same. Instead of undervaluing and beating down, let us acknowledge and praise any resemblance we may trace to the lineaments of a past and stronger generation.

Vittoria. But, by the manners and habitudes of antiquity, ours are little to be improved. Scholars who scorn the levity of Ariosto, and speak disdainfully of the Middle Ages, in the very centre of the enchantment thrown over them by the magician of Ferrara, never think how much we owe, not only to him, but also to those ages: never think by what energies, corporeal and mental, from the barbarous soldier rose the partially polished knight; and high above him, by slower degrees, the accomplished and perfect gentleman, the summit of nobility.

Michel-Angelo. Oh that Pescara were present! — Pescara! whom your words seem to have embodied and recalled! — Pescara! the lover of all glory, but mostly of yours, Madonna! — he to whom your beauty was eloquence and your eloquence beauty, inseparable as the influences of Deity.

Vittoria. Present! and is he not? Where I am, there is

he, for evermore. Earth may divide ; Heaven never does. The beauty you speak of is the only thing departed from me, and that also is with him, perhaps. He may — I hope he may — see me as he left me ; only more pacified, more resigned. After I had known Pescara, even if I had never been his, I should have been espoused to him ; espoused to him before the assembled testimonies of his innumerable virtues, — before his genius, his fortitude, his respectful superiority, his manly gentleness. Yes, I should have been married to his glory ; and, neither in his lifetime nor when he left the world, would I have endured, O Michel-Angelo, any other alliance. The very thought, the very words conveying it, are impiety. But friendship helps to support that heavy pall to which the devoted cling tenaciously for ever.

Michel-Angelo. Oh ! that at this moment —

Vittoria. Hush ! hush ! Wishes are by-paths on the declivity to unhappiness : the weaker terminate in the sterile sand ; the stronger, in the vale of tears. If there are griefs — which we know there are — so intense as to deprive us of our intellects, griefs in the next degree of intensity, far from depriving us of them, amplify, purify, regulate, and adorn them. We sometimes spring above happiness, and fall on the other side. This hath happened to me ; but strength enough is left me to raise myself up again, and to follow the guide who calls me.

Michel-Angelo. Surely God hath shown that mortal what his own love is, for whom he hath harmonized a responsive bosom, warm in the last as in the first embraces. One look of sympathy, one regret at parting, is enough, is too much : it burdens the heart with overpayment. You cannot gather up the blossoms which, by blast after blast, have been scattered and whirled behind you. Are they requisite ? The fruit was formed within them ere they fell upon the walk : you have culled it in its season.

Vittoria. Before we go into another state of existence, a thousand things occur to detach us imperceptibly from this. To some (who knows to how many ?) the images of early love return with an inviting yet a saddening glance, and the breast that was laid out for the sepulchre bleeds afresh. Such are ready to follow where they are beckoned, and look keenly into the darkness they are about to penetrate.

Did we not begin to converse on another subject? Why have you not spoken to me this half-hour?

Michel-Angelo. I see, O Donna Vittoria, I may close the volume we were to read and criticise.

Vittoria. Then, I hope you have something of your own for me instead.

Michel-Angelo. Are you not tired of my verses? Your smile is too splendid a reward, but too indistinct an answer. Pray, pray tell me, Madonna! — and yet I have hardly the courage to hear you tell me — have I not sometimes written to you? —

Vittoria. My cabinet can answer for that. Lift up your sphinx, if you desire to find it. Any thing in particular?

Michel-Angelo. I would say, written to you with —

Vittoria. With what? A golden pen?

Michel-Angelo. No, no.

Vittoria. An adamantine one?

You child! you child! are you hiding it in my sleeve? An eagle's plume? a nightingale's? a dove's? I must have recourse to the living sphinx, if there is any, not to the porphyry. Have you other pens than these? I know the traces of them all; and am unwilling to give you credit for any fresh variety. But come, tell me, what is it?

Michel-Angelo. I am apprehensive that I sometimes have written to you with an irrepressible gush of tenderness, which is but narrowed and deepened and precipitated by entering the channel of verse. This, falling upon vulgar ears, might be misinterpreted.

Vittoria. If I have deserved a wise man's praise and a virtuous man's affection, I am not to be defrauded of them by stealthy whispers, nor deterred from them by intemperate clamor. She whom Pescara selected for his own must excite the envy of too many; but the object of envy is not the sufferer by it: there are those who convert it even into recreation. One star hath ruled my destiny and shaped my course. Perhaps, — no, not perhaps, but surely, — under that clear light I may enjoy unreproved the enthusiasm of his friend, — the greatest man, the most ardent and universal genius, he has left behind him. Courage! courage! Lift up again the head which nothing on earth should lower. When death approaches me, be present, Michel-Angelo, and shed

as pure tears on this hand as I did shed on the hand of Pescara.

Michel-Angelo. Madonna, they are these; they are these! Endure them now, rather!

Merciful God! if there is piety in either, grant me to behold her at that hour, not in the palace of a hero, not in the chamber of a saint, but from thine everlasting mansions!

XX. THE COUNT GLEICHEM; THE COUNTESS; THEIR CHILDREN, AND ZAIDA.*

Countess. Ludolph! my beloved Ludolph! do we meet again? Ah! I am jealous of these little ones, and of the embraces you are giving them.

Why sigh, my sweet husband?

Come back again, Wilhelm! Come back again, Annabella! How could you run away? Do you think you can see better out of the corner?

Annabella. Is this indeed our papa? What, in the name of mercy, can have given him so dark a color? I hope I shall never be like that; and yet everybody tells me I am very like papa.

Wilhelm. Do not let her plague you, papa; but take me between your knees (I am too old to sit upon them), and tell me all about the Turks, and how you ran away from them.

Countess. Wilhelm! if your father had run away from the enemy, we should not have been deprived of him two whole years.

Wilhelm. I am hardly such a child as to suppose that a Christian knight would run away from a rebel Turk in battle. But even Christians are taken, somehow, by their tricks and

* Andreas Hundorff relates that the Pope sanctioned the double marriage of Count Gleichem, who carried his second wife into Thuringia, where she was well received by the first, and, having no children, was devoted to her rival's.

contrivances, and their dog Mahomet. Beside, you know you yourself told me, with tear after tear, and scolding me for mine, that papa was taken by them.

Annabella. Neither am I, who am only one year younger, so foolish as to believe there is any dog Mahomet. And, if there were, we have dogs that are better and faithfuller and stronger.

Wilhelm (*to his father.*) I can hardly help laughing to think what curious fancies girls have about Mahomet. We know that Mahomet is a dog-spirit with three horsetails.

Annabella. Papa, I am glad to see you smile at Wilhelm. I do assure you he is not half so bad a boy as he was, although he did point at me, and did tell you some mischief.

Count. I ought to be indeed most happy at seeing you all again.

Annabella. And so you are. Don't pretend to look grave now. I very easily find you out. I often look grave when I am the happiest. But forth it bursts at last: there is no room for it in tongue or eyes or anywhere.

Count. And so, my little angel, you begin to recollect me.

Annabella. At first, I used to dream of papa; but, at last, I forgot how to dream of him, and then I cried; but, at last, I left off crying. And then papa, who could come to me in my sleep, seldom came again.

Count. Why do you now draw back from me, Annabella?

Annabella. Because you really are so very, very brown; just like those ugly Turks who sawed the pines in the saw-pit under the wood, and who refused to drink wine in the heat of summer, when Wilhelm and I brought it to them. Do not be angry: we did it only once.

Wilhelm. Because one of them stamped and frightened her, when the other seemed to bless us.

Count. Are they still living?

Countess. One of them is.

Wilhelm. The fierce one.

Count. We will set him free, and wish it were the other.

Annabella. Papa, I am glad you are come back without your spurs.

Countess. Hush, child, hush!

Annabella. Why, mamma? Do not you remember how they

tore my frock when I clung to him at parting? Now I begin to think of him again: I lose every thing between that day and this.

Countess. The girl's idle prattle about the spurs has pained you: always too sensitive; always soon hurt, though never soon offended.

Count. O God! O my children! O my wife! it is not the loss of spurs I now must blush for.

Annabella. Indeed, papa, you never can blush at all, until you cut that horrid beard off.

Countess. Well may you say, my own Ludolph, as you do; for most gallant was your bearing in the battle.

Count. Ah! why was it ever fought?

Countess. Why were most battles? But they may lead to glory even through slavery.

Count. And to shame and sorrow.

Countess. Have I lost the little beauty I possessed, that you hold my hand so languidly, and turn away your eyes when they meet mine? It was not so formerly, — unless when first we loved.

That one kiss restores to me all my lost happiness.

Come, the table is ready; there are your old wines upon it; you must want that refreshment.

Count. Go, my sweet children! you must eat your supper before I do.

Countess. Run into your own room for it.

Annabella. I will not go until papa has patted me again on the shoulder, now I begin to remember it. I do not much mind the beard; I grow used to it already: but indeed I liked better to stroke and pat the smooth laughing cheek, with my arm across the neck behind. It is very pleasant even so. Am I not grown? I can put the whole length of my finger between your lips.

Count. And now, will not *you* come, Wilhelm?

Wilhelm. I am too tall and too heavy: she is but a child. (*Whispers.*) Yet I think, papa, I am hardly so much of a man but you may kiss me over again, — if you will not let her see it.

Countess. My dears! why do not you go to your supper?

Annabella. Because he has come to show us what Turks are like.

Wilhelm. Do not be angry with her. Do not look down, papa!

Count. Blessings on you both, sweet children!

Wilhelm. We may go now.

Countess. And now, Ludolph, come to the table, and tell me all your sufferings.

Count. The worst begin here.

Countess. Ungrateful Ludolph!

Count. I am he: that is my name in full.

Countess. You have, then, ceased to love me?

Count. Worse, if worse can be: I have ceased to deserve your love.

Countess. No: Ludolph hath spoken falsely for once; but Ludolph is not false.

Count. I have forfeited all I ever could boast of, — your affection and my own esteem. Away with caresses! Repulse me, abjure me; hate, and never pardon me. Let the abject heart lie untorn by one remorse. Forgiveness would split and shiver what slavery but abased.

Countess. Again you embrace me; and yet tell me never to pardon you! O inconsiderate man! O idle deviser of impossible things!

But you have not introduced to me those who purchased your freedom, or who achieved it by their valor.

Count. Mercy! O God!

Countess. Are they dead? Was the plague abroad?

Count. I will not dissemble — such was never my intention — that my deliverance was brought about by means of —

Countess. Say it at once — a lady.

Count. It was.

Countess. She fled with you.

Count. She did.

Countess. And have you left her, sir?

Count. Alas! alas! I have not; and never can.

Countess. Now come to my arms, brave, honorable Ludolph! Did I not say thou couldst not be ungrateful? Where, where is she who has given me back my husband?

Count. Dare I utter it! — in this house.

Countess. Call the children.

Count. No; they must not affront her; they must not even stare at her: other eyes, not theirs, must stab me to the heart.

Countess. They shall bless her; we will all. Bring her in.

[*Zaida is led in by the Count.*

Countess. We three have stood silent long enough; and much there may be on which we will for ever keep silence. But, sweet young creature! can I refuse my protection, or my love, to the preserver of my husband? Can I think it a crime, or even a folly, to have pitied the brave and the unfortunate? to have pressed (but alas that it ever should have been so here!) a generous heart to a tender one?

Why do you begin to weep?

Zaida. Under your kindness, O lady, lie the sources of these tears.

But why has he left us? He might help me to say many things which I want to say.

Countess. Did he never tell you he was married?

Zaida. He did, indeed.

Countess. That he had children?

Zaida. It comforted me a little to hear it.

Countess. Why, prithee, why?

Zaida. When I was in grief at the certainty of holding but the second place in his bosom, I thought I could at least go and play with them, and win perhaps their love.

Countess. According to our religion, a man must have only one wife.

Zaida. That troubled me again. But the dispenser of your religion, who binds and unbinds, does for sequins or services what our Prophet does purely through kindness.

Countess. We can love but one.

Zaida. *We*, indeed, can love only one; but men have large hearts.

Countess. Unhappy girl!

Zaida. The very happiest in the world.

Countess. Ah, inexperienced creature!

Zaida. The happier for that, perhaps.

Countess. But the sin!

Zaida. Where sin is there must be sorrow; and I, my sweet sister, feel none whatever. Even when tears fall from my eyes, they fall only to cool my breast; I would not have one the fewer; they all are for him; whatever he does, whatever he causes, is dear to me.

Countess (*aside*). This is too much. I could hardly endure

to have him so beloved by another, even at the extremity of the earth. (*To Zaida.*) You would not lead him into perdition?

Zaida. I have led him (Allah be praised!) to his wife and children. It was for those I left my father. He whom we love might have stayed with me at home; but there he would have been only half happy, even had he been free. I could not often let him see me through the lattice; I was too afraid. And I dared only once let fall the watermelon; it made such a noise in dropping and rolling on the terrace: but, another day, when I had pared it nicely, and had swathed it up well among vine-leaves, dipped in sugar and sherbet, I was quite happy. I leaped and danced to have been so ingenious. I wonder what creature could have found and eaten it! I wish he were here, that I might ask him if he knew.

Countess. He quite forgot home, then!

Zaida. When we could speak together at all, he spoke perpetually of those whom the calamity of war had separated from him.

Countess. It appears that you could comfort him in his distress, and did it willingly.

Zaida. It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved, is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.

Countess. And even this too? — you did this?

Zaida. Fifty times.

Countess. Insupportable!

He often, then, spoke about me?

Zaida. As sure as ever we met: for he knew I loved him the better when I heard him speak so fondly.

Countess (*to herself*). Is this possible? It may be — of the absent, the unknown, the unfeared, the unsuspected.

Zaida. We shall now be so happy, all three.

Countess. How can we all live together?

Zaida. Now he is here, is there no bond of union?

Countess. Of union? of union? (*Aside.*) Slavery is a frightful thing! slavery for life, too! And she released him from it. What, then? Impossible! impossible! (*To Zaida.*) We are rich —

Zaida. I am glad to hear it. Nothing anywhere goes on well without riches.

Countess. We can provide for you amply —

Zaida. Our husband —

Countess. Our! — husband! —

Zaida. Yes, yes; I know he is yours too; and you, being the elder and having children, are lady above all. He can tell you how little I want: a bath, a slave, a dish of pilau, one jonquil every morning, as usual; nothing more. But he must swear that he has kissed it first. No, he need not swear it; I may always see him do it, now.

Countess (*aside*). She agonizes me. (*To Zaida.*) Will you never be induced to return to your own country? Could not Ludolph pursuade you?

Zaida. He who could once persuade me any thing may now command me every thing: when he says I must go, I go. But he knows what awaits me.

Countess. No, child! he never shall say it.

Zaida. Thanks, lady! eternal thanks! The breaking of his word would break my heart; and better *that* break first. Let the command come from you, and not from him.

Countess (*calling aloud*). Ludolph! Ludolph! hither! Kiss the hand I present to you, and never forget it is the hand of a preserver.

XXI. DANTE AND GEMMA DONATI.

Gemma. We have now been blessed with seven children, my dear husband!

Dante. And the newly-born, as always happens, is the fairest, lovely as were all the rest.

Gemma. Whether it so happens or not, we always think so; the mother in particular. And your tenderness is like a mother's.

Dante. What a sweet smile is that, my Gemma! But do not talk long, although you talk with the voice and the serenity of an angel. How fresh you look! escaped from so great a danger, and so recently. A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without

its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

There is something playful, I perceive, in your thoughts, my little wife! Cannot you as readily trust me with them as with the playfulness about them?

Gemma. I do not know whether I can.

Dante. Beware! I shall steady those lips with kisses, if they are not soon more quiet. Irresolute! why do not you tell me at once what is thrilling and quivering at each corner of your beautiful mouth?

Gemma. I will, my Dante! But already it makes me graver. Healthy as is the infant, it was predicted by the astrologer and caster of nativities, and the prediction has been confirmed by the most intelligent of nurses, that it must be our last.

Dante. While I look on it, I think I could not love another so well.

Gemma. And yet you have loved them all equally, tenderest of fathers, best of husbands!

Dante. Say *happiest*, my Gemma! It was not always that you could have said it: and it may not be always; but it shall be now.

Gemma. Well spoken! yes, it shall. Therefore promise me that henceforward you will never again be a suitor for embassies abroad, or nail down your noble intellect to the coarse-grained wood of council-boards.

Dante. I can easily and willingly make that promise.

Gemma. Recollecting that they have caused you trouble enough already.

Dante. If they alone had occupied my mind, they would have contracted and abased it. The larger a plant is, the sooner it sickens and withers in close confinement, and in a place too low for it. But a mind that has never been strained to exertions, and troubled by anxieties, will never project far any useful faculty. The stream must swell before it fertilizes. It is pleasant to gaze on green meadows and gentle declivities; but the soul, O my Gemma, that men look up to with long wonder, is suspended on rocks, and exposed to be riven by lightning. The eagle neither builds his nest nor pursues his quarry in the marsh.

Gemma. Should my Dante, then, in the piazza?

Dante. However, we must all, when called upon, serve our country as we can best.

Gemma. Despicable is the man who loveth not his country; but detestable is he who prefers even his country to her who worships him supremely on earth, and solely.

Dante. To me a city is less than a home. The world around me is but narrow; the present age is but annual. I will plant my tree in Paradise; I will water it with the waters of immortality; and my beloved shall repose beneath its shadow.

Gemma. O Dante! there are many who would be contented to die early, that after ages might contemplate them as the lover did, — young, ardent, radiant, uncrossed by fortune, and undisturbed by any anxiety but the gentlest. I am happier than poetry, with all its praise and all its fiction, could render me. Let another be glorious: I have been truly blessed.

If Florence had never exiled you, if she had honored you as highly as she must honor you hereafter, — tell me, could you have loved her as you loved your Bice?

Dante. You also loved Bice.

Gemma. Answer me plainly and directly, sly evader!

Dante. We can hardly love the terrestrial as we love the heavenly. The stars that fall on the earth are not stars of eternal light: they are not our hope; they are not our guidance; they often blight, they never purify. Distinctions might have become too precious in my sight, if never a thought of her had intervened.

Gemma. Indignant as you were at the injustice of your fellow-citizens, did not the recollection of the little maid honey your bitter bread, and quite console you?

Dante. I will pour into your faithful bosom not only all my present love, but all my past. I lost my country; I went into another, into many others. To men like me, irksome is it, O Gemma, to mount the stairs of princes; hard, to beseech their favor; harder, to feel the impossibility of requiting it; hardest of all, to share it with the worthless. But I carried with me everywhere the memory of Bice: I carried with me that palladium which had preserved the citadel of my soul. Under her guard, what evil could enter it? Before her image, how faintly and evanescently fell on me the shadows of injury and grief!

Gemma. Brave, brave Dante! I love you for all things; nor least for your love of her. It was she, under God, who rendered you the perfect creature I behold in you. She animated you with true glory, when she inspired you with the purity of her love. Worthier of it than I am, she left you on earth for me.

Dante. And with nothing on earth to wish beyond.

Ought I to be indignant that my country has neglected me? Do not men in all countries like those best who most resemble them? And would you wish me to resemble the multitude who are deluded? Or would you rather that I were seated among the select who are in a situation to delude? My Gemma, I could never, by any knowledge or discipline, teach foxes to be honest, wolves to be abstemious, or vipers to be grateful. For the more ravenous I have excavated a pitfall, deep and durable as the foundations of the earth; to the reptile I toss the file. Let us love those who love us, and be contented to teach those who will hear us. Neither the voice nor the affections can extend beyond a contracted circle. But we may carry a wand with us, and mark out with it that circle in every path of life. Never in future will I let men approach too near me. Familiarities are the aphides that imperceptibly suck out the juices intended for the germ of love. Contented with the few who can read my heart, and proud, my sweet Gemma, of the precious casket that encloses it, I am certainly this day the happiest of men.

Gemma. To-morrow you shall be happier.

Dante. By what possibility?

Gemma. It is too late in the evening to carry our infant to the baptismal font; but to-morrow, early in the morning, in the presence of God and angels, in the presence of the blessed Virgin, I name it Beatrice.

Dante. Gemma, she hears thee! Gemma, she loves thee for it more than she ever could love me: for this is heavenly!

Gemma. How much I owe her! Under her influence hath grown up into full maturity the happiness of my existence.

Dante. And of mine. Modesty is the bridemaid of Concord. She not only hangs her garland on the door of the nuptial chamber, but she bestrews with refreshing herbs the whole apartment every day of life. Without her, where is harmony, or what is beauty? Without her, the sight of

returning spring has bitter pangs in it; without her, the songs of love in the woodland, and the symbols of mated innocence on the tree apart, afflict the bosom, sensitive no longer but to reminiscences and wrath. Can it be wondered that she who held my first affections holds them yet? — the same spirit in another form, the same beauty in another countenance, the same expression in another voice, — the girl Beatrice in the bride Gemma. Oh how much more than bride! but bride still!

Gemma. Kiss me, Dante! And now let me sleep! Gently! Do not disturb the child, — your Beatrice to-morrow. Further, further from the cradle! Your eyes upon her would surely awaken her. Beloved! beloved! how considerate and careful! I am sleepy. Can I sleep? I am too happy!

XXII. LEONORA DI ESTE AND FATHER PANIGAROLA.

Leonora. You have, then, seen him, father? Have you been able — you who console so many, you who console even me — to comfort poor Torquato?

Panigarola. Madonna, the ears of the unhappy man are quickened by his solitude and his sorrow. He seemed aware, or suspicious at least, that somebody was listening at his prison-door; and the cell is so narrow, that every sound in it is audible to those who stand outside.

Leonora. He might have whispered.

Panigarola. It would have been most imprudent.

Leonora. Said he nothing? not a word? — to prove — to prove that he had not lost his memory? His memory — of what? of reading his verses to me, and of my listening to them. Lucrezia listened to them as attentively as I did, until she observed his waiting for my applause first. When she applauded, he bowed so gracefully; when I applauded, he only held down his head. I was not angry at the difference. But tell me, good father! tell me, pray, whether he gave no sign of sorrow at hearing how soon I am to leave the world. Did you forget to mention it; or did you fear to pain him?

Panigarola. I mentioned it plainly, fully.

Leonora. And was he, was gentle Torquato, very sorry?

Panigarola. Be less anxious. He bore it like a Christian. He said deliberately, — but he trembled and sighed, as Christians should sigh and tremble, — that, although he grieved at your illness, yet that to write, either in verse or prose, on such a visitation of Providence was repugnant to his nature.*

Leonora. *He* said so? could *he* say it? But I thought you told me he feared a listener. Perhaps, too, he feared to awaken in me the sentiments he once excited. However it may be, already I feel the chilliness of the grave: his words breathe it over me. I would have entreated him to forget me; but to be forgotten before I had entreated it! — O father, father!

Panigarola. Human vanity still is lingering on the precincts of the tomb. Is it criminal, is it censurable in him, to anticipate your wishes?

Leonora. Knowing the certainty and the nearness of my departure, he might at least have told me through you that he lamented to lose me.

Panigarola. Is there no voice within your heart that clearly tells you so?

Leonora. That voice is too indistinct, too troubled with the throbbings round about it. We women want sometimes to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.

Panigarola. Madonna, this is too passionate for the hour. But the tears you are shedding are a proof of your compunction. May the Virgin and the saints around her throne accept and ratify it!

Leonora. Father! what were you saying? What were you asking me? Whether no voice whispered to me, assured me? I know not. I am weary of thinking. He must love me. It is not in the nature of such men ever to cease from loving. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tossed up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and

* Mr. Milman, in his *Life of Tasso*, misinterprets the expression. *Genio* and *ingenio* do not always signify *genius*. His words are "*a certain secret repugnance of his genius;*" but Tasso meant *temper* or *disposition*. *Ingenium* has the same meaning in Latin. Milton was not thinking about his genius when he wrote, —

"Cæteraque *ingenio* non subeunda meo."

swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

Panigarola. Be composed, be calm, be resigned to the will of Heaven; be ready for that journey's end, where the happier who have gone before, and the enduring who soon must follow, will meet.

Leonora. I am prepared to depart: for I have struggled (God knows) to surmount what is insurmountable; and the wings of Hope will sustain and raise me, seeing my descent toward earth too swift, too unresisted, and too prone. Pray, father, for my deliverance; pray also for poor Torquato's: do not separate us in your prayers. Oh, could he leave his prison as surely and as speedily as I shall mine, it would not be more thankfully! Oh that bars of iron were as fragile as bars of clay! Oh that princes were as merciful as death! But tell him, tell Torquato, — go again; entreat, persuade, command him, — to forget me.

Panigarola. Alas! even the command, even the command from you and from above, might not avail perhaps. You smile, Madonna!

Leonora. I die happy.

MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.

I. MARCHESE PALLAVICINI AND WALTER LANDOR.

At Albaro near Genoa I rented the Palace of Marchese Pallavicini. While he was presenting the compliments on my arrival, the wife of his bailiff brought me fish and fowl from the city, and poured upon the table a basketful of fruit.

Landor. The walk has tired you, my good woman. The hill indeed is rather steep, but it is short; and you appear, like the generality of Genoese countrywomen, strongly built.

Pallavicini. She has been frightened. When the Neapolitans and English landed here in the Bay, she was in childbed.

Landor. Poor woman! the alarm must have been great indeed, before you knew that the general was an Englishman.

"Ah, sir!" was all she replied.

Signor Marchese, do inform me what she means.

Pallavicini. It is better to forget if we can the calamities of war, which usually are the heaviest in the most beautiful countries.

Landor. Indulge me however in my request. Curiosity is pardonable in a stranger, and, led by humanity, is admissible to confidence.

Pallavicini. You had begun, sir, to say something which interested me, in reply to my inquiry how you liked our scenery. I shall derive much more satisfaction from your remarks on our architecture and gardens, than you can derive from my recital of an inhumanity. It is fair and reasonable, and in the course of things, that we should first arrive at that which may afford us pleasure, and not flag toward it wearied and saddened, and incapable of its enjoyment.

Landor. I am pleased, as I observed, by the palace opposite, not having seen in Italy, until now, a house of any kind with a span of turf before it. Like yours and that opposite, they generally encroach on some lane, following its windings and angles lest a single inch of ground should be lost; and the roofs fight for the centre of the road. I am inclined to believe that the number of houses of which the fronts are uneven is greater than of the even; and that there are more cramped with iron than uncramped. These deformities are always left visible though the house is plastered, that the sum expended on the iron and labor may be evident. If an Italian of condition spends a lira, he must be seen to spend it: his stables, his laundry, his domestics, his peasants, must strike the eye together; his pigsty must have witnesses like his will. Every tree is accursed, as that of which the holy cross was fabricated, and ought to be swept away. You are surely the most hospitable people in the world: even that edifice which derives its existence and its name from privacy stands exposed and wide open to the stranger, wherever it stands at all.

When I resided on the Lake of Como, I visited the palace of Marchese Odeschalchi. Before it swelled in majesty that sovereign of inland waters; behind it was a pond surrounded with brickwork, in which about twenty young goldfish jostled and gasped for room. The Larius had sapped the foundation of his palace, and the Marchese had exerted all his genius to avenge himself: he composed this bitter parody. I inquired of his cousin Don Pepino, who conducted me, when the roof would be put on: he looked at me, doubting if he understood me, and answered in a gentle tone, "It was finished last summer." My error originated from observing red pantiles, kept in their places by heavy stones, loose, and laid upon them irregularly.

"What a beautiful swell, Don Pepino, is this upon the right," exclaimed I: "the little hill seems sensible of pleasure as he dips his foot into the Larius."

"There will be the offices."

"What! and hide Grumello? Let me enjoy the sight while I can. He appears instinct with life, nodding the network of vines upon his head, and beckoning and inviting us; while the fig-trees and mulberries and chestnuts and walnuts, and

those lofty and eternal cypresses, stand motionless around. His joyous mates, all different in form and features, push forward ; and, if there is not something in the air or something in my eyesight illusory, they are running a race along the borders. Stop a moment: how shall we climb over these two enormous pines? Ah, Don Pepino! old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it ; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding ; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees. What a sweet odor is here! — whence comes it? — sweeter it appears to me and stronger than of the pine itself."

"I imagine," said he, "from the linden ; yes, certainly."

"Is that a linden? It is the largest, and I should imagine the oldest upon earth, if I could perceive that it had lost any of its branches."

"Pity that it hides half the row of yon houses from the palace! It will be carried off with the two pines in the autumn."

"O Don Pepino!" cried I ; "the French, who abhor whatever is old and whatever is great, have spared it ; the Austrians, who sell their fortresses and their armies, nay, sometimes their daughters, have not sold it: must it fall? Shall the cypress of Soma be without a rival? I hope to have left Lombardy before it happens ; for events which you will tell me ought never to interest me at all, not only do interest me, but make me (I confess it) sorrowful."

Who in the world could ever cut down a linden, or dare in his senses to break a twig from off one? To a linden was fastened the son of William Tell, when the apple was cloven on his head. Years afterward, often did the father look higher and lower, and search laboriously, to descry if any mark were remaining of the cord upon its bark! Often must he have inhaled this very odor! — what a refreshment was it to a father's breast! The flowers of the linden should be the only incense offered up in the churches to God. Happy the man whose aspirations are pure enough to mingle with it!

How many fond and how many lively thoughts have been

nurtured under this tree! How many kind hearts have beaten here! Its branches are not so numerous as the couples they have invited to sit beside it, nor its blossoms and leaves as the expressions of tenderness it has witnessed. What appeals to the pure all-seeing heavens, what similitudes to the everlasting mountains, what protestations of eternal truth and constancy, from those who now are earth, — they, and their shrouds, and their coffins! The caper and fig-tree have split the monument. Emblems of past loves and future hopes, severed names which the holiest rites united, broken letters of brief happiness, bestrew the road, and speak to the passer-by in vain.

To see this linden was worth a journey of five hundred miles. It looked directly up the lake, in the centre of its extremity, and facing the boundary mountains of the Val-Tellina.

The cypress of Soma, where the first battle was fought between Hannibal and Scipio, is in my opinion the object most worth seeing in Italy, unless it be the statue at the base of which fell Cæsar.

Pallavicini. One would imagine it must surely be the patriarch of the vegetable world.

Landor. Lest, Signor Marchese, you should remain in doubt whether any other tree may be older, I shall refer you to Pietro della Valle, a lively, sensible, and veracious traveller, and credulous only where credulity is necessary to salvation. He mentions a terebinthus with three trunks growing from one root; and St. Jerome writes that it was there in his time, and that it was holden in great veneration by the people round. I do not believe the terebinthus to be so durable as the cypress; not being so slow in growth, and the branches more easily broken by the wind, whence the rain is admitted, cracks and crevices are made, and insects lodge in them and enlarge them. The antiquity of this terebinthus must have been extraordinary in the time of St. Jerome, to be so distinguished from other trees, and held even then in veneration; and its appearance could have become but little changed in the twelve centuries between his visit and that of Pietro della Valle. Not many years ago, a tree even of higher antiquity was living and flourishing at Patras. It was a cypress, mentioned by Pliny, and seen by Spon, who visited the country

in the year 1676. He represents it as of that species which here in Italy you call the *female;* a more beautiful tree than the other, but generally thought to be of shorter duration, from its horizontal branches (when extremely long) being subject to be broken by the weight of snow. The trunk, in the time of Spon, was eighteen French feet in diameter.

Pallavicini. You passed by Soma in going to Milan on your way to Como. I would gladly see that lake, which detained you three whole years among a people so rude and barbarous.

Landor. Barbarous do not call it, though indeed it may be too much so. It was in Como I received and visited the brave descendants of the Jovii; it was in Como I daily conversed with the calm, philosophical Sironi: and I must love the little turreted city for other less intrinsic recollections. Thither came to see me the learned and modest Bekker; and it was there, after several delightful rambles, I said farewell to Southey.

Pallavicini. If ever I should again have business at Milan, I might almost be tempted to visit the Larius, greatly as I should be ridiculed at Genoa for a journey of curiosity. We Italians study more the works of Art than of Nature; you Englishmen the contrary.

Our towns, to continue the subject on which we began, are in much better style than our villas.

Landor. They indeed are magnificent, and appear the more so after the wretched streets of France. In that country almost every thing animated is noisy, and almost every thing inanimate is misshapen. All seems reversed; the inhabitants of the north are darker than those of the south: indeed, the women of Calais are much browner than any I have seen in Italy; the children, the dogs, the frogs, are more clamorous than ours; the cocks are shriller. But at worst we are shocked by no contrast; the very language seeming to be constructed upon stinks, and dirt and ugliness going together. While in Italy we cannot walk ten paces without observing the union of stateliness and filth, of gorgeous finery and squalid meanness; and the expressions of vice and slavery are uttered in the accents of angels. The churches are fairly divided between piety and prostitution, leaving the entrance and a few broken chairs to beggary

and vermin. Here always is something of misapplied paint and importunate gilding. A couple of pepper-boxes are mounted on St. Peter's, which also exhibits the incredible absurdity of two clocks in its front; a dozen of mass-boxes range the Colosseum; the Pantheon is the tomb of a fiddler.

Pallavicini. I have been in London, and was much surprised at the defects of architecture in your capital. Not only Rome, Genoa, Venice, Verona, Vicenza, Milan, but Paris itself, excels it: and how incomparably more magnificent must have been the public works of Athens!

Landor. Those both of Paris and London would not constitute a third of the Piræus alone, of which the length exceeded six miles; the height was sixty feet, not reckoning the foundation, and the breadth at top about twelve. It was of square stones, fastened together by cramps of iron and by molten lead.

Pallavicini. Being begun and carried on in the greatest haste, I wonder how the Athenians had leisure for the squaring of stones, each of which weighed several tons.

Landor. This question has never been discussed. In my opinion, those of the greatest bulk were taken from the ancient walls of the city, which not only were useless now its boundaries were quadrupled in extent, but which obstructed the communications and deformed the beauty of the place. These originally were erected by one of those societies of itinerant masons, which, like many colonies, are called Pelasgian. I suspect they were Etrurians; a people more early on the road to civilization than the inhabitants of Hellas, although they never carried it to the same extent. They, indeed, were the Chinese of Europe.

Pallavicini. Surely you undervalue them.

Landor. Far from it. I was speaking of the ancient: Greece alone, of all the nations on the globe, rivals the modern. But there is no evidence or probability that the arts in old Etruria ever equalled the same in China; where moreover the powers of imagination and reflection raise our wonder in their earlier writers. The great wall of China quite obscures the Piræus by its magnitude, unequal as it is in its utility and its beauty; which may be imagined, although faintly, if we recollect that to the main walls of the Piræus

were added two others; one four miles long, the other somewhat shorter, each adorned with statues.

Pallavicini. This work, then, exceeded any the Romans themselves have built.

Landor. The Romans did less in their city than in the conquered territories. The greatest of their labors was the wall against the Caledonians: the most solid and majestic was the bridge across the Danube. In theatres they excelled the Athenians: those at Athens were worthy of Pollio and Seneca; those at Rome, of Æschylus and Sophocles. The Romans, in ancient times as in modern, found plenty of materials among the ruins. A band of robbers and outcasts saw on the banks of the Tiber a city so little dilapidated that it served them to inhabit. They repaired the roofs with sedge and rushes, deposited their plunder within the two fortresses dedicated to Saturn and to Janus, grew thrifty and religious with no abatement of enterprise or stint of spoliation, found order more and more necessary, and consented to elect with more regularity and ceremony their captains and arbitrators. Gods and priests were imported from all quarters after every foray, together with oxen, sheep, swine, grain, and household utensils. As, however, from their habits of life they had brought no women with them, and female captives were in insufficient number, they took others by fraud and violence from the villages around. The pastoral and unwarlike inhabitants were as submissive to them as they are at present to the native bandits, and perhaps gave them the same assistance and information on their excursions. The Sabines, who afterward became more courageous from the necessity of discipline forced upon them by incessant aggression, were at this time among the least martial and the least enterprising of nations. Unable to recover their wives and daughters, they soon made peace.

Pallavicini. We Ligurians long withstood the Romans; and their historians and poets for this reason, while they extol the Sabines, show us no mercy. From your account of our conquerors, it appears that they were at least as uncivilized as any inhabitants of the Peninsula.

Landor. More so than any. No spacious and commodious mansion, no august temple, was erected in five hundred years: so uncouth was the genius of the people. The magnificence

of Syracuse and of Corinth, the most elegant and splendid cities in Europe, left little impression on the destroyers. Their cups were (as they termed it) of barbaric gold, while their temples and the gods within them were of clay. Captured Veii soon supplied Rome with a large assortment of richer images. Lucullus was the first of the nation who had any idea of amplitude in architecture. Julius Cæsar, to whom glory in all her forms and attributes was more familiar than his own Penates, meditated the grandest works of utility and decoration, in the city and out; but he fell a victim to insatiable ambition, and left nothing memorable in his birthplace but Pompey's statue. Augustus did somewhat in adorning the city; but Augustus was no Pericles. Tiberius, melancholy at the loss of a young and beautiful wife borne away from him by policy, sank into that dreadful malady which blighted every branch of the Claudian family; and, instead of embellishing the city with edifices and sculpture, darkened it with disquietudes and suspicions, and retired into a solitude which his enemies have peopled with monsters. Such atrocious lust, incredible even in madness itself, was incompatible with the memory of his loss and with the tenderness of his grief. Nero — in the beginning of his government, and indeed five entire years, a virtuous and beneficent prince — was soon affected by the same insanity, but acting differently on his heart and intellect. He never lost sight of magnificence, and erected a palace before which even the splendors of Pericles fade away. Plutarch, in the Life of Publicola, tells us that he himself had seen at Athens the columns of Pentelican marble for the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter; that their thickness was reduced at Rome, to the injury of the proportions; after which he informs us that the gilding of the whole edifice cost twelve thousand talents. Now, the hall in the palace of Nero was as large as this temple; the ground on which it stood was thirtyfold the extent, and the gilding so general that it was called the *Golden House*. At the decease of Nero, the masters of the world trembled to enter it; removed from it the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Scopas and Lysippus, of Zeuxis and Apelles, of which probably all that were extant were assembled here; poured forth the lava of the precious metal from its ceilings, its architraves, and its arches; and con-

structed out of its kitchens and stables a bath and amphitheatre for the whole Roman people.

Pallavicini. Nero seems to have pacified them surprisingly, after burning down their houses.

Landor. The conflagration I believe to have arisen from the necessity of purifying the city after an endemical disease, and of leaving no narrow streets in the centre for its recurrence. The extreme love which the populace bore toward Nero long after his death is a proof that they did not attribute the fire to his cruelty or caprice; and they were abundantly recompensed by his liberality. Nothing was left for the Flavian dynasty but to demolish and reconstruct; nothing for Trajan but to register on marble his rapid victories, leaving his virtues to be inscribed on materials less perishable; nothing for Hadrian but to imitate the finer works of the Athenians. Architecture then sank for ages. The Moors introduced a style of it more fanciful and ornamental, which beside had this advantage, — it brought with it no recollections of deterioration and decay. The cathedrals in Spain are the most exquisite models of it; and illuminated manuscripts, which the Arabs, Turks, and Persians prize highly, gave, I imagine, those ideas on which the French, the Germans, and the English raised many noble edifices, correcting the heavier and more depressed masses of Italy.

Pallavicini. With Saint Paul's and Saint Stephen's before you, cottages are built like castles, and palaces like cottages; and where the edifice is plain and simple the window is a hole knocked in the wall, looking like an eye without an eyebrow or eyelashes; or else it is situated in the midst of an arch, as if a ruin had been patched up to receive it.

Landor. This idea we borrowed from Florence, and very lately. The Florentines turned their shops into palaces when they turned the name of silk-merchant into that of marquis: and the patchwork is equally visible in the house and in the master.

Pallavicini. Since I was in England, I understand that absurdities even more ludicrous are come into fashion, and that your architects fall back again on what they denominate the Elizabethan style. In fact, condemned by Nature to perennial twilight, you wainscot your apartments with the darkest

oak, and impanel it in your ceilings ; your windows are divided and traversed by thick stone-work, and the panes of glass, extremely small, are sometimes made darker by green and purple, and are held together by almost an equal quantity of lead.

Landor. True enough ; and when we attempt to be more classical we run into as gross absurdities. Some of us would be Grecian in our houses, forgetting that the Greeks made a wide difference between the construction of a house and of a temple. Even if they had not, still the climates of the two countries are so different, that what would be convenient on the shores of the Ægean Sea would be ill placed on the shores of the British Channel. Exposed to our biting winds, the Corinthian acanthus would soon shed its beautiful foliage. And what, indeed, have we to do with the ram's skull and horns, belonging to the Ionian? — we, who slay no rams for sacrifice, and to whom, therefore, such a decoration is without a memorial and without a meaning. But Ionian pilasters are admissible to the fronts of our houses, and Ionian columns to our public edifices. However, the ornaments of the capitals should be taken from what is indigenous and appropriate. The portals in England are despicably poor ; whereas to these is greatly owing the dignity of the exterior ; and the dignity of the interior to the staircase. In this, likewise, the best houses of London, with very few exceptions, are deficient.

Pallavicini. We Genoese are proud of our door-ways.

Landor. They are magnificent ; so are many in Rome, and some in Milan. We have none in London, and few in the country ; where, however, the staircases are better. These are usually oak. I inherit an old ruinous house containing one up which the tenant rode his horse to stable him.

Let us now reflect again a moment on Athens, which I think will be somewhat more to our satisfaction. A city not larger than Liverpool, and whose inhabitants might almost have been lost in Syracuse, produced, within the short period of two centuries (reckoning from the battle of Marathon), a greater number of exquisite models in war, philosophy, patriotism, oratory, and poetry, — in the semi-mechanical arts which accompany or follow them, sculpture and painting, and in the first of the mechanical, architecture, — than the remainder of Europe in six thousand years. She rises up again as from a

trance, and is pushed back by the whole company of kings. The rulers of nations seem to think they have as much interest in abolishing the traces of her, if they can, as Alexander thought he had to demolish what were considered to be the monuments of the Argonautic Expedition. Darius felt differently. He believed that there is policy in content, both in keeping and causing it; he established by Mardonius a republican form of government in the Grecian cities of Ionia.

Pallavicini. Hush! do not speak of republics: the sound may blow a man's head off. We are safer among the trees. And now, if you have said all you proposed to say upon our buildings, let us return again to our plants.

Landor. Enter the gardens and approach the vases: do you perceive the rarity, the beauty, the fragrance, of the flowers? In one is a bush of box, in another a knot of tansy. Neptune is recumbent on a bed of cabbages, and from the shell of a Triton sprout three turnips, to be sold.

Pallavicini. Our first object in the garden is profit. The vicinity of Genoa produces a large quantity of lemons, and many families are supported by renting, at about thirty crowns, half an acre or less of lemon ground.

Landor. I mentioned the fact at Pisa, with some doubt and hesitation; and there I learned from Don Luigi Serviti and Signor Georgio Salvioni, both gentlemen of Massa di Carrara, the extraordinary fertility of a lemon-tree. A wager was laid in the year 1812 by Signor Antonio Georgieri, of Massa, with Marchese Calani, of Spezia, that at Croscello, half a mile from Massa, there was one which would mature, that season, fourteen thousand lemons; it exceeded the quantity. In Spain I was informed that a tree in favorable seasons might ripen nearly three thousand; in Sicily the same. The fruit, however, of the plant at Croscello is small, of little juice and bad quality: I presume it to be a wilding. This and the celebrated vine at Hampton Court are the two most extraordinary fruit-bearing trees of their kind on record; they have quintupled the most prolific.

We Englishmen talk of *planting* a garden; the modern Italians and ancient Romans talk of *building* one.* Ours, the most beautiful in the universe, are not exempt from absurd-

* Cui Cneius noster locum ubi hortos *ædificaret* daret. — *Cic. ad Atticum. Ep. xvi. l. ix.*

ities ; but in the shadiness of the English garden it is the love of retirement that triumphs over taste, and over a sense of the inconveniences.

Inhabiting a moist and chilly climate, we draw our woods almost into our dining-rooms ; you, inhabiting a sultry one, condemn your innocent children to the ordeal of a red-hot gravel. The shallow well, called *pescina*, in the middle of every garden, contains just enough water to drown them — which happens frequently — and to supply a generation of gnats for the *villeggianti*. We again may be ridiculed in our turn : our serpentine ditches are fog-beds.

You should cover your reservoirs (an old hat or wig would do it), and we should invite our Naiads to dance along the green a good half-mile from our windows.

The English are more zealous of introducing new fruits, shrubs and plants, than other nations ; you Italians are less so than any civilized one. Better fruit is eaten in Scotland than in the most fertile and most cultivated parts of your peninsula. As for flowers, there is a greater variety in the worst of your fields than in the best of your gardens. As for shrubs, I have rarely seen a lilac, a laburnum, a mezereon, in any of them : and yet they flourish before almost every cottage in our poorest villages. I now come among the ordinary fruits. The currant, the gooseberry, and the raspberry — the most wholesome and not the least delicious — were domesticated among you by the French in some few places : they begin to degenerate already. I have eaten good apples in this country, and pears and cherries much better than ours ; the other kinds of fruitage appeared to me unfit for the table, not to say uneatable ; and as your gentlemen send the best to market, whether the produce of their own gardens or presents, I have probably tasted the most highly-flavored. Although the sister of Bonaparte introduced peaches, nectarines, and apricots from France, and planted them at Marlia near Lucca, no person cares about taking grafts from them.

We wonder in England, when we hear it related by travellers, that peaches in Italy are left under the trees for swine ; but, when we ourselves come into the country, our wonder is rather that the swine do not leave them for animals less nice.

I have now, Signor Marchese, performed the conditions you imposed on me, to the extent of my observation ; hastily,

I confess it, and preoccupied by the interest you excited. I may justly call on you to speak as unreservedly and explicitly.

Pallavicini. If you insist upon it, I will. Across the road, exactly four paces from your antechamber, were the quarters of your general; exactly forty-eight from his window, out of which he was looking, did this peasant woman lie groaning in labor, when several soldiers entered her bed-room and carried off the articles most necessary in her condition. Her husband ran under the apartment of the general, which faced the wife's, entreating his compassion. He was driven away.

Landor. Was nothing done?

Pallavicini. A few threats were added.

Landor. Impossible! impossible!

Pallavicini. Since, sir, we are in the regions of impossibility, do look again, I entreat you, at the palace just before us: and I am greatly mistaken if I cannot fix your attention upon something of higher import than a span of turf.

Landor. It is among the most magnificent and, what is better, the most elegant that I have hitherto seen in Italy; for I have not yet visited the Venetian territory, and know merely from engravings the architecture of Palladio. Whose is it?

Pallavicini. It belongs to the family of Cambiagi, to which our republic, while it pleased God to preserve it, owed many signal benefits, as doges and as senators. A private man from among them constructed at his own expense the most commodious of our roads, and indeed the first deserving the name that had ever been formed in Liguria, whether by moderns or ancients, though Marius and Cæsar marched across.

Landor. How grand is that flight of steps upon which the children are playing! These are my vases, Marchese; these are my images; these are decorations for architecture; this is ornamental gardening, and suitable to all countries and climates. Take care, blessed creatures! — a fall from such a height! —

Pallavicini. Over those steps, amid the screams and embraces of those children, with her arms tied behind her, imploring help, pity, mercy, was dragged by the hair the Marchesa Cambiagi.

Landor. For what offence?

Pallavicini. Because her husband had mastered his prejudices and resigned his privileges.

Landor. Signor Marchese! the English general, whatever may be the public opinion of his talents and his principles, could never have known and permitted it.

Pallavicini. Perhaps not. I can only declare that his windows were filled with military men, if uniforms make them, and that he was there: this I saw. Your Houses of Parliament, M. Landor, for their own honor, for the honor of the service and of the nation, should have animadverted on such an outrage: he should answer for it.

Landor. These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two Houses. A pen! — he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?

II. GENERAL KLEBER AND FRENCH OFFICERS.

An English officer was sitting with his back against the base of the Great Pyramid. He sometimes looked toward those of elder date and ruder materials before him, sometimes was absorbed in thought, and sometimes was observed to write in a pocket-book with great rapidity.

"If he were not writing," said a French naturalist to a young ensign, "I should imagine him to have lost his eyesight by the ophthalmia. He does not see us: level your rifle; we cannot find a greater curiosity."

The arts prevailed: the officer slided with extended arms from his resting-place; the blood, running from his breast, was audible as a swarm of insects in the sand. No other sound was heard. Powder had exploded; life had passed away: not a vestige remained of either.

"Let us examine his papers," said the naturalist.

"Pardon me, sir," answered the ensign: "my first inquiry on such occasions is *what's o'clock?* and afterward I pursue my mineralogical researches."

At these words he drew forth the dead man's watch, and stuck it into his sash, while with the other hand he snatched

out a purse containing some zecchins: every part of the dress was examined, and not quite fruitlessly.

"See! a locket with a miniature of a young woman!" Such it was: a modest and lovely countenance.

"Ha! ha!" said the ensign: "a few touches, a very few touches, — I can give them, — and Adela will take this for me. Two inches higher, and the ball had split it: what a thoughtless man he was! There is gold in it too: it weighs heavy. Peste! an old woman at the back, gray as a cat."

It was the officer's mother, in her old age, as he had left her. There was something of sweet piety, not unsaddened by presage, in the countenance. He severed it with his knife, and threw it into the bosom of her son. Two foreign letters and two pages in pencil were the contents of the pocket-book. Two locks of hair had fallen out: one rested on his eyelashes, for the air was motionless, the other was drawn to the earth by his blood.

The papers were taken to General Kleber by the naturalist and his associate, with a correct recital of the whole occurrence; excepting the appendages of watch, zecchins, and locket.

"Young man," said Kleber gravely, "is this a subject of merriment to you? Who knows whether you or I may not be deprived of life as suddenly and unexpectedly? He was not your enemy: perhaps he was writing to a mother or sister. God help them! these suffer most from war: the heart of the far-distant is the scene of its most cruel devastations. Leave the papers; you may go: call the interpreter."

He entered.

"Read this letter."

"My adored Henry —"

"Give it me," cried the general: he blew a strong fire from his pipe and consumed it.

"Read the other."

"My kind-hearted and beloved son —"

"Stop: read the last line only."

The interpreter answered, "It contains merely the name and address."

"I ask no questions: read them, and write them down legibly."

He took the paper, tore off the margin, and placed the line in his snuff-box.

"Give me that paper in pencil, with the mark of sealing-wax on it."

He snatched it, shook some snuff upon it, and shrunk back. It was no sealing-wax; it was a drop of blood: one from the heart, — one only; dry, but seeming fresh.

"Read."

"Yes, my dear mother, the greatest name that exists among mortals is that of Sidney. He who now bears it in the front of battle could not succor me. I had advanced too far: I am however no prisoner. Take courage, my too fond mother: I am among the Arabs, who detest the French; they liberated me. They report, I know not upon what authority, that Bonaparte has deserted his army, and escaped from Egypt."

"Stop instantly," cried Kleber, rising. "Gentlemen," added he to his staff-officers, "my duty obliges me to hear this unbecoming language on your late commander-in-chief: retire you a few moments. — Continue."

"He hates every enemy according to his courage and his virtues: he abominates what he cannot debase, at home or abroad."

"Oh!" whispered Kleber to himself, "he knows the man so well!"

"The first then are Nelson and Sir Sidney Smith, whose friends could expect no mercy at his hands. If the report be any thing better than an Arabian tale, I will surrender myself to his successor as prisoner of war, and perhaps may be soon exchanged. How will this little leaf reach you? God knows how and when!"

"Is there nothing else to examine?"

"One more leaf."

"Read it."

"WRITTEN IN ENGLAND ON THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

"Land of all marvels in all ages past,
Egypt! I hail thee from a far-off shore;
I hail thee, doom'd to rise again at last,
And flourish, as in early youth, once more.

"How long hast thou lain desolate! how long
The voice of gladness in thy halls hath ceas'd!
Mute, e'en as Memnon's lyre, the poet's song,
And half-suppress'd the chant of cloister'd priest.

"Even he, loquacious as a vernal bird,
Love, in thy plains and in thy groves is dumb;
Nor on thy thousand Nile-fed streams is heard
The reed that whispers happier days to come.

"O'er cities shadowing some dread name divine
Palace and fane return the hyena's cry,
And hoofless camels in long single line
Stalk slow, with foreheads level to the sky.

"No errant outcast of a lawless isle,
Mocker of heaven and earth, with vows and prayers,
Comes thy confiding offspring to beguile,
And rivet to his wrist the chain he wears.

"Britain speaks now; her thunder thou hast heard:
Conqueror in every land, in every sea;
Valor and Truth proclaim the almighty word,
And, all thou ever hast been, thou shalt be."

"Defender and passionate lover of thy country!" cried Kleber, "thou art less unfortunate than thy auguries. Enthusiastic Englishman! to which of your conquests have ever been imparted the benefits of your laws? Your governors have not even communicated their language to their vassals. Nelson and Sidney are illustrious names: the vilest have often been preferred to them, and severely have they been punished for the importunity of their valor. We Frenchmen have undergone much: but throughout the whole territory of France, throughout the range of all her new dominions, not a single man of abilities has been neglected. Remember this, ye who triumph in our excesses. Ye who dread our example, speak plainly: is not this among the examples ye are the least inclined to follow?

"Call my staff and a file of soldiers.

"Gentlemen, he who lies under the pyramid seems to have possessed a vacant mind and full heart, qualities unfit for a spy: indeed he was not one. He was the friend and companion of that Sidney Smith who did all the mischief at Toulon, when Elliot fled from the city; and who lately, you must well remember, broke some of our pipes before Acre — a ceremony which gave us to understand, without the formalities of diplomacy, that the Grand Signor declined the honor of our company to take our coffee with him at Constantinople."

Then turning to the file of soldiers, "A body lies under the

Great Pyramid: go, bury it six feet deep. If there is any man among you capable of writing a good epitaph, and such as the brave owe to the brave, he shall have my authority to carve it upon the Great Pyramid; and his name may be brought back to me."

"Allow me the honor," said a lieutenant; "I fly to obey."

"Perhaps," replied the commander-in-chief, "it may not be amiss to know the character, the adventures, or at least the name" —

"No matter, no matter, my general."

"Take them, however," said Kleber, holding a copy, "and try your wits."

"General," said Menou smiling, "you never gave a command more certain to be executed. What a blockhead was that king, whoever he was, who built so enormous a monument for a wandering Englishman!"

III. THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND CAPO D'ISTRIA.

Capo d'Istria. Your Majesty now perceives the benefits of the Holy Alliance, and may remember my enumeration of them. Here is a fact for every word. The Holy Allies cannot retract: they have admitted the principle; they have gone to work upon it. Austria possesses Italy; turbulence in adjacent States may be repressed by invasion: there is not a monarch in Europe who denies it; not one who, whatever his fears, whatever his imprudence may be, will oppose by action or word your long-meditated conquest of the Turkish empire.

Alexander. Capo d'Istria, you are a Greek; and would engage me, prepared or unprepared, in war, for the defence of your native country.

Capo d'Istria. Pardon me, my Emperor! a Greek, it is true, I am; but you will find me not precipitate. The country of a statesman is the council-board of his prince. Let the pack bark in the kennel; the shepherd-dog sleeps upon the wallet of his master.

Alexander. I have never yet caught you running into

vagaries and extravagances, such as even the learned and wise sometimes allow to themselves in their frowardness and warm blood. Nothing is idler, nothing is more directly in opposition to the actual state of things happily re-established in Europe, nothing is attended by worse consequences, than to mention the ancient republics as models of good government, or their primary citizens as great men. I have agreed with my allies to banish or imprison the professors who in future shall do it; and I hope by degrees to introduce a general law (for Europe must be governed on one system), under the enactment of which law whoever is found guilty of printing or possessing any book, modern or ancient, containing such doctrines, shall be shut up in a fortress, or sent to join the armies on the frontier. Reason with yourself now: in such governments what should you or I be? Well may you bow; it is not to me, but to truth and conviction. England calls herself the mistress of letters, of liberty, of arts; and, indeed, she possesses more than any of what exist on our portion of the globe. In relation to her I will not talk of you or me; but suppose her to have produced the personages her unwary youth are ever prone to admire and applaud. According to her laws and usages, Brutus would have been hanged at Newgate; Cato, buried with a stake through his body in the high-road; Cicero, transported to Botany Bay; Phocion, instead of being called upon to serve his country some forty or fifty times, would have lost his election in any borough of the three kingdoms; and Aristides would not have been thought worth the oyster-shell on which his name was to be written in order to banish him.

I am nauseated with this dust which people stir up about antiquity. Come, give me your opinion, supposing war inevitable.

Capo d'Istria. First then, if war is inevitable, I must publish in the journals, on the testimony of merchants and bankers, that the differences are accommodated. The violence and pride of the Turkish character will indeed at last break off accommodation.* Your good allies, at your earnest entreaty, will zealously interfere to avoid the effusion of blood: you must request their advice how to avert this tremendous

* This happened three years after.

evil; you must weep over the decrepit fathers of families, the virtuous wives, the innocent children, the priests at the altar, with God in their mouths, weltering in their gore.

Alexander. To avoid remonstrance on Greece, I will now further tell you my reasons for what you think forbearance. It has been agreed privately among my brother rulers, that each, in the desire of peace and holiness, shall invade his weakest neighbor in a friendly and family way: first however protesting in the name of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity, that his armies on the frontier had never such an object or idea as invasion; and shall carry into execution these salutary plans, in all simplicity and sincerity, whenever he judges it convenient. It has beside been declared to me as the opinion of them all, that Turkey is not yet sufficiently despotic; that the janizaries are but Jacobins in loose trousers, and that the violence they often commit on the sublimity of their emperor is of dangerous example. We deem it requisite to insure our inviolability, and to execute what our good pleasure prompts us, not only without a struggle, but without a murmur.

Capo d'Istria. The worst part of their institutions and usages is the misapplication of the bowstring, which sometimes gives an awkward twang across the neck of a vizier; and, just the contrary of what one would suppose, is always the most terrible when it happens to have no arrow to work upon.

Alexander. Another thing. Do not you know that the liberation of Greece, if this liberation failed to make them my vassals, would be greatly and almost solely to the benefit of England? Be cautious; be silent: the ministers of England have at present no such suspicion. If they had, they would fit out a cutter and perhaps five-and-twenty marines, a force more than proportionate to that which they directed against Constantinople in the late war; and this they would be the better disposed to do, as it would authorize them in the eyes of Parliament and of the nation to appoint a commissariat of ten or fifteen, and about the same number of commissioners, so that every member of the Cabinet might have a new appointment at his disposal, with a comfortable half-pay for life after one month's service.

Capo d'Istria. Sire, not only England, but the potentates

of France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy, should in sound policy desire the formation of republics in Greece; considering that country (of which they know nothing better) as a mere drain, whereby the ill humors of their subjects may be carried off. It should serve them as a warehouse of exportation for all those whose opinions are dangerous; just as America is to England. It is nearer at hand, may be reached at less expense; and there is this further advantage, that, if they should publish their opinions, neither the princes nor their subjects can read them: the former then cannot be offended, nor the latter led astray.

Alexander. How will France, England, Sweden, act upon this occasion?

Capo d'Istria. Your Majesty must know that England is not in a condition to equip twenty thousand troops, and that the maintenance of such a force in the field would cost her more than a hundred thousand would cost Russia. Her last year's expenses in the contest with France were triple the expenses of Russia in all the campaigns of Peter the Great; and her march to Paris cost more than the building of Petersburg. If her ministers had ever been men of calculation, — which they should have been above others from the habits and wants of their country, — they would have avoided, as Walpole did, nearly all continental wars, and would have been contented to throw in a military and monied force, there only where its weight and celerity must turn the balance. The folly of others is as useful to us as our own wisdom would be without it.

Alexander. England is a brilliant performer, but bad timist.

Capo d'Istria. Employments in England are properties holden under certain families; and victories and conquests are secondary objects in her wars. Against the most consummate generals and the most enthusiastic troops in Europe was despatched an inexperienced young prince, in whom the soldiers having no confidence lost that which personal courage and national pride had implanted in them. Every new disgrace and disaster was a new reason for employing him: expedition followed expedition, defeat followed defeat. On another occasion, republicans were taken out of the prisons and brigaded with royalists, to fight for the King of France. They landed on the shores of their country, and slew their

comrades. Afterward the city of Ferrol was to be attacked: neither the general nor any person under him knew its fortifications or its garrison. They saw the walls and turned back, although the walls on the side where they landed were incapable of sustaining one discharge of artillery, and the garrison consisted of half a regiment; and although the city of Corunna, seven miles distant, is commanded by the hills above it, with walls even more feeble and a garrison more defective, and might have been taken at the same time by the same forces: an attack by sea would be hopeless. Buenos Ayres was assaulted by the bayonet, without a grain of powder; a stone-built city, the doors strongly chained across, the windows thickly grated. The condition of Antwerp was unexplored when an attack was to be made against it; nay, the English ministers had never heard that the island of Walcheren was unhealthy, — by which ignorance they lost three thousand men.

The Duke of Wellington himself, then untitled, was superseded by two generals, one after the other, at the moment when he had gained the most arduous of his victories. Nelson's brave heart was almost broken by persevering injustice and by insolent neglect. He returned, like another Bellerophon, from unexpected and undesired success. Constantinople, which never contains fewer than forty thousand fighting men, was to be assailed by four thousand English, — a number not sufficient to garrison the seraglio, as your Majesty will find next October.

The ministers of England have squandered away the resources of their country among their supporters and dependants; the people are worn down with taxes, and hardly any thing short of an invasion could rouse them again to war. Beside, in a time of discontent it is dangerous to collect together so large an army as would be sufficient for any important purpose. A declining nation, it appears to me, must fall before it can recover its strength; as a ball must strike the earth before it can rebound.

Alexander. But look away from England to the Continent.

Capo d'Istria. The armies there have not yet done what they are destined to do. Pertinacity among rulers, in making them the instruments of their ambition, has made them the arbiters of their fate. I would not speak so clearly, if I

were not convinced that your Majesty will find full occupation for yours. Soldiers can never stand idle long together: they must turn into citizens or into rebels.* The janizaries are only a *translation* of the Pretorian-guards.

Alexander. This seems true; and certain I am that England is little formidable to me just now.

Capo d'Istria. Strike the blow, and she will be less. If she attack you, let her attack you in possession of Turkey, not in writing a declaration of war. Threaten her with exclusion for twenty years from your ports, if she moves.

Alexander. Her high spirit would not brook this language.

Capo d'Istria. Her spirit must rise and fall with her condition. She has thrown her enemy upon the ground, but he will rise up first. In a time of the greatest plenty England removes a tax upon malt, to the advantage of the brewer only. She will proceed in conciliating first one trade, then another, until she sacrifices her *sinking-fund*, which ought to be sacred as the debt itself. It should never have been diminished; on the contrary it should have been augmented with whatever could have been curtailed from unnecessary and ostentatious offices. Yet I confess I do indeed entertain some fears on the part of England.

Alexander. All at once!

Capo d Istria. Yes, Sire! I am afraid that even a short delay may give her time to turn herself and open her eyes. It is her interest that we do not interfere in the affairs of Greece; it is her interest to watch over them, brood over them, and foster them secretly into full maturity. If she thinks wisely, or thinks at all, she will consider the minor constitutional governments and the secondary maritime powers not merely as members, but as vital parts of herself. By the provisions of the Holy Alliance, Russia has obtained the same power and the same right of interfering in the political affairs of Europe as she obtained by her victories over the Turks in those of Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia. Your Majesty has wiped away with the soft part of the pen what the British minister thought he had written indelibly in the treaty of Vienna.

Alexander. I shall certainly make some demonstrations,

* This was written in 1823, printed in 1824; the events of 1825 confirmed it.

on the side both of Greece and of Spain. The English, I hope, may be intimidated. If they should assist South America, my views of commerce in that quarter will be clouded, and those of conquest utterly shut out.

Capo d'Istria. England looks so long at an object that her eyes grow dim upon it. What she most should deprecate she must at last expect, — a violent and long conflict with her liberated provinces. The best, the only allies she could conciliate are the rising States of the south; she should be the first to help them in their distress, the most assiduous to strengthen them in their growth.

Alexander. I must prevent this.

Capo d'Istria. Alas, Sire! you could as easily prevent it from another planet. At present you are among the least formidable of her enemies: you never can touch her but on the Mediterranean or Adriatic. No nation seems yet to have divined the importance of California. The Russians, I hope, are destined to teach it. Possession of this country was taken by Drake, who called it *New Albion.* It is wonderful that the English should never have thought it worth occupation; the more especially since their intercourse with China. Once possessing it, they could hardly by any possible effort be driven out; certainly not by the Mexicans, who never have attempted to conciliate the natives.

If indeed England sits down quietly, and sees you take possession, as you propose to do, of California and the coasts to the north of that province, by consent of the Spanish king, then indeed may she have reason to tremble all the present century for her dominions in Hindostan. The conquest of them you will always find impracticable from the side of Tartary, through which Bonaparte, in the crassitude of his ignorance, fancied a road was to be opened. If the Americans and English permit your Majesty to occupy as much of the American shore as you by your imperial *ukase* lay claim to, you become the arbitrator in the first dispute between them, and possess the commerce that should belong to both. I am afraid that, instead of this, another kind of Holy Alliance may be formed against you; and that America, Sweden, England, Austria, Prussia, may discover the necessity of putting a stop to your career: nor would it be surprising if, after some future and not distant war, Odessa should

be the capital of an independent and rich kingdom, standing up erect between you and Turkey, and bounded by the Danube and the Sea of Azof. Take *while* you can and *what* you can. England may not always be the dupe of a minister whom the lustre of a diamond brings down from his highest flight, and a snuff-box shuts up for your pocket. Make haste, Sire! acknowledge the liberty of Greece — and crush it.

Alexander. I had begun to doubt of your sincerity, my faithful friend, and almost to question the soundness of your politics. In our menacing the Turkish empire, the interference of France is much to be apprehended; do not you think so, Capo d'Istria?

Capo d'Istria. The good King of France is occupied in rocking to sleep the martial spirit of his children, as he calls them. The better part of his army is favorable to the cause of Greece; and the Spartan fife is pitched to the carmagnole. France wants colonies; England has too many. To England the most successful war is, on this account, more disastrous than to her defeated adversary: her conquests are the worst of evils to her colonies, and the destruction of another's commerce is a violent shock to hers. Cyprus, or Egypt preferably, would abundantly compensate France: either would accelerate the decadence of her rival, or at least increase her distresses. France will be persuaded by England to make some feeble remonstrances, but your Majesty will be informed of their import. Supposing (for nothing is impossible) that England should confide in her sincerity, it could produce no more than an intemperance of language, the echoes of which boisterousness would sound but feebly on the shores of the Bosphorus.

Alexander. The spirit of your countrymen is not a spirit which I am disposed to encourage. I abhor republicanism.

Capo d'Istria. So your Majesty should. I feel no such abhorrence; but your Majesty shall find that my speculations are lowered down to policy and duty. Leave the Greeks, my countrymen, to their own efforts for a time: every day will produce some new atrocity; mutual hatred will increase; mutual efforts will be made incessantly; both parties will exhaust themselves; the Turkish cavalry, the strength of the empire, will perish where it cannot act, and among the mountains and defiles it will want both exercise and proven-

der. The Greeks, on becoming your subjects, under whatever form of government, — whether absolute, mixed (permit me an absurdity), or free, — will be heartily glad to repose; and granting that their fibre still quivers, their strength will be unable to trouble or molest you. Propose to the King of Persia the invasion and possession of the best Turkish provinces, such as Bagdad and Damascus; offer him either a great or a small force, whichever he chooses, of the infantry now quartered on his borders. This will prove your sincerity and ensure his success: and you may *mediate* and recover the whole when the sons contend for the kingdom. Beside, there is an obscure and ancient prophecy, that, as the empire of Persia was conquered by one Alexander, the empire of Turkey will be conquered by another.

Alexander. I never heard of this before. It hath some weight with me. Nothing can resist a good old prophecy.

Capo d'Istria. The Turks have also another: that Constantinople will be entered by the northern gate. Their bones will crack between these prophecies, if we clap them together vigorously and opportunely.

Alexander. But Austria will not assist, and may oppose, me.

Capo d'Istria. God grant it! Her assistance, at the best, would only be in cutting up the prey; but her opposition would end in being cut up herself. The united kingdoms of Poland and Hungary! We must be fashionable, may it please your Majesty: *united* is the word of the day — unless we talk of marriages. The next year may produce that which must happen within the next twenty. The Adriatic is the boundary of the Eastern empire. No Runic spell was ever so powerful as the three words, *Italy is free.* They would disband every army on the continent, and carry you as in a whirlwind to the British Channel. You do not want so much; but what you want you may have. Power says as softly and as invitingly to your Majesty, as love said to an emperor in former times, *Imperatori quod libet licet:* a principle which forms the basis of the Holy Alliance.

Alexander. I again acknowledge my apprehension of France, both from her perpetual favor toward Turkey since the reign of Francis the First, and from her jealousy of any continental superior.

Capo d'Istria. Apparently there is reason from these mo-

tives; but others operate in a contrary direction. France will be cautious of raising up a military chief. She remembers how much has been effected by one unworthy of her confidence, one great only by the littleness of his competitors; and she remembers that her king was imposed upon her by the conqueror. The command of armies excites to ambition, and every officer expects promotion under a new dynasty. The king will avoid this by the preservation of peace, which is as necessary to him as war ever was to his predecessor.

Let us now take another view of the subject, and look beyond the king toward the army. Three hundred thousand French bodies lie exposed and stiff along your territory. Place the French army between a Russian and a Turkish, and say to it, "Frenchmen, here are those who slew your companions in arms, unprovoked aggressors; and here, on the other side, are those with whom hitherto you have lived in amity, — the slaughterers and oppressors of the Greeks, those children of Leonidas and Epaminondas, the nation which founded Marseilles, Ajaccio, and Aleria, and left imprinted its finest features on your character:" they would consult their glory rather than their revenge; and their only hesitation would be, whether it allowed them to attack the weaker enemy. A single spark fires and explodes them.

I must remark to your Majesty that Russia is the sole country in the world whose policy is immutable. Russia, like the star that shines above her, must remain for ever a guide to steer by. The policy of England has varied more frequently than that of any other nation on record, because in general a new administration deems it necessary to change the system of the former. The persons who now administer the affairs of that country are persons of humble birth and humbler genius, and are maintained in their places by the timidity of the aristocracy, and by the contempt of all classes for the leaders of opposition. They will hazard nothing: they are far more prudent (weak as they are) than any past ministry for half a century. As we have entered into the French national feeling, so will we now into the English; and I am confident of discovering that no hostility is to be apprehended by your Majesty from the system of either Cabinet or the spirit of either people.

The Englishman, in all respects the contrary of his neighbor, is too great and too fierce a creature to be gregarious. He has little public honor, much private: his own heart makes large demands upon him, national glory none. The innermost regions of Hindostan, the wildest shores of the American Lakes, should have repeated the language of England. This is power; this is glory. Rome acquired it, and civilized the world by it, — with how much scantier stores of intellect, how much less leisure, how much less intercourse, how much less philanthropy, how much less wealth! England would not assist the Greeks from any regard to their past glory, or with any prospective view to her own, but because they have suffered much and fought bravely. When the populace has pelted the king amid his guards (a ceremony not uncommon), and some have been dismounted in the performance of their duty, they have always been hailed with loud cheers. Let a foreigner be attacked and defend himself in London, he raises up an army in his favor by the first effort of courage, and the brother of his antagonist clears the ground and demands *fair play* for him: such is the characteristic expression of this brave unbloody people. All in other countries crowd about the strong: he alone who prevails is in the right; he alone who wants no assistance is assisted. The Englishman is the friend of the desolate and the defender of the oppressed. Hence his hatred and contempt of those who presume to an equality with him in other States, and the suddenness with which he breaks off intercourse from the few whom he has admitted to his society. On these principles your Majesty will prepossess a most powerful and generous people; and although in the opinion of a few the national interest is concerned in maintaining the Turkish empire, the popular mind will aid you in its overthrow.

On no other resolution than the conquest of Turkey was it prudent in your Majesty to grant the dominion of Italy to Austria. The occupation of Naples does not require an army: four regiments and four hangmen could keep the whole peninsula in subjection. We wanted from governments an acknowledgment of the dogma that every ebullition of the public sentiment should be compressed. We obtained it; we saw it acted on. The first regiment of Austria that

marched to Naples paved a road for your guards to Constantinople. Why should we break it up again; why abandon a line of policy both ends of which are in our hands? England in the former city did not stand merely neutral. The whole correspondence, perfidious and traitorous as Englishmen must denominate it, between the king, then at Vienna, and his son, ostensibly at the head of the government, was carried on through the hands and under the cover of a British envoy. Supposing, which is impossible, that any continental power dares to oppose you, is there any that would be so powerful in hostility as the Greeks in amity? Every male of that nation, from puberty to decrepitude, would take up arms; even her women, her bishops, her sacristans, her singers.

Alexander. But France, England, Austria, might confederate.

Capo d'Istria. Their confederation would act more feebly than the efforts of one singly, and would ruin the finances of the only State among them which hereafter might injure you materially. They could not hold together three months; the very first would serve for the seed-time of discord. France has a long account to settle with several on her confines: they know it, and will keep themselves shut closely up at home.

Sweden and Prussia have one only warranty for their integrity. Prussia may expect and obtain much if England moves a foot. Whatever your Majesty could take away from Sweden is of no value to you, and would be taken only as a punishment for defection. She will therefore seek to cultivate the friendship of a potentate, interested more in preserving than in ruining her, alone capable of either, and alike capable of both. She sees the necessity of peace: for, although her soldiers have been at all times the best that ever marched upon the earth, they never marched without some great object; and none such is now before them. The Swedes are the most orderly and the most civilized people on the continent. Lovers as they are of their country, if they felt an unnecessary weight of taxes they would change their habitations, well knowing that Swedes make Sweden, in whichever hemisphere. The finest countries in the world are unoccupied. Avarice hath seized a few bays,

a few river-banks, a few savannahs, a few mines, of America: the better and greater part remains unpeopled. Emigration has only begun: the colonists at present there are merely explorers. What rational creature would live where the earth itself is taken away from him by Nature one-half of the year, where he sees nothing but snow and sky one-half of his lifetime, if the produce of his labor and the exercise of his will were not perfectly his own? Are light and warmth worth nothing? — They cost much in every cold climate. There must also be a great expenditure in more costly clothing, in more copious food, in more spirituous beverage, in more profuse and wasteful hospitality. For solitude is intolerable, even to the morose and contemplative, without warmth or light. Every man then is severely taxed by the North itself: rewards, comforts, enjoyments, privileges, should be proposed and invented to detain him; not impositions, not hardships. Sweden, whoever be her king, whatever her constitution, must avoid them; and must employ all imaginable means of procuring from her own soil her food, her raiment, and her luxuries. She should interdict every unnecessary importation; and her worst land should be proved to be capable of producing fruits from which may be extracted strong and delicious and salutary liquors. Such is the beneficence of Providence, — rarely well seconded, and often thwarted and intercepted, — that the least fertile countries and the least genial climates would mature vinous fruits, and administer a beverage more wholesome and more grateful than fifty parts in sixty of the grape-wines brewed in Italy and Spain. This is perhaps the first time, since the reign of Cyrus, that a minister of state ever talked on such matters. When I was twenty years younger, I should have come forward with fear and blushes, if I had a word to say to my emperor on plums, cherries, currants, and raspberries. But a laborer may forget his weariness amid the murmur of his hives, and a citizen be attached to his native soil by an apple-tree or a gooseberry-bush. Gardeners are never bad subjects. Sweden will encourage agriculture, plantation, and fishery. The latter is the most fertile of her possessions, and wants no garrisons or encampments. These occupations will deaden excitability to war, without injuring the moral and physical force by which, whenever it is necessary,

it may be supported. But she appears to me farther removed from such a necessity than any other nation in the world; and your Majesty may calculate, for the remainder of your life, on her neutrality.*

One argument answers all objections. If the Holy Allies agreed that Naples should be invaded because the Neapolitans were turbulent, how greatly more forcible is the reason when a more powerful nation is not only more turbulent, but when the same principles as those of the Neapolitans are in action on one side, and a fanaticism in hostility to Christianity on the other! Your Majesty is head of the Greek Church: bishops and patriarchs have been massacred by the Mahometans. The Treaty of Jassy in 1791, and of Bucharest in 1812, cede to Russia the right of protecting the Greek Church; many of whose members, priests and primates, have been condemned to imprisonment without proof and without examination. It becomes not the dignity of your Majesty to grant any accommodation on such outrages. You might have pardoned (which would have been too much) the insult offered to your ambassador; you might have yielded to the entreaties of your allies in forbearing from the same steps as had been taken by Austria; you might have permitted the aggrandizement of that powerful empire; but you cannot abandon the Church of God, placed under your especial care and sole protection.

Alexander. Capo d'Istria! is it you who talk in this manner?

Capo d'Istria. No; it is your Majesty.

Alexander. I have not always found the high pleasure from my conquests which I was led by my ministers and generals to expect. When I had purchased of old Cronstadt the entrance into Finland, and when I heard of its being the happiest and best cultivated portion of the North, and inhabited by not only the most industrious but the most civilized and honest and peaceable of men, I expected the compli-

* To both speakers are attributed more wisdom and reflection than they possess. It is as difficult in life to show that those who are little *are* little, as to show that those who are great *are* great: and in dialogue it is even more so; for if all men were represented in it just as they are, the reader would throw the book aside with indifference or disgust.

ments of the empress my mother; who, instead of them, calmly said to me, "Son Alexander! if you have done well, my congratulations are unnecessary; if otherwise, they will serve you little." And saying this she left me with her blessing, to visit and comfort a young man in the hospital, whose leg had been amputated that morning; and I found her, on her return, making out an order for the money she should remit to his parents, until he could help them as before by his business as a carpenter.

Capo d'Istria. Sire, let the history of the Empress-Mother be engraven on the hearts of fifty millions, and read by as many millions as you permit to read; yet, like novels and romances, it will interest few beyond the hour, and influence still fewer even so long; while the heroism of your Majesty must leave an indelible impression on many generations, and those who do not read will be as sensible of it as those who do.

Alexander. I am not quite certain that God approves of what my mother disapproves. While we were walking half a mile over scarlet cloth to render him thanks for the victories of our arms in Finland, he knew as well as I do that they were not the victories of our arms, but of our mint; and he sees the Swedish and Russian orders, which Cronstadt wears upon his bosom, drawn back from by the people as if they were flakes of cotton from Cairo. Yet this is according to our religion, and to that of every Christian church in the world; and many princes have done worse in zealously serving Heaven. My brother Ferdinand of Spain has a sister the most religious woman upon earth, who did the other day what puzzled me; and I cannot say even yet whether it is altogether as it should be. She resolved to offer a silver lamp to the Virgin Mary, whose eyes by this time, the duchess piously considers, may want rather more light than they did formerly. When it was brought to her palace by the silversmith, he, as he held his workmanship in one hand, presented the other to her treasurer for payment. She herself came graciously forth from her apartment, surveying her offering with reverential joy, ejaculating a prayer and a laud; and, turning to the tradesman, said she entertained no doubt whatever that the lamp was of proper weight, but that the hook by which it was to be suspended seemed too short. He answered that he had

measured it, and had found it to correspond with her royal order.

"Let us see," said she, "whether it hangs as it should do before the picture."

A chair was brought; the silversmith hung up his lamp. As he descended, still gazing on it, and stopping with both hands its oscillation, the duchess touched his arm gently with the extremities of two fingers, and said with religious firmness, "Remove it at your peril! it is now consecrated; beware of sacrilege!" She then crossed herself before the Holy Virgin, and implored her protection for herself, and for each of her children by name, and for her brother Ferdinand, and her brother Carlos, and her brother Francesco, and her sister of Portugal, and her cousins at Naples, and her other cousins living and dead, and for her poor blind sinful people, and above the rest of them, after the clergy and cloistered, for that artificer behind her who would remain all his life unpaid.

Capo d'Istria. Ah! that is carrying legitimacy a trifle too far: just conquest is another thing. Princes have an undoubted right to the coined money of their subjects; but plate and jewels should only be taxed, and not taken in the concrete.

Alexander. My armies cannot stir in this season of the year; the Turks can march all winter.

Capo d'Istria. Let them: we shall have occupation enough in preparing stores and proving our sincerity. We shall be compelled into the war when we are ready. Wait only until after the Ramadan: the fierceness of the Turks will subside by fasting, and differences will arise between the European and Asiatic troops.

Alexander. We cannot speculate on the latter case; and our soldiers also will fast.

Capo d'Istria. Or not; as your Majesty pleases. The Christian is the only religion, old or new, in which individuals and nations can dispense, by another's permission, with their bounden duties: such are fasts, courtesies, crosses, genuflexions, processions, and other bodily functions.

Alexander. This would be a religious war; and Islamism may send into the field half a million of combatants.

Capo d'Istria. Then is victory ours. Devastated provinces cannot furnish provisions to one-third of the number in one

body ; and they would fight, not for articles of faith, but for articles of food, — Turk against Turk, not against Greek and Russian. He who has the best commissariat has the strongest army. Your Majesty can bring into the field as large a force as the enemy, a force better disciplined and better supplied: hence the main body will be more numerous ; and with the main body the business of the war will be effected. March directly for Constantinople. All great empires have been lost and gained by one battle, your own excepted. The conquest of the Ottoman will be achieved by one: twenty would not win Rhodes. He who ruined the Persians at Marathon was repulsed from the little rock of Paros. I beg your Majesty's pardon for such an offence against the dignity of diplomacy as a quotation of ancient history, at a time when the world abounds with young *attachés à la légation*, all braver than Miltiades, more virtuous than Aristides, and more wise than Solon. Your Majesty smiles: I have heard their patrons swear it upon their honor.

Alexander. The very thing on which such an oath should be sworn: the altar is worthy of the offering, and the offering of the altar.

Capo d'Istria. A great encounter within sight of Constantinople throws the most distant dominions of the Sultan into your hands: Selim, the prophet, and Fate bend before you. Precedents are good for all, even for Russia ; but Russia has great advantages which other powers have never had and never will have. Remember, now and for ever, she alone can play deep at every table, and stake nothing.

IV. BONAPARTE AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

President. Sire, while the car of Victory is awhile suspended in its course, and mothers are embracing those pledges of affection which a frightful Revolution hath spared to their maternity, happy France is devising, under the auspices of her immortal hero, new pangs and afflictions for the tyrants of the ocean. The radiant star that shone upon your

Majesty's nativity throws a lustre that eclipses the polar. It embellishes our soil, and renders it fruitful in all those resources of industry which will for ever keep it independent of distant and less happy climates. The beet-root, indigenous plant, satisfied all the wishes of a nation at once the most elegant and luxurious. "Frenchmen, I am contented with you," said her tutelary Genius: yes, your Majesty said it. Suddenly a thousand voices cry, "Let us make fresh sacrifices: we have wished; it is not enough; we will do more."

Ardent to fulfil their duties, and waiting but to be instructed how, the brave youth, and those whose gray hairs are so honorable, implore that paternal wisdom which never will cease to watch over them, that they may receive those august commands which will accomplish their destinies.

The enemy no longer pollutes our soil: France recovers her attitude. Your Majesty wishes no new provinces: greater triumphs, wider dominion, to the successor of Charlemagne and of Trajan! That mighty mind, to bless a beloved and grateful people, shall make the animal kingdom confederate with the vegetable. Such are his conquests: the only ones that remain for him to achieve.

From the calm of their retreats the sages of France step forth, — and behold the decree which your Majesty had already uttered at the bottom of their hearts.

Bonaparte. Read it, and make haste.

President. "To put our implacable enemies to confusion; to drive proud Albion to despair; to abolish the feudal system; to wither for ever the iron arm of despotism; and to produce, or rather to place within the reach of all your Majesty's subjects, those luxuries which a long war, excited by the cupidity of the monopolizing islanders, seemed to have interdicted to our policy, and which our discretion taught us manfully to resign, it is proposed that every regiment in the French service be subjected to a mild and beneficent diabetes. Our chemists and physicians, ever laboring for the public good, have discovered that this disposition of the body, which if improperly managed might become a disease, is attended with the most useful results, and produces a large quantity of saccharine matter.

"The process was pointed out by Nature herself in the per-

son of your Majesty, and of several of the grand dignitaries of the Empire, when the barbarians of the North flew from their capital, which they reduced to ashes, and threw themselves in consternation on the Vistula, the Oder, and the Elbe, to the very shores of the Cimbrian Chersonese."

Bonaparte. Strike out that foolery. Now start again.

President. "I therefore have the honor of submitting to your Majesty, that the sugar, the produce of this simple operation, be made subsidiary to that of the beet-root in the proportion of one-third; and that this lively and long-desired sugar, so salutary to man from its prior relationship with his constituent principles, and so eager for its reunion, be the only sugar used in the French Empire and among the good and faithful allies of your Majesty: and further, that, after the expiration of fourteen years, every Power in amity with France may fabricate it within its own territory.

"His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and Mediator of Switzerland, was graciously pleased to make the following reply." May it please your Majesty to dictate one?

Bonaparte. Write.

"Sir, President of my Senate, I am content with you. My Minister of the Interior shall be charged to carry your proposition into effect."

And now you are here, you may lay your heads together and prepare an address to me on the birth of my son, the King of Rome. President! why do you lift up your shoulders?

President. May it please your Imperial Majesty, the glorious prince, whom France and the whole world sighs for, is unborn.

Bonaparte. What the devil is that to you? He will be born within a day or two, or at most a week, and I may not have leisure or inclination to send after you again. Write down my words.

"The star which, on the day of my birth, promised me a son, accomplishes its promise. The King of Rome descends on earth, already the defender of monarchy and religion."

Have you written, monsieur, what follows?

President. Yes, Sire; although imperfectly.

"France, to commemorate the event, will aggravate on some future day the grief and malignity of proud Albion, seizing in

her despite the noblest monument she left behind in Egypt. That pyramid from which forty ages spoke to your Majesty the purest French is destined to stand at the bottom of your staircase at the Tuileries, and to bear on its summit the plumed hat of your adorable infant."

Bonaparte. The sentiment is truly French.

President. "Memnon shall resound the name to his satellite the Odeon."

Bonaparte. Bravo!

President. "And every department of the empire shall respond to the annunciation."

Bonaparte. Sounding and sensible: but you have fallen from Memnon. Make a dash again at England.

President. "Too long has France permitted the frightful chariot of Juggernaut, driven by relentless Albion, to crush the children of India. Her eagle has one more flight, only one more, to make. From the summit of that pyramid she shall cover with her wing the Thames, the Hydaspes, the Indus, and the Ganges, protecting the innocent and tearing the proud to pieces. No longer shall monopoly, with feudality in her train" —

Bonaparte. Stop there; alter that; reverse the order: feudality comes first.

President. —"Contract and poison the sources of existence. The laborer shall prune his vine unmolested in the happy plains of Cashemir; and Beauty, the child of France, shall deign to accept her graceful shawl, earnest of gratitude and good-will. The Georgians and Circassians, now groaning under the odious yoke of England" —

Bonaparte. Of Russia, I think, or Turkey. But let that pass: my good people will never find it out.

President. —"Shall throw it off their necks at the approach of the first French soldier; and Phasis and Choäspes and Liffy shall roll their golden sands to the feet of their deliverer. To accomplish in one campaign these high destinies, a son, worthy of his august genitor, in happy hour is born to your Majesty. Egypt, from whom your star removed you, Sire, lies desolate. The palace of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, and the Ptolemies, flew open in vain at the distant sound of your foot. Never more shall it rejoice in your presence; but your legions, under their young Alcides, already invincible by

his father's name, shall carry him thither on their conglomerated arms, to solemnize the banquet of Victory.

"Resound, O Memnon, thy prelude to that morning-star, to which the brightened countenances of all nations are uplifted! Take thy station, O Pyramid, at the bottom of a staircase which a hundred kings have mounted and descended, but only one great man!"

Bonaparte. President! take some lemonade.

An instructive volume might be composed of the speeches made to Bonaparte and Louis XVIII. The adulation here falls short of that presented to Charles X., by M. le Comte de Sèize, President of the Court of Cassation. "*Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent:* ils sont tous de dignes descendans de St. Louis et de Henri IV. Ce sont toujours les mêmes vertus, *la même foi, la même clémence, le même amour pour le peuple, le même désir de concilier les libertés publiques et les droits sacrés du trône.*" There is only one truth in all this, but it is too much of one: "Tous les Bourbons se ressemblent." The eulogy was delivered in the reign of Ferdinand VII. of Spain and Ferdinand IV. of Naples.

V. GENERAL LACY AND CURA MERINO.

Merino. General, we have fought in the same cause, and I shall be sorry if our sentiments at last diverge. What is peace if there be not concord?

Lacy. Enthusiasm makes way for reflection, and reflection leads to that concord which we both desire. We think first of our wrongs, and afterward of our rights. Injustice may become, where there is any thing to be stirred, a lighter evil to the sufferer than to the worker.

Merino. We talk of the people and of parliaments, and, as it appears to me, are blindly following the restless and changeful French. In fact we are ready in our politics to build up a tower of Babel. Shall these unbelievers persuade us that they are the cleverest people in the world, by sweetening us a cup of chocolate with a bunch of turnips or a truss of hay, or by whipping us off a leg while we are saying an *Ave-Maria?* Let them instruct us in surgery and chemistry, but let them always be considered as our inferiors in morality and government.

Lacy. Here, Señor Cura, we agree perfectly. Prosperity has made them so giddy, adversity cannot sober them. The varnish that once covered their sharp and shallow character cracked off in the dogdays of the Revolution, and they have lost the greatest of their virtues, their hypocrisy. Although I have fought against them and against their partisans, while they were under the same banners, yet I would gladly see all Spaniards in amity and at home. The French faction, as you call it, fought for the same object as we did.

Merino. How! they fought for our beloved Ferdinand?

Lacy. They fought for our beloved Spain, for her independence, for her freedom. Ought they to be persecuted because they were betrayed? Should we murder a man because he has fallen into a pit; or starve him to death because he has gone for bread to another baker than ours? — and liberty is surely, like bread, an article of the first necessity to a Spaniard.

Merino. They followed not their lawful king.

Lacy. Did we? Did any wise man? Did not all implore him to remain? Did not all deprecate and detest that lowest of degradation which he neither scorned nor shunned, but ran into and courted?

Merino. It was God's will. As for those rebels, the finger of God —

Lacy. Prythee, Señor Cura, let God's finger alone. Very worthy men are apt to snatch at it upon too light occasions: they would stop their tobacco-pipes with it. If Spain, in the opinion of our late opponents, could have obtained a free Constitution by other means, they never would have joined the French. True, they persisted: but how few have wisdom or courage enough to make the distinction between retracting an error and deserting a cause! He who declares himself a party-man, let his party profess the most liberal sentiments, is a registered and enlisted slave: he begins by being a zealot and ends by being a dupe; he is tormented by regret and anger, yet is he as incapable from shame and irresolution of throwing off the livery under which he sweats and fumes, as was that stronger one, more generously mad, the garment empoisoned with the life-blood of the Centaur.

Merino. How much better is it to abolish parties by fixing a legitimate king at the head of affairs!

Lacy. The object, thank God, is accomplished. Ferdinand is returning to Madrid, if perverse men do not mislead him.

Merino. And yet there are Spaniards wild enough to talk of Cortes and Chambers of Peers.

Lacy. Of the latter I know nothing; but I know that Spain formerly was great, free, and happy, by the administration of her Cortes: and, as I prefer in policy old experiments to new, I should not be sorry if the madness, as you call it, spread in that direction.

There are many forms of government, but only two kinds; the free and the despotic: in the one the people hath its representatives, in the other not. Freedom, to be, must be perfect: the half-free can no more exist, even in idea, than the half-entire. Restraints laid by a people on itself are sacrifices made to liberty; and it never exerts a more beneficent or a greater power than in imposing them. The nation that pays taxes without its own consent is under slavery: whosoever causes, whosoever maintains, that slavery subverts or abets the subversion of social order. Whoever is above the law is out of the law, just as evidently as whoever is above this room is out of this room. If men will outlaw themselves by overt acts, we are not to condemn those who remove them by the means least hazardous to the public peace. If even my daughter brought forth a monster, I could not arrest the arm that should smother it: and monsters of this kind are by infinite degrees less pernicious than such as rise up in society by violation of law.

In regard to a Chamber of Peers, Spain does not contain the materials. What has been the education of our grandees? How narrow the space between the horn-book and *sanbenito!* The English are amazed, and the French are indignant, that we have not imitated their Constitutions. All Constitutions formed for the French are provisionary. Whether they trip or tumble, whether they step or slide, the tendency is direct to slavery; none but a most rigid government will restrain them from cruelty or from mischief: they are scourged into good humor and starved into content. I have read whatever I could find written on the English Constitution; and it appears to me, like the Deity, an object universally venerated, but requiring a Revelation. I do not find the House of Peers, as I expected to find it, standing between the king and people.

Throughout a long series of years, it has been only twice in opposition to the Commons: once in declaring that the slave-trade ought not to be abolished; again in declaring that those who believe in transubstantiation are unfit to command an army or to decide a cause.

Merino. Into what extravagances does infidelity lead men, in other things not unwise! Blessed virgin of the thousand pains! and great Santiago of Compostella! deign to bring that benighted nation back again to the right path.

Lacy. On Deity we reason by attributes; on government by metaphors. Wool or sand, embodied, may deaden the violence of what is discharged against the walls of a city: hereditary aristocracy hath no such virtue against the assaults of despotism, which on the contrary it will maintain in opposition to the people. Since its power and wealth, although they are given *by* the king, must be given *from* the nation, — the one has not an interest in enriching it, the other has. All the countries that ever have been conquered have been surrendered to the conqueror by the aristocracy, stipulating for its own property, power, and rank, yielding up the men, cattle, and metals on the common. Nevertheless, in every nation the project of an upper chamber will be warmly cherished. The richer aspire to honors, the poorer to protection. Every family of wealth and respectability wishes to count a peer among its relatives, and, where the whole number is yet under nomination, every one may hope it. Those who have no occasion for protectors desire the power of protecting; and those who have occasion for them desire them to be more efficient.

Despotism sits nowhere so secure as under the effigy and ensigns of Freedom. You would imagine that the British peers have given their names to beneficent institutions, wise laws, and flourishing colonies: no such thing; instead of which, a slice of meat between two slices of bread derives its name from one; a tumble of heels over head, a feat performed by beggar-boys on the roads, from another. The former, I presume, was a practical commentator on the Roman fable of the belly and the members, and maintained with all his power and interest the supremacy of the nobler part; and the latter was of a family in which the head never was equivalent to the legs. Others divide their titles with a waistcoat,

a bonnet, and a boot; the more illustrious with some island inhabited by sea-calves.

Merino. I deprecate such importations into our monarchy. God forbid that the ermine of his Catholic Majesty be tagged with the sordid tail of a monster so rough as feudality!

Lacy. If kings, whether by reliance on external force, by introduction of external institutions, or by misapplication of what they may possess within the realm, show a disposition to conspire with other kings against its rights, it may be expected that communities will (some secretly and others openly) unite their moral, their intellectual, and, when opportunity permits it, their physical powers against them. If alliances are holy which are entered into upon the soil usurped, surely not unholy are those which are formed for defence against all kinds and all methods of spoliation. If men are marked out for banishment, for imprisonment, for slaughter, because they assert the rights and defend the liberties of their country, can you wonder at seeing, as you must ere long, a confederacy of free countries, formed for the apprehension or extinction of whoever pays, disciplines, or directs, under whatsoever title, those tremendous masses of human kind which consume the whole produce of their native land in depopulating another? Is it iniquitous or unnatural that laws be opposed to edicts, and Constitutions to despotism? O Señor Merino! there are yet things holy: all the barbarians and all the autocrats in the universe cannot make that word a byword to the Spaniard. Yes, there may be holy alliances; and the hour strikes for their establishment. This beautiful earth, these heavens in their magnificence and splendor, have seen things more lovely and more glorious than themselves. The throne of God is a speck of darkness, if you compare it with the heart that beats only and beats constantly to pour forth its blood for the preservation of our country! Invincible Spain! how many of thy children have laid this pure sacrifice on the altar! The Deity hath accepted it: and there are those who would cast its ashes to the winds!

If ever a perverseness of character, or the perfidy taught in courts, should induce a king of Spain to violate his oath, to massacre his subjects, to proscribe his friends, to imprison his defenders, to abolish the representation of the people, Spain will be drawn by resentment to do what policy in vain

has whispered in the ear of generosity. She and Portugal will be one: nor will she be sensible of disgrace in exchanging a prince of French origin for a prince of Portuguese. There is a north-west passage to the golden shores of Freedom; and, if pirates infest the opener seas, brave adventurers will cut their way through it. Let kings tremble at nothing but their own fraudulence and violence; and never at popular assemblies, which alone can direct them unerringly.

Merino. Educated as kings are, by pious men, servants of God, they see a chimera in a popular assembly.

Lacy. Those who refuse to their people a national and just representation, calling it a chimera, will one day remember that he who purchases their affections at the price of a chimera purchases them cheaply; and those who, having promised the boon, retract it, will put their hand to the signature directed by a hand of iron. State after State comes forward in asserting its rights, as wave follows wave; each acting upon each; and the tempest is gathering in regions where no murmur or voice is audible. Portugal pants for freedom, in other words is free. With one foot in England and the other in Brazil, there was danger in withdrawing either: she appears however to have recovered her equipoise. Accustomed to fix her attention upon England, wisely will she act if she imitates her example in the union with Ireland; a union which ought to cause no other regret than in having been celebrated so late. If on the contrary she believes that national power and prosperity are the peculiar gifts of independence, she must believe that England was more powerful and prosperous in the days of her heptarchy than fifty years ago. Algarve would find no more advantage in her independence of Portugal, than Portugal would find in continuing detached from the other portions of our peninsula. There were excellent reasons for declaring her independence at the time; there now are better, if better be possible, for a coalition. She, like ourselves, is in danger of losing her colonies: how can either party by any other means retrieve its loss? Normandy and Brittany, after centuries of war, joined the other provinces of France: more centuries of severer war would not sunder them. We have no such price to pay. Independence is always the sentiment that follows liberty; and it is always the most

ardently desired by that country which, supposing the administration of law to be similar and equal, derives the greatest advantage from the union. According to the state of society in two countries, to the justice or injustice of government, to proximity or distance, independence may be good or bad. Normandy and Brittany would have found it hurtful and pernicious: they would have been corrupted by bribery, and overrun by competitors, the more formidable and the more disastrous from a parity of force. They had not however so weighty reasons for union with France, as Portugal has with Spain.

Merino. To avoid the collision of king and people, we may think about an assembly to be composed of the higher clergy and principal nobility.

Lacy. What should produce any collision, any dissension or dissidence, between king and people? Is the wisdom of a nation less than an individual's? Can *it* not see its own interests; and ought *he* to see any other? Surround the throne with state and splendor and magnificence, but withhold from it the means of corruption, which must overflow upon itself and sap it. To no intent or purpose can they ever be employed, unless to subvert the Constitution; and beyond the paling of a Constitution a king is *fera naturæ*. Look at Russia and Turkey: how few of their czars and sultans have died a natural death! — unless indeed in such a state of society the most natural death is a violent one. I would not accustom men to daggers and poisons; for which reason, among others, I would remove them as far as possible from despotism.

To talk of France is nugatory: England then, where more causes are tried within the year than among us within ten, has only twelve judges criminal and civil, in her ordinary courts. A culprit, or indeed an innocent man, may lie six months in prison before his trial, on suspicion of having stolen a petticoat or pair of slippers. As for her civil laws, they are more contradictory, more dilatory, more complicated, more uncertain, more expensive, more inhumane, than any now in use among men. They who appeal to them for redress of injury suffer an aggravation of it; and when Justice comes down at last, she alights on ruins. Public opinion is the only bulwark against oppression, and the voice of wretchedness

is upon most occasions too feeble to excite it. Law in England, and in most other countries of Europe, is the crown of injustice, burning and intolerable as that hammered and nailed upon the head of Zekkler, after he had been forced to eat the quivering flesh of his companions in insurrection.* In the statutes of the North American United States, there is no such offence as libel upon the Government; because in that country there is no worthless wretch whose government leads to, or can be brought into, contempt. This undefined and undefinable offence in England hath consigned many just men and eminent scholars to poverty and imprisonment, to incurable maladies, and untimely death. Law, like the Andalusian bull, lowers her head and shuts her eyes before she makes her push; and either she misses her object altogether, or she leaves it immersed in bloodshed.

When an action is brought by one subject against another, in which he seeks indemnity for an injury done to his property, his comforts, or his character, a jury awards the amount; but if some parasite of the king wishes to mend his fortune, after a run of bad luck at the gaming-table or of improvident bets on the race-course, he informs the attorney-general that he has detected a libel on Majesty, which, unless it be chastised and checked by the timely interference of those blessed institutions whence they are great and glorious, would leave no man's office, or honor, or peace inviolable. It may happen that the writer, at worst, hath indulged his wit on some personal fault, some feature in the character far below the crown: this is enough for a prosecution; and the author, if found guilty, lies at the mercy of the judge. The jury in this case is never the awarder of damages. Are then the English laws equal for all? Recently there was a member of Parliament who declared to the people such things against the Government as were openly called seditious and libellous, both by his colleagues and his judges. He was condemned to pay a fine, amounting to less than the three-hundredth part of his property, and to be confined for three months, — in an apartment more airy and more splendid than any in his own house. Another, no member of Parliament, wrote something ludicrous about Majesty, and was condemned, he and his brother, to pay the full half of their property, and

* Albrizzi *Sull' origine del Danubio* and *Respublica Hungarica.*

to be confined among felons for two years! This confinement was deemed so flagrantly cruel, that the magistrates soon afterward allowed a little more light, a little more air, and better company; not however in separate wards, but separate prisons. The judge who pronounced the sentence is still living; he lives unbruised, unbranded, and he appears like a man among men.

Merino. Why not? He proved his spirit, firmness, and fidelity: in our country he would be appointed grand-inquisitor on the next vacancy, and lead the queen to her seat at the first *auto da fé.* Idlers and philosophers may complain; but certainly this portion of the English institutions ought to be commended warmly by every true Spaniard, every friend to the altar and the throne. And yet, General, you mention it in such a manner as would almost let a careless, inattentive hearer go away with the persuasion that you disapprove of it. Speculative and dissatisfied men are existing in all countries, even in Spain and England; but we have scourges in store for the pruriency of dissatisfaction, and cases and caps for the telescopes of speculation.

Lacy. The faultiness of the English laws is not complained of nor pointed out exclusively by the speculative or the sanguine, by the oppressed or the disappointed; it was the derision and scoff of George the Second, one of the bravest and most constitutional kings. "As to our laws," said he, "we pass near a hundred every session, which seem made for no other purpose but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them."

This is not reported by Whig or Tory, who change principles as they change places, but by a dispassionate, unambitious man of sound sense and in easy circumstances, a personal and intimate friend of the king, from whose lips he himself received it, — Lord Waldegrave. Yet an Englishman thinks himself quite as free, and governed quite as rationally, as a citizen of the United States: so does a Chinese. Such is the hemlock that habitude administers to endurance; and so long is it in this torpor ere the heart sickens.

I am far from the vehemence of the English commander Nelson; a man however who betrayed neither in war nor policy any deficiency of acuteness and judgment. He says unambiguously and distinctly in his letters, "All ministers of kings and princes are in my opinion as great scoundrels as ever lived."

Merino. Certainly there is no reason to complain that he is ambiguous or indistinct in his phraseology.

Lacy. Versatility, indecision, falsehood, ingratitude, had strongly marked, as he saw, the two principal ones of his country, Pitt and Fox; the latter of whom openly turned honesty into derision, while the former sent it wrapped up decently to market. Now if all ministers of kings and princes are, what the admiral calls them from his experience, "as great scoundrels as ever lived," we must be as great fools as ever lived if we endure them: we should look for others.

Merino. Even that will not do: the new ones, possessing the same power and the same places, will be the same men.

Lacy. I am afraid then the change must not be only in the servants, but in the masters, and that we must not leave the choice to those who always choose "as great scoundrels as ever lived." Nelson was a person who had had much to do with the ministers of kings and princes; none of his age had more, — an age in which the ministers had surely no less to do than those in any other age since the creation of the world. He was the best commander of his nation; he was consulted and employed in every difficult and doubtful undertaking: he must have known them thoroughly. What meaning then shall we attribute to his words? Shall we say that "as great scoundrels as ever lived" ought to govern the universe in perpetuity? Or can we doubt that they must do so, if we suffer kings and princes to appoint them at each other's recommendation?

Merino. Nelson was a heretic, a blasphemer, a revolutionist.

Lacy. On heresy and blasphemy I am incapable of deciding; but never was there a more strenuous antagonist of revolutionary principles; and upon this rock his glory split and foundered. When Sir William Hamilton declared to the Neapolitan insurgents, who had laid down their arms before royal promises, that, his Government having engaged with the Allied Powers to eradicate revolutionary doctrines from Europe, he could not countenance the fulfilment of a capitulation which opposed the views of the *coalition*, what did Nelson? He tarnished the brightest sword in Europe, and devoted to the most insatiable of the Furies the purest blood! A Caroline and a Ferdinand, the most opprobrious

of the human race and among the lowest in intellect, were permitted to riot in the slaughter of a Caraccioli.

The English Constitution, sir, is founded on revolutionary doctrines, and her kings acknowledge it. Recollect now the note of her diplomatist. Is England in Europe? If she is, which I venture not to assert, her rulers have declared their intention to eradicate the foundations of her liberties; and they have broken their word so often that I am inclined to believe they will attempt to recover their credit by keeping it strictly here. But the safest and least costly conquests for England would be those over the understandings and the hearts of men. They require no garrisons; they equip no navies; they encounter no tempests; they withdraw none from labor; they might extend from the arctic to the antarctic circle, leaving every Briton at his own fireside; and Earth like Ocean would have her great Pacific. The strength of England lies not in armaments and invasions: it lies in the omnipresence of her industry, and in the vivifying energies of her high civilization. There are provinces she cannot grasp; there are islands she cannot hold fast: but there is neither island nor province, there is neither kingdom nor continent, which she could not draw to her side and fix there everlastingly, by saying the magic words, *Be Free.* Every land wherein she favors the sentiments of freedom, every land wherein she but forbids them to be stifled, is her own; a true ally, a willing tributary, an inseparable friend. Principles hold those together whom power would only alienate.

Merino. I understand little these novel doctrines; but Democracy herself must be contented with the principal features of the English Constitution. The great leaders are not taken from the ancient families.

Lacy. These push forward into Parliament young persons of the best talents they happen to pick up, whether at a ball or an opera, at a gaming-table or a college-mess, who from time to time, according to the offices they have filled, mount into the upper chamber and make room for others; but it is understood that, in both chambers, they shall distribute honors and places at the command of their patrons. True, indeed, the ostensible heads are not of ancient or even of respectable parentage. The more wealthy and powerful peers send them from their boroughs into the House of Commons,

as they send race-horses from their stables to Newmarket, and cocks from their training-yard to Doncaster. This is, in like manner, a pride, a luxury, a speculation. Even bankrupts have been permitted to sit there; men who, when they succeeded, were a curse to their country worse than when they failed.

Let us rather collect together our former institutions, cherish all that brings us proud remembrances, brace our limbs for the efforts we must make, train our youth on our own arena, and never deem it decorous to imitate the limp of a wrestler writhing in his decrepitude.

The Chamber of Peers in England is the dormitory of freedom and of genius. Those who enter it have eaten the lotus, and forget their country. A minister, to suit his purposes, may make a dozen or a score or a hundred of peers in a day. If they are rich they are inactive; if they are poor they are dependent. In general he chooses the rich, who always want something; for wealth is less easy to satisfy than poverty, luxury than hunger. He can dispense with their energy if he can obtain their votes, and they never abandon him unless he has contented them.

Merino. Impossible! that any minister should make twenty, or even ten peers, during one convocation.

Lacy. The English, by a most happy metaphor, call them *batches*, seeing so many drawn forth at a time, with the rapidity of loaves from an oven, and moulded to the same ductility by less manipulation. A minister in that system has equally need of the active and the passive, as the creation has equally need of males and females. Do not imagine I would discredit or depreciate the House of Peers. Never will another land contain one composed of characters in general more honorable; more distinguished for knowledge, for charity, for generosity, for equity; more perfect in all the duties of men and citizens. Let it stand; a nation should be accustomed to no changes, to no images but of strength and duration: let it stand then, as a lofty and ornamental belfry, never to be taken down or lowered, until it threatens by its decay the congregation underneath; but let none be excommunicated who refuse to copy it, whether from faultiness in their foundation or from deficiency in their materials. Different countries require different governments.

Is the rose the only flower in the garden? Is Hesperus the only star in the heavens? We may be hurt by our *safeguards*, if we try new ones.

Don Britomarte Delciego took his daily siesta on the grass in the city-dyke of Barbastro: he shaded his face with his *sombrero*, and slept profoundly. One day, unfortunately, a gnat alighted on his nose and bit it. Don Britomarte roused himself; and, remembering that he could enfold his arms in his mantle, took off a glove and covered the unprotected part with it. Satisfied at the contrivance, he slept again; and more profoundly than ever. Whether there was any savory odor in the glove, I know not: certain it is that some rats came from under the fortifications, and, perforating the new defence of Don Britomarte, made a breach in the salient angle which had suffered so lately by a less potent enemy; and he was called from that day forward *the knight of the kid-skin visor*.

Merino. Sir, I do not understand stories: I never found wit or reason in them.

Lacy. Let us return then to graver facts. England in the last twenty years has undergone a greater revolution than any she struggled to counteract, — a revolution more awful, more pernicious. She alone of all the nations in the world hath suffered by that of France: she is become less wealthy by it, less free, less liberal, less moral. Half a century ago she was represented chiefly by her country-gentlemen. Pitt made the richer peers; the intermediate, pensioners; the poorer, exiles; and his benches were overflowed with "honorables" from the sugar-cask and indigo-bag. He changed all the features both of mind and matter. Old mansions were converted into workhouses and barracks: children who returned from school at the holidays stopped in their own villages, and asked why they stopped. More oaks followed him than ever followed Orpheus; and more stones, a thousand to one, leaped down at his voice than ever leaped up at Amphion's. Overladen with taxation, the gentlemen of England, — a class the grandest in character that ever existed upon earth, the best informed, the most generous, the most patriotic, — were driven from their residences into cities. Their authority ceased; their example was altogether lost; and it appears by the calendars of the prisons, that two-thirds of

the offenders were from the country; whereas until these disastrous times four-fifths were from the towns. To what a degree those of the towns themselves must have increased, may be supposed by the stagnation in many trades, and by the conversion of laborers and artisans to soldiers.

The country-gentlemen, in losing their rank and condition, lost the higher and more delicate part of their principles. There decayed at once in them that robustness and that nobility of character, which men, like trees, acquire from standing separately. Deprived of their former occupations and amusements, and impatient of inactivity, they condescended to be members of gaming-clubs in the fashionable cities, incurred new and worse expenses, and eagerly sought, from among the friendships they had contracted, those who might obtain for them or for their families some atom from the public dilapidation. Hence nearly all were subservient to the minister: those who were not were marked out as disaffected to the Constitution, or at best as singular men who courted celebrity from retirement.

Such was the state of the landed interest; and what was that of the commercial? Industrious tradesmen speculated; in other words, gamed. Bankers were coiners; not giving a piece of metal, but a scrap of paper. They who had thousands lent millions, and lost all. Slow and sure gains were discreditable; and nothing was a sight more common, more natural, or seen with more indifference, than fortunes rolling down from their immense accumulation. Brokers and insurers and jobbers, people whose education could not have been liberal, were now for the first time found at the assemblies and at the tables of the great, and were treated there with the first distinction. Every hand through which money passes was pressed affectionately. The viler part of what is democratical was supported by the aristocracy; the better of what is republican was thrown down. England, like one whose features are just now turned awry by an apoplexy, is ignorant of the change she has undergone, and is the more lethargic the more she is distorted. Not only hath she lost her bloom and spirit, but her form and gait, her voice and memory. The weakest of mortals was omnipotent in Parliament; and being so, he dreamed in his drunkenness that he could compress the spirit of the times: and before the fumes had passed

away, he rendered the wealthiest of nations the most distressed. The spirit of the times is only to be made useful by catching it as it rises, to be managed only by concession, to be controlled only by compliancy. Like the powerful agent of late discovery, that impels vast masses across the ocean or raises them from the abysses of the earth, it performs every thing by attention, nothing by force, and is fatal alike from coercion and from neglect. That government is the best which the people obey the most willingly and the most wisely: that state of society in which the greatest number may live and educate their families becomingly, by unstrained bodily and unrestricted intellectual exertion; where superiority in office springs from worth, and where the chief magistrate hath no higher interest in perspective than the ascendancy of the laws. Nations are not ruined by war: for convents and churches, palaces and cities, are not nations. The Messenians and Jews and Araucanians saw their houses and temples levelled with the pavement; the mightiness of the crash gave the stronger mind a fresh impulse, and it sprang high above the flames that consumed the last fragment. The ruin of a country is not the blight of corn, nor the weight and impetuosity of hailstones; it is not inundation nor storm, it is not pestilence nor famine: a few years, perhaps a single one, may cover all traces of such calamity. But that country is too surely ruined in which morals are lost irretrievably to the greater part of the rising generation; and there are they about to sink and perish, where the ruler has given, by an unrepressed and an unreproved example, the lesson of bad faith.

Merino. Sir, I cannot hear such language.

Lacy. Why then converse with me? Is the fault mine if such language be offensive? Why should intolerance hatch an hypothesis, or increase her own alarm by the obstreperous chuckle of incubation?

Merino. Kings stand in the place of God among us.

Lacy. I wish they would make way for the owner. They love God only when they fancy he has favored their passions, and fear him only when they must buy him off. If indeed they be his vicegerents on earth, let them repress the wicked and exalt the virtuous. Wherever in the material world there is a grain of gold, it sinks to the bottom; chaff floats over

it: in the animal, the greatest and most sagacious of creatures hide themselves in woods and caverns, in morasses and solitudes, and we hear first of their existence when we find their bones. Do you perceive a resemblance anywhere? If princes are desirous to imitate the Governor of the universe; if they are disposed to obey him; if they consult religion or reason, or, what oftener occupies their attention, the stability of power, — they will admit the institutions best adapted to render men honest and peaceable, industrious and contented. Otherwise, let them be certain that, although they themselves may escape the chastisement they merit, their children and grandchildren will never be out of danger or out of fear. Calculations on the intensity of force are often just; hardly ever so those on its durability.

Merino. As if truly that depended on men! — a blow against a superintending Providence! It always follows the pestilential breath that would sully the majesty of kings.

Lacy. Señor Merino, my name, if you have forgotten it, is Lacy: take courage and recollect yourself. The whole of my discourse hath tended to keep the majesty of kings unsullied, by preserving their honor inviolate. Any blow against a superintending Providence is too insane for reproach, too impotent for pity: and indeed what peril can by any one be apprehended from the Almighty, when he has Cura Merino to preach for him, and the Holy Inquisition to protect him?

Merino. I scorn the sneer, sir; and know not by what right, or after what resemblance, you couple my name with the Holy Inquisition which our Lord the King in his wisdom hath not yet re-established, and which the Holy Allies for the greater part have abolished in their dominions.

Lacy. This never would have been effected if the holy heads of the meek usurpers had not raised themselves above the crown; proving from doctors and confessors, from Old Testament and New, the privilege they possessed of whipping and burning and decapitating the wearer. The kings in their fright ran against the chalice of poison, by which many thousands of their subjects had perished, and by which their own hands were, after their retractings and writhings, ungauntleted, undirked, and paralyzed.

Europe, Asia, America, sent up simultaneously to heaven a shout of joy at the subversion. Africa, seated among tamer

monsters and addicted to milder superstitions, wondered at what burst and dayspring of beatitude the human race was celebrating around her so high and enthusiastic a jubilee.

Merino. I take my leave, General. May your Excellency live many years!

I breathe the pure street-air again. Traitor and atheist! I will denounce him. He has shaved for the last time: he shall never have Christian burial.

VI. CAVALIERE PUNTOMICHINO AND MR. DENIS EUSEBIUS TALCRANAGH.

The Cavaliere Puntomichino was the last representative of an ancient family. He was an honest and rich man: so that, when his intention was understood at Florence of travelling to England, it excited suspicion in some, and surprise in all; for Italians of that description were seldom known to have crossed the Channel. He went however, and remained there several years, reading our best authors, and wondering (as he informed me) at one thing only; which is, that there could really be in the whole human race so prodigious a diversity as he found in almost every five men he conversed with in our metropolis. "I have often observed," said he, "more variety in a single household than I believe to exist in all Italy."

He never had about him the slightest taint of affectation; yet became he singular, and glaringly so, at his first introduction to the Academy of La Crusca. For he asserted three paradoxes: first, that no sentence or speech in a comedy should exceed a fair sheet in octavo; secondly, that no witticism should be followed by an explanation, in the dialogue, of more than two pages; and thirdly, that Shakspeare had nearly or quite as much genius as Goldoni. Henceforward he was a worthy man, but an oddity. His claim to the literary character I shall forbear to discuss; although I have many papers, not indeed of his own writing, but addressed to him by others, some of which go so far as to call him a nightingale, some a

great doctor, some an eagle, some a phœnix, some a sun, and one both a sun and a phœnix. But this last was written by a rival of him who wrote the preceding, and therefore its accuracy may be suspected ; and it was declared by the academy, after three sittings, to be more ingenious than correct.

His sedentary life had been unfriendly to his health, and he was seized in the beginning of this winter with repeated and severe attacks in the breast. As he had inherited a good property, and had collected many rare books, all the canonics and professors began to write *tributes*, *monodies*, *elegies*, *Musæ plangentes*, *Etruriæ luctus*, and consolations to his heir, — no very distant relative, whose brother in the time of the French government had been hanged for a robbery at the age of eighteen. He himself was in the galleys at Pisa for the murder of his father-in-law, who had educated him, and had promised to leave him his estate. On the death of the Cavaliere, it was foreseen that he, too late indeed for his happiness and sensibility, would be found innocent of an offence, for which the French laws in their precipitancy had condemned him. The proofs of this innocence were produced, the patron found, the sum stipulated, when the Cavaliere died. On opening the will, it appeared that he had destined his property to the maintenance of soldiers' widows, and the redemption of slaves from Barbary. *Diavoli !* and *cazzo !* and *cappari !* and *Bacco !* tripped up and exploded the Muses and Etruria. Rosini, the Pisan professor, their choregus, who, printer no less than professor and poet, had already struck off his *Lamentation*, spoke more calmly and reasonably than the rest ; saying manfully, "Gabriel, take down those sheets in papal quarto, and throw them upon the *Codes* of Napoleon : the thing won't do." The expected and expecting heir was accused of falsifying the evidences ; and fresh severities were added for his attempts to corrupt justice.

Let me now revert to my first acquaintance with the Cavaliere. I never in my life accepted a letter of introduction, nor ever expressed a wish, whatever I might have felt, for any man's society. By some accident this peculiarity was mentioned to Puntomichino, and he called on me immediately. Returning his visit, I found him in the library ; several English books were upon the table, and there was seated at the window a young gentleman of easy manners and fashionable

appearance, — Mr. Denis Eusebius Talcranagh, of Castle-Talcranagh and of Skurrymore-Park, county Down, and first cousin, as he informed me, of Lord Cowslipmead, of Dove's-nest-Hall, county Meath, a great fire-eater. I bowed; on which he fancied that I had known his lordship intimately. On my confessing the contrary, he appeared surprised. "You must however have heard something," continued he, "in your earlier days, of Sir Roderic James O'Rowran, my uncle, who, whenever he entered an inn with his friends, placed himself at the head of the table, and cried, 'Whiskey and pistols for eight!'"

It was now my turn to be mortified, and I could only reply that there were many men of merit whom it had never been my fortune to know. "Then, sir," said he, "ten guineas to one you never were in Ireland in your life; for you must have known him if you had met him, whether you would or not."

There was an infinity of good-humor in Mr. Talcranagh; and if his ideas were not always perspicuous, they often came forth with somewhat of prismatic brilliancy. He acknowledged a predilection for the writers of his own country, "which," he said, "we authors are not apt to do." I then discovered that I had been conversing with a literary man, who had published an imperial folio of eleven pages on the Irish Wolf-dog.

"I sold my copies," said he, "and bought a tilbury and a leash of setters. And now, sir, if ever you should print anything, take my advice: cuts in wood or cuts in stone, and a black-letter title-page, for your life! I did it, without a knowledge of printer or publisher. To be sure, I was master of my subject, which goes a great way; and then indeed I had a pair of extraordinary capital buckskins, which, it is true, began to carry on the surface, as Southey says of Flemish scenery,

'A gray and willowy hue;'

but I found a fellow in Cockspur-street who procured me a favorable criticism for them. I went no further in expenditure, although Valpy was constantly at the heels of my groom Honorius, pressing him also to write a criticism on the *Wolf-dog of Erin* for the *Classical Journal*, — since I from ignorance of custom was too proud to do it, — and assuring him that, look as he might, and shake his head as he would, he was no Jew,

and would do the thing reasonably. Sir," added Mr. Talcranagh smartly, "are you a friend to dogs?"

"A thousand thanks to you, Mr. Talcranagh," cried I, "for asking me a question at last which I can answer in the affirmative. There is a sort of freemasonry among us, I verily believe; for no dog, except a cur, a pug, or a turnspit, ever barks at me: they and children love me universally. I have more than divided empire: these form the best part of the world." "Add the women," shouted he aloud, "and here is my hand for you." We saluted cordially.

"Indeed," said I, "Mr. Talcranagh, you have reason to be proud of your countrywomen, for their liveliness, their beauty, and their genius. The book before us, by Miss Edgeworth, which you were looking into, abounds in philosophy and patriotism; there is nothing of commonplace, nothing of sickly sentiment, nothing of insane enthusiasm. I read warily; and whenever I find the writings of a lady, the first thing I do is to cast my eyes along her pages, to see whether I am likely to be annoyed by the traps and spring-guns of interjections, or if any French or Italian is sprinkled on the surface; and if I happen to espy them, I do not leap the paling. In these volumes I see much to admire, and nothing that goads or worries me into admiration."

"Gentlemen," said the Cavaliere, "I am as warm an admirer of the Irish ladies in their authorship as either of you; and perhaps if one of them, lately here in Florence, had consulted me on a few matters and persons, I could have rendered her some service by setting her right. Travellers are profuse of praise and censure in proportion as they have been civilly or indecorously received; not inquiring nor caring whether the account be quite correct, if the personages of whom they write be of celebrity: for censure no less than praise requires a subject of notoriety. Many English and Irish court a stranger of rank* in this city, who did not even put on mourning at the decease of his wife's brother, Napoleon; though he owed to him the highest of his distinctions, and the greater part of his unwieldy fortune. He suffered to die here, imprisoned for debt, a woman once lovely, generous, and confiding; who had ruined herself to make her house appear worthy of his reception. At the moment when she

* Prince Borghese.

was breathing her last in silence, in solitude, in want of sustenance, his palace resounded with music, with dances, with applauses to archducal guests and their magnificent entertainer. The sum expended on that night's revelry would have released her from captivity, and would have rescued her from death. Our fair traveller does not mention this; but did she not know it? She has spoken of our patriots: what were they doing? They were contented to act in the character of buffoons before the court.

"Do you wish a little anecdote of the Florentine Russel, as she called the man? Go half a mile up the road to Bologna, and you will probably see before their cottage a family of thirteen, in tears. Ask them why they weep: they will inform you that our Russel, who administers and manages the estates and affairs of his father, has given them notice to quit their vineyard. Ask them for what reason: they will reply, 'We are thirteen in number; God has willed it. Some of us are too old, others too young, for work; our family has lived upon this little plot for many generations; many a kind soul, now in Paradise, has drawn water from this well for the thirsty traveller; many a one has given the fig off his bread at noon to the woman laboring with child, and resting on that stone. We have nothing now to give; no, not even a bunch of roses to our Protectress over the gate — mercy upon us! Until this unproductive season we have always paid our rent: we are now thirty crowns in arrears. We went to the good old lady; she shook her head, and said she would do what she could for us, but that her son managed, and he already knew the case.' On hearing this, they will tell you as they told me, their courage forsook them, groans burst simultaneously from every breast, desperation seized the adult and vigorous, agony the aged and infirm, and the first articulate sounds they uttered were, 'O God, there is none to help us!' An Englishman of stern countenance came up at the beginning of the narration; he looked at me with defiance, and seemed to say internally, 'Be off!' As they continued to speak, he closed his lips more strongly; the muscles of his jaw trembled more and more; he opened his eyes wider; I heard every breath of air he drew into his nostrils; he clenched his fist, stamped with his heel into the turf; cried, 'What can this cursed slave do here?' and throwing down a card of address, without a

thought of their incapacity to read it, 'Venite da me!' cried he, in an accent rather like fury than invitation. He walked away rapidly: the wind was in his face; I saw something white blown over his shoulder at intervals till he reached the Porta San Gallo.

"There may formerly have been a virtuous or a brave citizen in the family so extolled — and indeed in what family has there not been, earlier or later? — but if those who now compose it are called Russels, with equal right may the cast horses of a sandcart be called Bucephaluses. Strangers are disposed to consider us the vilest and most contemptible race in Europe; and they must appear to have reason on their side, if such creatures are taken for the best of us. Not a single one of these flaming patriots ever subscribed a farthing to aid the Spaniards or the Greeks, nor in furtherance of any agricultural or other useful association in their own country. Allowing to the Russel of the Bologna-road all his merits, I insist for the honor of my native place that no inhabitant of it, be his condition what it may, has fewer: I do not depress the one, nor will I suffer the other to be depressed. Patriotism has here a different meaning from what it has in England. A patriot, with us, is a man who is unfriendly to any established government, and who, while he flatters a native prince, courts over an invader. His only grievances are to pay taxes for the support, and to carry arms for the defence, of his country. He would loosen the laws as impediments to the liberty of action, with a reserve of those which secure to him the fruits of rapine and confiscation: those are provident and conservative, and enthroned in light by the philanthropy of the age. Hospitality is the virtue of barbarians — "

"Blood and *hounds!*" cried indignantly my young friend, "I would ask him, whoever he is, whether that was meant for me. If there is barbarism in a bottle of claret, there is as much of it in a corked as in an uncorked one."

"Sir," replied mildly Puntomichino, "I could point out to you a Russel of the Italian school, and it is no other than this who received unusual civilities in England; and of all those gentlemen there who treated him with attention and kindness, of all with whom he dined constantly, not a single one, or any relative, was ever invited in his house even to a glass of stale barleywater or sugarless lemonade."

"Cavaliere," said I, "we more willingly give invitations than accept them. I speak of others, not of myself, for I have never been tempted to dine from home these seven years; yet, although I am neither rich nor convivial, and hardly social, I have given at least a hundred dinners in the time, if not superb, at least not sordid; and those who knew me long ago say, 'Landor is become a miser: his father did otherwise.'"

"Cappari!" exclaimed Puntomichino; "this whole family, with thirty thousand crowns of income, has not done a nine-tieth part of it within the memory of man."

"Faith! then," interrupted Talcranagh, "it must have come into the Russels by a forced adoption. The Russels of England are of opinion, right or wrong, that the first thing are good principles; and the next, good cheer. I wish, sir," said he, looking mildly and somewhat mournfully at me, "I had not heard you say what you did about not dining from home. I began to think well of you, I know not why; and I doubt not still — God forbid I should! — that you are a worthy and conscientious man. As for that other, I thank him for teaching me what I never should have learned at home, that a fellow may be a good patriot with a very contracted heart and as much ingratitude as he can carry to market. Why! you might trust a Correggio across his kitchen-chimney on Christmas-day; ay, Signor Puntomichino?"

"Gentlemen," said our host, "under the least vindictive of princes we may talk as loudly as we please of liberty, which we could not do without fear and trembling when we were in the full enjoyment of it. What are you pondering so gravely, Mr. Talcranagh?"

"Woe!" replied he, "woe to the first family that ever dines yonder! Let them each take a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, against the explosion of mould from the grand evolution of the tablecloth! Now, concerning your ministers, there are some things not entirely to my mind, neither: your prince, I dare to say, knows nothing about them."

Puntomichino looked calmly, and replied, "Our ministers are liberal, my young friend. They have indeed betrayed in succession all the sovereigns who employed them, yet they let every man do his best or his worst; and if you are robbed or insulted, you may insult or rob again. All parties enjoy the same plenitude of power."

"Plenitude! by my soul, Sir Cavaliere," cried Mr. Talcranagh, "and a trifle, I think, to spare. One of them a few days ago did what a king of Great Britain and Ireland would not dare to do, and which, if the first potentate on earth had done in London, he would have been kicked down the stairs for his impudence. The exhibition of pictures at your Academy was announced as opening to the public at ten. His Excellency entered alone, and remained in the principal apartment until two, the doors of which were locked to others. If it had been possible for him to have acted so among us, he would have been tossed in a blanket till the stars blinked upon him; the people would have perfumed his frill and ruffles abundantly with home-made essences, would have added new decorations to his waistcoatful of *orders*, and would have treated his eagles with more eggs than they could swallow."

Puntomichino for a time was silent, and then said placidly, "Believe me, sirs, our government, which would be a detestable one for the English, is an excellent one for us. Every day in London brings with it what to a stranger looks like a rebellion, or at best a riot: no mischief is done thereby. Your strength, which causes this irregularity, sustains you; but weak bodies bear little fermentation."

"Wisely thought and well expressed," said Mr. Talcranagh. "I am convinced that, if we had not a riot now and then in Ireland, we should be mopish and sullen as the English, or insincere and ferocious as the French. And I have observed, Signor Cavaliere, that, strange as it may appear, whenever there has been much of a riot there has been sunshine. Smile as you will, Mr. Landor, I swear to the fact."

To which I answered, "Your assertion, Mr. Talcranagh, is quite sufficient; but is it impossible that the fine weather may have brought together a great concourse of people to the fair or festival, and that whiskey or beauty or politics or religion may have incited them to the exertion of their prowess?"

"There are causes that we know," replied he, "and there are causes that we know not. Inquiry and reflection are sensible things; but there is nothing like experience, nothing like seeing with one's own eyes. We must live upon the spot to judge perfectly and to collect evidences. Philosophy ought to lead us, but only to a certain point: there we leave

her, and joy go with her. I have seen impudent rogues in Dublin, and have fancied that the world could not match them: now what think you of a set of fellows, with coats without a collar, who take us by the hand, and say with the gravest face upon earth, 'The elements shall be elements no longer,' and strip them one after another of their title-deeds as easily as Lord *Redwhiskers* stripped a royal duke of his last curtain and carpet? It is enough to make one grave, to think on this abuse of intellect. Do you know, Signor Cavaliere, we have lately had people among us, and learned ones, who doubted the existence of the Trojan war, on which chronicles are founded?"

"Sir," remarked Puntomichino, "the doubt is not of recent origin. Eberard Rudolph Roth attempted, in 1674, to prove from three ancient coins that Troy was not taken. What, if the *Iliad* should be in great measure a translation? Many of the names might lead us to suspect it: such as Agamemnon and Sarpedon, which are Oriental ones with dignities prefixed; *Aga* and *Sha*, which the Greeks and Romans, not possessing the shibboleth, could pronounce no otherwise. Thus they wrote *Sapor*, the same name (with the title preceding it) as *Porus*. *Aga* seems indeed to have migrated into Greece among the first Pelasgi, and designates in many things what is excellent,—as in ἀγαθος, ἀγαπητος, and several proper names, as Agamedes, Agasicles, Agatharcides; but *Memnon* is not Hellenic."

"Signor Cavaliere, I cannot keep up with you on your Turkish horse," cried aloud Talcranagh, "which is better for any business than the road. Upon plain ground nearer us, the acutest men may be much mistaken even after long experience. I assure you, I have found grossly inaccurate the first piece of information given me by a very cautious old traveller. He mentions the honesty of the Savoyards and the thievery of the Italians: now here have I been a fortnight, safe and sound, and have not lost a hair. I had not been twenty-four hours in Savoy when they had the meanness to steal my hatband. In future I shall be persuaded how illusory are sketches of national character."

"That a traveller," said the Cavaliere, "may receive a wrong opinion of events and things after even a deep study of them, and with as much knowledge of the world as hap-

pens to most men, I myself have a proof in my late Uncle Fontebuoni. On that marriage, the best fruit of which was Peter Leopold, he was sent into France, to announce the event to the Court of Versailles; and after the Revolution, when the Directory was established, he resolved to revisit the country of pleasure and politeness. He resided there one month only; long enough, he protested to me, for any man in his senses. 'I have heard the same thing, uncle,' said I, 'and that not only politeness is swept away, but that the women are become most indecent and wanton.' 'Nephew Puntomichino,' he replied, 'in regard to politeness what you have heard is indeed too true; but, with all my hatred and abhorrence of the present system, I am obliged in conscience to declare that the women are more correct in their morals than they were formerly. A heart is to be touched only by a diamond pin; a head is to be turned only by a peruke *à la Lucrèce*, worth ten louis. A compliment did formerly; if one knelt, it was uncivil not to return the condescension by something as like it as possible.' This he said at dinner, with his tooth-pick in his fingers, wandering and flitting here and there for its quarry over the wold of his hard smooth gums. He was in his sixty-ninth or seventieth year when he went a second time to Paris, and never found out that women are made continent by our ages more often and more effectually than by their own."

"Well, that never struck me," said Mr. Talcranagh. I was here startled by some musical accents from a sofa behind me. Puntomichino cried, "What are you about, Magnelli?" "I must go," replied he, "to the English minister's. He is composing an opera: he has every note ready, and only wants my assistance just to put them in order; which I shall have accomplished in three weeks by going daily, and taking my dinner and supper with him."

On this he left the room. "These musicians," said Puntomichino, "are people of no ceremony. He entered, as usual, without a word, threw himself upon the sofa, sat half an hour, and the first we heard of him was the hum of a dozen notes. His observation on parting is very similar to one from a gentleman at my next-door, a worthy creature, and fond of chess. 'Why so much embarrassment, Signor Gozzi?' 'It is not embarrassment,' answered he calmly,

'but reflection. I can move my man in a moment: I am only thinking where I may put him.' 'Ah! Signor Gozzi,' said a friend of mine who was present, 'if ministers of state would think about the same thing as long, they would dispose of places more wisely than they do in general.'"

"As for systems," said Mr. Talcranagh, "come, Signor Cavaliere, you have weighed them all. I have not patience to talk about them. Conclusions are drawn even from skin and bones: eyes, noses, teeth, — they will soon come (saving your presence)."

"I know not what they will come to," was the timely reply of the Cavaliere; "but I can mention as wonderful a fact as the sunshine elicited by shillalahs. My father was a physiognomist, and when Lavater first published his work, 'Now,' cried he, rubbing the palms of his hands together, 'men begin to write again as they should do.' He insisted that a man's countenance, in all its changes, indicated his virtues or vices, his capacities or defects. The teeth, among other parts, were infallible indexes; they were in the human visage what consonants are in the alphabet, the great guides, the plain simple narrators. Amid his apothegms was, 'Never trust a man with a twisted tooth.' In fact, of all I had ever seen and of all I have ever seen since under that description, not one has proved worthy of trust. I inquired of my father with submission, whether age or accident might not alter the indications. 'By no means,' exclaimed he emphatically; 'if the indications are changed, the character is changed. God, before he removed the mark, removed the taint.' He observed that, where the teeth turn inward, there is wariness, selfishness, avarice, inhumanity; where they turn outward, there is lasciviousness, prodigality, gaming, gluttony. I then doubted these indications, and imagined that a part of the latter was taken up against a priest not indeed in high reputation for sobriety or continence, who had offended my father in a tender quarter. My father had erected a stile for the convenience of his peasants; but the inscription was so prolix,* he was forced to engrave the conclusion of it

* Lest an inscription on a stile should surpass the reader's faith, here is one *On a prince changing horses at a Villa*, to the intent, as it says expressly, that *all men and nations and ages* should know it: "Honori Ferdinandi III. Aust.: qui ad veterem Etruriæ dominationem

upon the church-porch. The Latin, as the priest acknowledged, was classical; yet he requested it might be removed to our dove-cote, which was farther off, and not by the side of any road. The exoteric teeth of the reverend gentleman by some unknown accident received a blow, which adjusted them between the extremes; and my father was asked, in joke, whether he had a better opinion of his spiritual guide since his improvement in dentition. 'Indeed I have,' he answered gravely; 'for so sudden and so great a change, whether brought about by the organic mutations of the frame, or by an irresistible stress with which certain sentiments or sensations may bear upon it, must be accompanied by new powers, greater or smaller, and by new qualities and propensities. Some internal struggle may in length of time have produced an effect not only on the fibres, but through them on the harder part of the extremities.' The favorable opinion of my father was carried to the priest; who lamented (he said) no dispensation of Providence by which he conciliated the better sentiments of so enlightened and charitable a man. He was soon a daily visitor at the house; entered into the studies of his Excellency, meditated on his observations, praised them highly, and by degrees had the courage to submit to so experienced a master a few remarks of his own. He pursued them farther; and I should blush to relate, if all Florence did not know it, that my stepmother, a young lady of twenty-four, aided him too deeply in his investigations, and confirmed my father, although not exactly by working the problem as he would have recommended, that an internal struggle may produce an effect not only on the fibres, but through them on the harder part of the extremities. Then too became it public that another husband had been the holy man's dentist, in consequence of too close an application to similar studies in his house."

At the end of which calm narration up started Mr. Talcranagh, and, several times pushing his fingers rapidly through

redux in hoc Capponianæ gentis prætorio xv. Kal. Octob. MDCCCXIV. tantisper substitit, dum rhedæ itinerariæ regalis substitueretur, qua urbem principem inter communes plausus et gaudii lacrimas introiret; herisque ob faustitatem eventûs dignitatemque sibi locoque ab hospite magno impertitam lætitiâ elatis pristinam benevolentiam comitate alloquii gratique animi significatione declaravit; Marchio Petrus Robertus Capponius ad memoriam facti postgenitis *omnibus* tradendam."

the hair over his forehead, exclaimed; "Why! how! what! do you talk in this tone and manner? Did not you nor your father flay the devil alive? Did not you spigot him, nor singe him?"

"I was at school: my father," said the Cavaliere, "took his wife to Siena; proof enough that he resented the injury. In our country, as you know, every lady of quality has her *cavaliere serviente*. It serves to distinguish the superior order from the lower, and belongs to none legitimately excepting those who by wealth or services have obtained the liberty to stick their knee-buckles on their coats with a tag of scarlet. My father, as you may suppose, was indignant that a priest out of the gates, — neither a *canonico* nor a *maestro di casa*, — should beget his children, and aspire, as he would have done by degrees (for impudence is never retrogressive), to conduct his lady to her carriage. I have many books in which is the text written with his own hand, 'Never trust a man with a twisted tooth;' but I have searched in vain for any such sentence as, 'Trust a man with an untwisted one.' His enthusiasm seems to have cooled from the time that he found a scholar so capable of his place. Another of my father's maxims was, 'Open a man's mouth and look whether his under-jaw be uneven, with a curvature like a swine's, which curvature is necessarily followed by the teeth; and, discovering these, you will infallibly find him swinish in one way or other: you will find him, take my word for it, slothful, or gluttonous, or selfish. I have observed few such who were not slothful, and never one who was not both selfish and gluttonous.' 'In the latter case, father,' said I, 'it will not be necessary to open his mouth for him. I may philosophize across the table, finding there all the instruments adapted to the process of investigation.'

"'It would not demonstrate to you,' added my father, 'how incorrigible is the nature of such men. Goffrido Piccoluomini is of the conformation I have described; and his parents, who themselves love good living, and who are liberal to excess, attempted to divert at a riper age the tendency they were unable to conquer in his childhood. Many means were resorted to, and failed. He had a cousin at Perugia, an heiress; rich, playful, beautiful, and accomplished. Several families were at variance, because the elder son of one had

been preferred to the elder of another, this in the morning, that in the evening; and there were only two things in which they agreed, — first, that she was an angel of Paradise; secondly, that she was very wrong in not fixing her choice. To quiet these animosities, her father, whose health was declining, resolved to join his brother Guido, the father of Goffrido, at the baths of Lucca. Goffrido was beckoning to a boy who carried a basket of trout upon his head, when the carriage drove up to the door. He stood before it, his eye this moment on the trout, that moment on his cousin. The boy had retreated a step or two, when he caught him with his right hand by the coat, and opened with the left the coach-door. He had not seen Leopoldina since she was a chubby ruddy child. There are blossoms in field and garden, which first are pink, and which whiten as they expand: Leopoldina was like one of these. Her face alone had retained its plumpness: she was rather pale and slender. At sight of Goffrido, who still held the boy's skirt, she not merely smiled but laughed; she would however have put her hand before her face, for she had been educated by a French lady of high rank, when she recollected that she must give it to her cousin who now held out his. Never had he felt the force of admiration to such a degree: his mouth was open; his teeth, white as ivory, but unlucky in their curvature, looked like a broken portcullis which would not come down. He actually loosed the fisher-boy's coat, and almost had forgotten, in the midst of his compliment, to desire he would go into the house; which he did, the first of the party.

"'I am incapable of giving such descriptions as would suit a novel or romance, and must therefore do injustice to the young people. Goffrido is really a fine young man, blooming in health, and addicted to no pleasures but those of the table, which he thinks the most solid of all, and takes especial care shall not be the least durable. These however by degrees he divided awhile with more visionary and exalted. He failed in no kind of attention to his fair cousin; and, when her appetite seemed to flag a little, looked out for whatever was choicest at table, presented it to her with grace and disinterestedness, and pressed it on her attention with recommendations the most anxious, and with solicitude the most pathetic.

Spring had passed away, long as it lingers in this delightful region, when some moral reflections, I know not from which first, induced the fathers to devise a union: and never were two children more obedient. "If my father wishes it, his will is mine," said Goffrido. "Dear sir, you have instructed me in my duty: dispose of your Leopoldina," was the answer of his cousin. They agreed to remain together at the baths until the vintage, at which time they must be at Perugia, and the ceremony should be performed. It rarely happened now that either had a bad appetite; and if either had, the other did not observe it, for security had taken place of solicitude, and tenderness had made room for good-humor. The more delicate fruits are seldom conveyed in perfection up these mountains; they are generally bruised and broken. Goffrido, observing this, and corroborated in his observation by Leopoldina, rode manfully to Marlia, bought a basketful of the most lovely peaches, rolled up each separately in several fig-leaves, and returned for dinner. Surely some evil genius watches the anti-vestal fire of our lowest concupiscence, and renders it inextinguishable! Goffrido presented the peaches to Leopoldina, and she took, whether by choice or accident, the finest. Her lover, seeing it in her plate, fixed his heart upon it, and saying, "You have taken a bruised one," transferred it to his, and gave her two others. His mother said, laughing, "Goffrido, I see no bruise, let me look." He blushed deeply; he lost his presence of mind; he could not support the glance of surprise which his change of countenance alone had excited in his cousin, nor the idea of yielding to so light a temptation: he left the room. The old people sat silent; Leopoldina was afflicted, for she loved him. She too retired soon after; and, being alone, began to revolve in her memory her whole acquaintance with him; and this revolving of hers cast up many similar things against him. Finally her thoughts wandered as far as Perugia, and dwelt for a moment in the chain of ideas on a little boy, who a few years before had fought a battle with a stouter, for having taken a pear from her and bitten it before she could catch him. She remembered that, when she would have taken it back and eaten it, her champion cried, "No, Signora Leopoldina, the thief has bitten it; I will bring you another instead." "Poor Antonino!" sighed she, "what made me think of thee again?"

"'He had not been one of her lovers. How could he have been? She was scarcely eleven years old, he only fourteen; beside, he was the son of the parish priest, and, what is more scandalous, the acknowledged son. The father had been reproved by his bishop, and threatened with suspension unless he denied it publicly. "My Lord!" answered the priest, "my passions on this one occasion overcame my reason. The mother of the child, cruelly treated by her family for my transgression, sank under the double weight of shame and sorrow. 'Take my poor infant,' cried she: 'teach him, O unhappy man, to love God — as well as I thought I did!' and she expired in my arms. I have educated the child to virtue; the best reparation of my fault: falsehood, my lord, would be none."

"'Leopoldina, on her return to Perugia, walked often on the field of battle, — a more important one not only to her but to us, if I may judge by the interest I seem to have excited, than that other in the vicinity where Hannibal vanquished the Romans. Antonino, she thought, avoided her; she had sometimes seen him, and fancied he had seen her. At last she was certain he had; for while she was talking with an old woman she perceived the old woman's eyes to wander from her toward the parsonage, and heard a window-blind close. She turned round. "Another time will do," said the old woman. "I must say he had patience enough: he has little to give me, but he brings it me himself when I cannot walk, or when it rains; and he comforts me as much by smiling and laughing as another could do by praying."

"'I should like to look a little at Leopoldina's teeth,' added my father, 'for she is a most singular girl. Would you believe it? she is grown at last as decisive as any in the city: she has declined the visits of all her lovers, and has declared to her parents that if she ever marries it shall be Antonino.'"

This Conversation is reported in a manner differing from the rest. The meaner of us have spoken but seldom. A conversation with a young Irishman of good natural abilities (and among no race of men are those abilities more general) is like a forest walk, in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a briar. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather take a walk in another direction on the morrow.

VII. MAUROCORDATO AND COLOCOTRONI.*

Maurocordato. Pope Clement the Ninth died of vexation at being unable to succor the island of Crete. It is true, the Venetians who were expelled from it were of his church: we are separated from it only by a syllable. Is there neither pope nor king who can step over a syllable in our defence? Systematically have we been persecuted, regularly have we been abandoned; and I know not which despot is most deserving of our abhorrence and execration, whether he whose intolerable chains we have wrenched and cast away from us, or the colder barbarian the most forward to promise and the most able to afford us succor. Superseding this picture, and covering it as with a black crape, let us present another to our country, worthy to be placed on the next panel to that which represents the heroic Hofer, the last and truest defender of Austria, delivered up by her to his murderers. No crime of despotism, however enormous, is without a parallel. When we fancy we have reached that point of congelation above which it is impossible to breathe, we see another such hanging with all its horrors over our heads.

The calm, intelligent, and virtuous Giannone, a century ago, edited his elaborate and faithful *History of Naples*, in which a few among the usurpations and frauds of the Popedom were exposed. Inquisitors and assassins were employed against him; and he was forced to abandon his profession of advocate, to leave his family, his friends, his country, and to seek protection where lately Hofer first and vainly sought it, in Vienna. The friendship of Prince Eugene could not defend him against the malice of the pope, working on the pusillanimity of the emperor. He was driven from Austria, and took refuge in Venice. Here also was a kind of Inquisition. Giannone was seized by night, and was cast before sunrise on the shores of the papal territory. He found means however of escaping to Geneva. After a residence of several months in that city, he was invited by an emissary of the Sardinian king to a villa on the opposite side of the lake; here he was arrested. For vindicating the privileges of the

* The elder; the younger was less faithful to his country.

king against the pretensions of the pope his reward was a strict and solitary confinement, first in a fortress of Savoy, then in the citadel of Turin; where, after twelve years of imprisonment, he died.

Colocotroni. Say no more of the dead. The curses of good men are barren in our days, whatever they were formerly, and wither the heart they rise from, not the head they fall on. Why revert to Giannone? Why to Hofer? Is not Rhigas nearer?

Maurocordato. Yes. Rhigas, we know, was born at Velestinos in Thessaly, about the year 1753. He was the primary mover in our glorious cause since the power of the Venetians was broken by the common enemy. Enriched by commerce, he left it early; and, collecting about him the few literary men* whom our unfortunate nation at that time produced, went to Vienna and edited a journal. His inoffensive manners, his charity, his liberality, conciliated the hearts of all. The Government felt and acknowledged the utility of his labors: its new subjects were better disposed toward it, and others were more ready to become so. Above all, the Servians, then under Paswan Oglou, read with avidity the evangile of their freedom. The divan of Constantinople was informed of it; a demand was made that Rhigas be delivered up, and was at once acceded to. He and eight of his friends were seized by the police of Vienna, chained, thrown into a boat on the Danube, and committed to a Turkish guard.

In vain was the torture inflicted on them to extort the names of their accomplices. At the sight of Widdin, "O strong and beauteous city!" cried Rhigas, "residence of a wise and valiant prince! never hast thou seen him abandoning his defenders, nor intimidated by an enemy, far or near." The animated tone, the look of exultation in our protomartyr of resuscitated freedom, was the signal of death to his countrymen and himself. Apprehensive that it denoted the proximity of a rescue, the captain of the guard ordered the larger stones in the ballast to be fastened about their necks. During this operation they sang the Hymn of Liberty which Rhigas com-

* Zabira, a Greek of Sialista, is reported to have left behind him a catalogue and biography of the Greek writers since the capture of Constantinople: he died in the year 1804.

posed, and, when they had begun the louder chorus, were cast into the river.

Colocotroni. O Rhigas! who among the blessed sits nearer to thy God than thou? Hear me! look down on our country! the eyes of every angel will follow thine, and weep at its abandonment by the Christian princes.

Can no appeal be made to humanity by learning?

Maurocordato. In Austria no books are read but cookery-books, missals, and lives of the saints. Russia contains only one man of erudition, the archimandrite Hyacinthos, who has collected and translated the most valuable portion of Chinese literature. On suspicion of being a thinker, he has been banished to Archangel, and is dying by an affection of the lungs.

Colocotroni. In France, in England, is there none who will speak aloud for us?

Maurocordato. The literary men of France have a censor over them: upon which some have become missionaries and jesuits, and some Mahometans; others write odes on the triumphs of the Duc d'Angoulême, and on the *Trocodero* in the nursery of the Duchess de Berri. England has party-men in profusion. If a solitary sedate republican should rise up in that country, they would unite and tear him to pieces; just as the beggars of two streets against a stranger at the corner who (they suspect) may beg.

Colocotroni. The English have no need of a republic, none of their habits or imaginations resting on it, and enjoying as they do what liberty they desire. Yet I cannot see why, when I myself am shaven, I should break the razor, or hinder the use of one in those who want it; as they do in regard to freedom, from an imperfect and erroneous calculation in the ledger-book. Nearly all the writers may indeed be hired by the Government, and the few of them who are not hired may live in expectancy of place and profit; yet the public is much interested in our cause, and has borne toward us that liberality for which nothing short of eternal gratitude can be an adequate return.

Maurocordato. General, I have received from an Englishman, who resides at Florence, a military map of Greece, in which all those places are accurately marked where great battles have been fought, and to which a topographical de-

scription is added, wherever it was to be found either in ancient historians or modern travellers.

Colocotroni. The ancients, who excelled us in most things of importance, excelled us principally in the variety of expedients for attack and defence. Every great general was a great inventor. Within the memory of man, I believe, not a stratagem has been thought of by any in Europe, be it old or new, original or borrowed. Campaigns are formed as much by a receipt as custards, and sieges as cheesecakes. I know the better part of Greece perfectly, and only wish your English friend could devise the means for me of bringing my enemy where beaten enemies were brought formerly.

The Greeks have performed, in the last three years, as many arduous actions as their ancestors ever performed within the same period, and have evinced a constancy such as they have never exhibited since the days of Pericles. The British force is composed of three nations, each striving for precedency in valor. Hence whenever a large body of troops is assembled there must be a portion of each, and vigor is exerted by all; but when smaller detachments of one nation are sent out on what they call diversions, we generally find them fail, there being no such spirit of rivalry and emulation. It cannot be dissembled that the victories of the English, in the last fifty years, have been gained by the high courage and steady discipline of the soldier; and the most remarkable, where the prudence and skill of the commander were altogether wanting. Place any distinguished general of theirs where Murillo was placed in America, Mina in Spain, and then inform me what are your hopes, and whether you expect from him the same activity and the same expedients. Whatever is done by the English is done by open force, to which nothing is precursory or subsidiary. Our enemies the Turks are somewhat of this character. Now I lay it down as a maxim, that the weaker of two powers at variance should never employ the same weapons as the stronger: when it cannot find better, at least it should look for what are different and unexpected. If we Greeks at present form our regiments on the model of the English, we shall lose half our strength. By good fortune, our troops are composed of men united by blood or neighborhood, and partly put into motion by the spirit of love and concord, partly by emulation:

for the different regions of Greece, you know, are just as much rivals now as they were anciently. In no other part of Europe is there in the military establishment the least consideration of moral force ; vices and virtues are equally compressed : men are filed and packeted like pins and needles, according to their length, — an inch in stature divides two brothers, two friends, two rivals in the affections of the same mistress, leaving room for the union of the brave man and the coward. Nothing that is ridiculous, absurd, injurious, or offensive is omitted in the modern practice ; and if your English commentator draws his conclusions from it, and recommends it to our imitation, we have only to thank him for his kind intent.

Greece has much to do, much not to do. God, who hath restored her miraculously to her enthusiastic and vigorous youth, will guide and protect her in it ; and will open by degrees before her all the sources of knowledge, and all the means of improvement and prosperity.

Maurocordato. The paper I hold in my hand recommends the thing on which you particularly insist, — the diversity of weapon ; nor does the author quote an English authority, but the authority of an American, who suggested it to his country when she was about to contend with a military force to which hers was disproportionate both in numbers and in discipline. "The interest," says my correspondent, "I feel and have always felt in the fortune of those who struggle to be free, persuades me to submit some reflections, perhaps not unimportant, to your country. If they were entirely my own," adds he, "I might hesitate more to offer them, although of late years I have studied these matters with some attention, and have examined them with some industry. Franklin proposed to the consideration of the Anglo-Americans, whether the bow be not a more effectual weapon than the musket. Its lightness, the ease with which it may be kept dry, with which it may be concealed and recovered, with which it may be loaded and discharged, with which it may be preserved in order or replaced, are not its only advantages.

"Patriotic as are the Greeks, there are many who, on receiving a musket from the Government, would be induced to return home, that they might rather employ it at the chase than in battle. The bow, at least in the beginning, would

not serve the purpose, would never hold forth such an inducement, and nobody would buy it if offered for sale. When munition is exhausted in the villages and in the mountains [where we fight most frequently], the soldier can find no more, and is no longer a soldier for some days ; while every wood and thicket, every house and shed, produces the material of arrows. Youths, from their tender age or from their idle habits, incapable of carrying heavy arms would carry a bow, it being no impediment either in attack or flight ; and, if thrown away, it is little loss to them, and no advantage to the enemy.

"The advice of Franklin was not rejected because it was irrational or reprehensible, but because the Anglo-Americans were nearly all well exercised in the management of fire-arms, and because they found in the cities a superabundance of pow der and shot. Far different in Greece : the choice is yet to be made ; and you will surely make it," says our friend, "of that material which is at once the most plentiful and the most easy to work ; that in which the exercise is the least laborious, and the attainment of skill the least difficult. Suppose two kinds of arms, or, if you please, two kinds of tactics, equally good ; if either of these be unexpected by the enemy, that is preferable. Even the worse, the first time it is practised, will give the advantage to those who employ it, unless its defects be too evident.

"The ancients," he thinks with you, "reasoned much more and much better on this business than the moderns ; and they always used a great diversity of weapons in the same army, the advantage of which is demonstrated by Folard in his commentary on Polybius.

"The arrow acts in three manners, — rectilinearly, curvilinearly, and perpendicularly ; the musket-ball in one only, the rectilinear. Twelve arrows are discharged before the musket can be discharged the third time, even supposing that it is always clean, and that it never misses fire. The musket without bayonet [as are many of ours] is very inconvenient ; for we must often draw the sword, and then what becomes of it? while the bow, thrown in a moment across the shoulder, leaves the right hand at liberty, and the body unencumbered, for the other ways of defence or of attack.

"The Turks fight in close array, so that every arrow strikes either man or horse ; and it is remarkable that a moderate

puncture makes the horse intractable, while to a severe musket-shot he often seems for a time insensible. The report of fire-arms by night or in ambuscade betrays the soldier; the arrow not. Even by day it sometimes is expedient that death come veiled. The lock of fire-arms is the most important part of them, and is the most liable to injury from a blow, from a fall, or from service. The musket is composed of many parts, each subject to be detached or loosened, some to be lost, as the rod and the flint; and the loss may not be perceived until it is fatal.

"If any considerable body of archers, well supported, drew upon an unprepared enemy (and all at this day are so) they would gain, if not the battle, the advantage. No fire could produce such destruction, such confusion, or leave effects so immediately visible, so generally appalling.

"He who carries a bow instead of a musket may also carry provisions for five entire days; an incalculable advantage in a country laid waste on every side, and which will enable him in most situations to choose and change his encampment as he pleases. When a foot-soldier thus armed has taken the horse of an enemy, he may mount and use him, should circumstances require it; which he could not do with musket and bayonet, even in case of necessity.

"The bow has no need of cleaning; the musket has need of it every day; and after a march or an engagement, when it may want it most, the soldier feels little inclination to this surcharge of labor, and often has not tow, sometimes not water [as ours experienced on the mountains last summer, when even in the plains there was barely a sufficiency to quench their thirst]. By the lightness of this weapon, and the little danger there is of its sounding loud in striking against any thing, munition-wagons and stores may be set on fire, applying to the arrow inflammable substances.

"The Turks are still masters of cities and fortresses which you must take. No nation defends a place so obstinately and courageously as they do; and you have some which they will soon attack. Here the bow is greatly a better weapon than the musket. For, in the hurry of firing on those who mount to the assault, few balls are well rammed; hence they fall out or fall inoffensively; and nothing is more difficult than to hit a man, aiming at him perpendicularly. The arrow

on this occasion would seldom miss. You may have reason then to be glad that they no longer use the bow, in which formerly lay their strength."

Colocotroni. These observations are worth attention. What have you beside?

Maurocordato. The observations on defensive armor are original and important. "Even so late as the reign of Louis XIV. the officer wore it. In the battle of Waterloo, — more glorious to the victor than any since that of Leuctra, if perhaps you except four others won by the same nation, at Cressy, at Agincourt, at Poitiers, and at Blenheim, — three regiments of light cavalry in succession were ordered to attack the French cuirassiers. Each made several charges, and lost the greater part of its men in killed or wounded. If," adds my correspondent, "these English regiments had been defended by the armor I am about to propose for yours, they would have lost much fewer, and, although no troops are braver, more expert, or better disciplined than the French cuirassiers, would probably have repulsed them; for the English horses were fresher, not having surmounted such acclivities, nor having toiled so long over a deep tenacious clay.

"Suppose it possible to discover a substance on which the seasons have little or no effect; which resists heat, cold, moisture: iron does not. Suppose it possible to discover a substance which leaves every limb its elasticity, its full play and action: iron does not. Suppose it possible to discover a substance in which the soldier, if necessary, may sleep: in iron he cannot."

In fact, General, he recommends the use of *cork* armor; the usual thickness of which material is sufficient to resist the bayonet, and which a musket-ball will rarely penetrate. "By employing this, the soldier who cannot swim has all the advantages of him who can; he may be knocked down in it, but he will not be killed nor badly wounded; seldom will a particle of it enter the flesh, and in case it should, no substance whatever is so easily extracted; nor will there ever be those contusions which are often mortal in the head, for although the sabre does not penetrate the metal, it indents it so deeply as to produce the same effect. We have experienced the dizziness that the helmet occasions in a few hours of exertion: this destroys both activity and strength. Nothing

is so cool to the head as cork, or presents so equal and wholesome a temperature in all seasons. Its additional weight is imperceptible to the horse; nor is the dismounted soldier lost, as the steel-cased cuirassier is. This armor is cheap and durable; it occupies no time in cleaning, none in putting on; every one can mend or replace it."

Some of the other projects must be left to the discretion of our Government; they are political rather than military; they are calculated to act instantaneously and effectually, and the author says of them, "There are circumstances in which Themistocles should be heard before Aristides, and indeed without him."

He recommends that the Acro-corinthos, and some other positions, should be flanked with strong Martello towers, and gives an account of an English ship of seventy-four guns utterly ruined off Corsica by such a tower, mounting one only. Here is also a proposal to construct, or rather to employ (for we have them in many of our ports), gunboats similar to those used by the Russians in the battle of Tchesme.

Colocotroni. I hope we are not yet reduced to imitate the Russians in any thing. The least inventive of the human race, and the most hostile to inventions and improvements, can hardly be presented to Greeks for a model by one who appears well acquainted with our history, with our capacities, and with our wants.

Maurocordato. He informs me that the invention of this is due to his countryman and friend, General Bentham, a man equally distinguished for courage, humanity, and science.

Colocotroni. I know almost as little of English inventors as the Emperor of Turkey, or Morocco, or Austria. War is my pursuit: come to the point; let me see his project. I may recommend it; for the wisest men and most useful things want recommendation, and the tongue of the fool is often requisite to the inventions of the wise.

Maurocordato. General Bentham commanded the naval armament of Russia at the battle of Tchesme, under (where princes are entrusted with command this word usually means *over*) Prince Potemkin. Gunboats had always been built solidly, with strong traverses, to prevent the recoil of the gun. Hence, after every fire the motion of the vessel was so violent and of so long continuance that the discharges were inter-

mitted and uncertain. One would imagine that little experience was requisite to demonstrate how, leaving the cannon to its recoil and the vessel to its own action upon the water, no violent shock could be given, and how the succeeding charges would be more rapid and more easily directed. Instead of the old gunboat, constructed at much expense and soon ruined, he placed heavy cannon upon barks deemed before incapable of bearing them; but it was soon apparent that, on still water, they were adequate to destroy the most formidable ships of the line. The general showed the troops and mariners that the water itself gives the proper degree both of recession and of resistance, without danger to the gunner or detriment to the boat. The advantages of the invention are these: that the boats, if they are to be built, do not cost a fifth of the others; that worse timber and a smaller quantity of it will serve; and that merchant-ships taken from the enemy may be converted into them.

Colocotroni. Do the English use them constantly? for in these matters they have more authority with me than in others.

Maurocordato. They do not; because they have no need of gunboats on their coasts, commanding, as they do, the ocean; because, too, their seas are tempestuous, and their expeditions for the greater part distant; and because they are reluctant that their enemies should acquire from them the benefit of an invention, by which they themselves could not profit in the same degree. The small gunboat not presenting a broadside to an enemy, the Turk, the worst of gunners, would hardly ever strike it; while it would rarely miss him, and would never fail to discourage where it might not disable.

My correspondent is urgent that every mariner and soldier on board should be armed with a bow, and with a longer and heavier pike than any in common use. Recurring to actions by land, he observes that the length of the pike gave the victory to the Greeks in the first battle against Xerxes, when the Immortals of that autocrat were repulsed by the Lacedæmonians, according to Herodotus, from this cause only. The bow is recommended at sea more earnestly, and in our gunboats and small boats most particularly, from the necessity of loading them lightly.

Colocotroni. Should any of these suggestions be introduced, it must be done suddenly, secretly, and diffusively.

Maurocordato. The political reflections of my correspondent will be the subject of some future consideration. To obtain our independence, he would propose to the Turk the same annual subsidy "as comes into the treasury at present," which is little more than a fifth of what is levied; he would engage that we should admit into our ports no vessel of a potentate at war with Turkey, and that we should sign no treaty of alliance with any one upon her confines; he would consent that the Greeks in Asia and other parts should be united in the territory bounded on the north by Olympus and the Ceraunians, on the east by the Ægæan Sea, and including Crete. Property should be exchanged by Turkish and Greek commissioners, aided by the consuls of France, England, and Sweden, and the contract should be carried into execution in three years. He informs me that many Christian and Jewish families have records of places in Crete, where the treasures of houses, of churches, and of monasteries were deposited on its subjugation. Turkey does not derive one hundred and eighty thousand zecchins annually from the conquest. She would readily compromise in a few years, probably on the breaking out of the first war, for the tax stipulated, and accept ten or twelve years' purchase. Indeed, on her expressing any doubt of security of our faith, we might offer as much with no fear of a refusal, and could obtain it by a loan from England. So moderate a debt would rather be a bond to unite us than a burden.

Colocotroni. A society of Englishmen no less patriotic has kindly sent to me three hundred Bibles, in readiness for the next campaign, with an exhortation to prohibit dancing in private houses, unless among persons of a certain age and rank; a remonstrance against what is usual at the corners of streets, or lanes, or stable-doors; and a form of prayer to be offered up in our churches. Instead of this, our patriarch may be requested to insert in the Litany a petition to the Almighty, that in the bowels of his compassion it may please him to retain in the government of the Seven Isles his Excellency Sir Thomas Maitland, so that the people shall never cease to sigh for union with us; and that likewise in his infinite mercy he may remove all impediment to his Ex-

cellency by removing for ever Lord Guildford, in whose presence learning would almost forget her losses, and dismembered Greece her sufferings.

Maurocordato. Yes, Greece shall arise again, like Ulysses from under the wand of Pallas, when his wrinkles were smoothened and his tattered garment cast away from him.

Colocotroni. Nevertheless, whatever arms she takes up, she may look forward to years of agony, and to more enemies than the Turk. All the old governments in Europe will attempt to increase our difficulties, and, when they have augmented them to the utmost in their power, will point them out as the natural fruits of insubordination, — for such they call resistance, which is the more criminal in their eyes, the longer and the more patiently you have borne oppression. Happily we have no ally: we have an oppressor the less. If Spain or Portugal had any, that ally would model the adopted form of government; in other words, would change the features without diminishing the weight of slavery. Providence, I trust, will favor our exertions: I would propose then to leave a wide space between us and the dominions of a government more systematically and more degradedly tyrannical. Indignant as we justly are at the unworthy treatment we have received, and conscious as we cannot but be that we are the undegenerate descendants of a people which never since the foundation of the world hath beheld a rival in glory, we must acknowledge that no conqueror is milder than the Turkish, no religion more tolerant, no judge more dispassionate, no law more equitable.

Maurocordato. But many countries, once Grecian, lie desolate: Crete can hardly discover the traces of five amid her hundred cities. True, islands, which when free are the happiest of countries, are the most miserable when they are subjected. For the subjection endured under modern governments is far different in its effects from that endured under our ancestors and the Romans. Towns, harbors, and marts arose upon it. Be my witnesses on one side Cyprus, Lesbos, Chios, and ye starry host of Cyclades! stand on the other Sicily, Sardinia, Ireland, with your herds of mendicants, your bands of robbers, your pestiferous marshes, and your deserted ports! What countries are naturally more fertile; what more wretched? Wild theories have not rendered them

so ; yet the only mischiefs to be extirpated are wild theories. The towns of the Valtellina under the protection of Switzerland, the cities of Ragusa and Genoa and Venice, had enjoyed a long prosperity, all several hundred years, some above a thousand ; and one had arrived by its prudence and industry at an age which appeared forbidden to human institutions, when suddenly a sage, too autocratical to be taught any thing by sages of another class, draws around his shoulders a cat's-skin hung with saints, and is informed, as he swallows his morning draught of brandy, that if they really were happy they were happy from wild theories, and must be corrected. Let us, O Colocotroni, cast our eyes a little way into the *wilds* of these theories ; no such wilds as Siberia can open to us, nor the Ukraine, nor the Chersonese, nor the plains of Hungary, nor the Campània of the Popes and Bourbons, each by nature so fertile, each by despotism so corroded and exhausted ; but such *wilds* as our Attica and our Thessaly and our Bœotia once rejoiced in, — wilds of equality, wilds where the heart of man in full expansion heaved high and freely through the course of ages, where the human form possessed such dignity as none other than a native of this country could represent or could imagine. Wild theories, that unite men in justice and amity! Wild theories, that gave birth and nurture to every art and every science ; that even taught reason and humanity to the despot who lashed the sea!

Solon! Aristides! Epaminondas! Phocion! ye are authors and abettors of wild theories. Who in the world, O Demosthenes, would listen to thy calumnious tongue against Philip? Æschylus! we deemed thee generous, heroic, self-devoted as thy own Prometheus ; thy blood we thought flowed for thy country, for civilization, for enlightened and free mankind. It flowed for wild theories! O Sophocles! O Euripides! what lessons have you given us? Wild theories!

And yet, sir (for scorn must have its period), if we use our memories and reject our reason, which autocrats would tell us we are bound to do, — as for national power, which many look chiefly to, as for national defence, which interests all, Rome existed in a state of infancy under her kings, of maturity under her consuls, of decrepitude and decay under her emperors. People are disposed to acknowledge that a

monarch is more prompt in giving his orders for invasion and annoyance, and that he can commence hostilities with greater secrecy, and conduct them with greater decision. Glorious prerogative! There must then be some strangely countervailing disadvantage in the form and structure of his government; for never since the creation of the world was there an instance of a monarchy conquering a republic where the people were equally numerous, or within a third; while republics in all ages have conquered many kingdoms, of which the population was the double and even the triple of theirs.

Monarchy has all her blood in the head; she looks healthy to those who see health in flushed faces, and strong to those who look for strength in swollen limbs. Strange deception! if indeed any thing is strange where all principles are perverted; where what is best must not be; where what is worst must be; where tyranny alone has rights, and usurpation alone has privileges.

Colocotroni. "You shall enchain Poland; you shall do with Italy and with Illyria what you please; you shall dismember free and happy Saxony."

"What! no more, my brothers?"

"Wait a little, our brother, wait a little! Wait, our brother, four years at farthest; then advance: you will be hailed as a deliverer from within and from without. His most Christian Majesty is anxious to recover the influence of his family in Spain; the English, who waged war to prevent it from having any, are not in a condition to interpose an impediment; and the ministers are more interested in suppressing the growth of constitutions than in maintaining the dignity of the throne."

The Emperor of Russia has had the address, by the Congress of Verona, to involve the States of Europe in confusion; and within a year or two he will be able to execute his project on the side of Turkey, having first broken the sinews of Persia by pushing her on precipitately. Greece meanwhile will lie prostrate before her, ready and perhaps not unwilling to be bound by her, blinded as she is by feebleness.

Maurocordato. The other great Powers have declared on many occasions their resolution to set limits to the aggression of the Czar.

Colocotroni. Austria hath demonstrated that her sympathies are stronger with despotism than with us, or even than with Christianity. Her ships, both of commerce and of war, have repeatedly brought succor to the Turks, blockaded and besieged. Even the most Christian King hath conveyed in his navy the money sent by the Pasha of Egypt for the pay of his troops in the Peloponnese. The military hirelings, who were the readiest instruments of Bonaparte's tyranny, are become the stirrup-holders (and indeed may without shame) of this ambitious satrap, who, barbarian as he is, is a soldier of more firmness and valor, a prince of more magnanimity and dignity, a politician of more clear-sightedness and conduct. If the French ministry has engaged them in such a service, it has acted with wisdom, and may triumphantly cry out to the factions, "See, what a detestable gang of rogues and vagabonds are not only those who long ago betrayed you, but those also in whom you still place your trust."

Maurocordato. The "Amaranthe" a French vessel of the royal navy, acted in the service of the Egyptians both before Rhodes and against Crete. But if the report be true that Cochrane is about to take a command in our defence, we may confidently hope that he will destroy any force the French government may appoint to act against us. The same blow will dissipate the Turks, and disunite the body of the Holy Alliance.

Colocotroni. Indeed it is time; unless the lowest in civilization are to supplant the highest.

Maurocordato. In the animal world the insects have the largest empire, in the political the Russians. Their dominion extends over a space equal to a third of the old world, and seven times larger than the nearest planet. The subjects are educated in blind submission; and about two millions are soldiers, or may become so, without any loss to agriculture. Is there no danger to Europe from so enormous a power, put into motion and directed by ministers who mostly have been raised from obscurity or from indigence, who have abjured their own countries, and must flourish on the decomposition of others? Lately, a vast portion of North America has been claimed by the Autocrat from the United States, Mexico, and England; beginning at the thirty-first and extending to the sixtieth degree: enough of itself to constitute three empires.

Colocotroni. If Russia should protect us — which God forbid! — she will break our bones by the weight of her wing; and other nations will fight over us, not for us. The people of England are zealous in our cause; but England is the only country in the world where the ministers are chosen from their dissimilitude to the people. I never think of them without the idea of the bear ridden by the monkey, — the strong by the weak, the grave by the pert, the quiet by the mischievous. Since the time of Pitt the First (in this manner will politicians teach historians to write) she has been governed, with hardly an interval, by the most inordinate and desperate gamesters that ever her *subscription-houses* drove penniless downstairs.

Maurocordato. There is an axiom, that the best if corrupted is the worst. It grieves me to think of England, once the favorite of Liberty, and sitting in light alone. All the French, however, cannot have lost entirely that spirit with which twenty millions were animated lately.

Colocotroni. His most Christian Majesty is said in the Chamber of Deputies to be "destined by Providence to close the abyss of revolutions." He may perhaps close that abyss (as he would any other) by falling into it.

Maurocordato. The saints of the Holy Alliance punish with imprisonment and poverty those who write against the Christian religion, while they themselves act against it openly, and assist in crushing its defenders, — men descended from those who first received it among the Gentiles. Not only the Catholic princes, professing the most intolerant, the most rapacious, and the most insolent of superstitions, but the potent and sole protector of the Greek Church abandons it to the lust of the Mussulman. I dare not call this pusillanimity, still less dare I call it perfidiousness, baseness, infamy; but I may lawfully ask whether any prince, in modern days or ancient, has been guilty of a greater. For in my zeal in favor of royalty, always amiable, always august, and in our times more than ever, I would fondly hope that none has committed any thing beyond a peccadillo, and that in political computation even this is nothing worse. Diocletian, and the other Roman emperors who persecuted the Christians, did less than was done by their successors from pulpits and convents, — monks and priests, who took upon themselves the ridiculous title of pope. Religion was to be totally changed in the State by the

Christians, and this change the civil power always prevents; but the popes, as these usurpers called themselves, were under no apprehension that the new religion should itself be subverted, for it is one of their tenets that it never shall be; their only fear was that they should lose a portion of their power by the rejection of absurdities, and a portion of their wealth by the reduction of ceremonies to the simplicity and paucity of the original institution. These however, popes or pagans, are not so censurable as those princes whose power and riches are in no danger on any side, and who by seceding from the cause of humanity, which we vindicate and defend, expose to the world their utter indifference to that faith which they, one and all, have sworn publicly to protect.

Colocotroni. To rise against oppression; to teach our children their duties and their rights; to remind them of their ancestors, and to rescue them from the seraglio, — these are crimes! They are crimes, in the eyes of whom? Of those who profess the religion of Christ! holy men! sacred allies! catholic, apostolic! We, Maurocordato, are inconsiderate; we are rash, we are frantic. For what gain we by our vigils, fasts, and toils, — by our roofless houses, our devastated farms, our broken sleep upon the snowy mountains, — unless it be the approbation of our fathers now in bliss, and the consolatory hope of it from our posterity? The rest of Europe is reduced to slavery, one heroic race excepted. God alone can foresee the termination of our conflict; but of this we both are certain, — that, whenever we fall, in whatever part of Greece our bodies lie, they will lie by the side of those who have defended the same cause; and that there is not a pillar, in ancient days erected by a grateful country, that does not in its fragments tell our story.

VIII. LOPEZ BAÑOS AND ROMERO ALPUENTE.

Baños. At length, Alpuente, the saints of the Holy Alliance have declared war against us.

Alpuente. I never heard it until now.

Baños. They direct a memorial to the King of France, inviting him to take such measures as his Majesty in his

wisdom shall deem convenient in order to avert the calamities of war and the danger of discord from his frontier.

Alpuente. God forbid that so great a king should fall upon us! O Lord, save us from our enemy, who would eat us up quick, so despitefully is he set against us!

Baños. Read the manifesto. Why do you laugh? Is not this a declaration of hostilities?

Alpuente. To Spaniards, yes. I laughed at the folly and impudence of men who, for the present of a tobacco-box with a fool's head upon it, string together these old peeled pearls of diplomatic eloquence, and foist them upon the world as arguments and truths. Do kings imagine that they can as easily deceive as they can enslave; and that the mind is as much under their snaffle, as the body is under their axe and halter? Bring before me one of them, Lopez, who has not violated some promise, who has not usurped some territory, who has not oppressed and subjugated some people, — then I will believe him, then I will obey him, then I will acknowledge that those literary heralds who trumpet forth his praises with the newspaper in their hands are upright and uncorrupted. The courage of Spain delivered the wretched kings from the cane and drum-head of a Corsican. Which of them did not crouch before him; which did not flatter him; which did not execute his orders; which did not court his protection; which did not solicit his favor; which did not entreat his forbearance; which did not implore his pardon? which did not abandon and betray him? No ties either of blood or of religion led or restrained these neophytes in holiness. And now, forsooth, the calamities of war and the dangers of discord are to be averted by arming one part of our countrymen against the other, by stationing a military force on our frontier for the reception of murderers, traitors, and incendiaries, and by pointing the bayonet and cannon in our faces! A beaten enemy now dictates terms and conditions; and this "most Christian Majesty" tells us that, unless we accept them instantly, the nephew of Henry the Fourth shall march against us — with his army, and his feather.

Baños. Ah! that weighs more.

Alpuente. The French army will march over fields which already cover French armies, and over which the oldest and bravest part of it fled in ignominy and dismay before our

shepherd-boys and hunters. What the veterans of Napoleon failed to execute the household of Louis will accomplish. Parisians! let your comic-opera-house lie among its ruins; it cannot be wanted this season. I trust in Heaven that whoever leads them will find an abler in the leader of ours. Upon the summit of the Pyrenees, in the Seo de Urgel, is stationed the vigilant and indefatigable Mina. Among all the generals of the various nations that have come forward in our days on the same field, he is the only one who never lost a good opportunity of fighting, or seized a bad one. He gained victories even when his escape from surrounding armies was deemed impossible; and he seems to think every soldier in his own a part of himself. Others, when they have ceased to command, deem it famous to excel the youngest officer in feats of licentiousness; he is abstinent from all light pleasures, knowing that whoever is most reverenced is best obeyed. Others trip from title upon title, and stoop to pick up pension after pension; Mina is contented with the name of Mina, and the fare of a soldier satisfies him as completely as the fame.

Little is that, O Lopez, which any man can give us; but that which we can give ourselves is infinitely great. This of all truths, when acted upon consistently, is the most important to our happiness and glory; and I know not whether by ignorance or deceit it has been kept so long a secret from mankind.

I now have time to think for a moment on the troops which, you tell me, are coming against us.

What! shall those battalions which fought so many years for freedom, so many for glory, be supplementary bands to barbarians from Caucasus and Imäus? Shall they shed the remainder of their blood to destroy a cause, for the maintenance of which they offered up its first libation? Time will solve this problem, the most momentous in its solution that ever lay before man. One would imagine that those who invented the story of Prometheus were gifted with the spirit of prophecy, announcing how human genius was in process of time to be chained for ever to the Scythian rock. Incredible is it, nevertheless, that a barbarian enthroned upon it should dictate his ravings to all nations! — a madman whose father was suffocated in his bed for less mischievous

insanity. If we are conquered, of which at present I have no apprehension, Europe must become the theatre of new wars, and be divided first into three parts, afterward into two; and the next generation may see all her States and provinces the property of one autocrat, and governed by the most ignorant and lawless of her nations.

Baños. We Spaniards are accused of republicanism. The falsehood of this accusation is evinced by the plain acknowledged fact, that, when we could have established a republic, we declined it. On the contrary, we were persecutors — I am ashamed to say it — of those who first were liberal among us, and who believed (for the wretchedness of our condition led them thus far into credulity) that Bonaparte would be the deliverer of Spain. Every man who was inclined to republicanism was inclined to France; and these were objects of hatred to our new government. The great favorers of republicanism are kings themselves; who now demonstrate to the world that no trust or confidence is to be reposed in them, and who have at all times shown a disposition to push their prerogative deep into the constitution of their States: not to mention, as aiding in the furtherance of the cause, the frugality and fairness of governments which are without those hard excrescences called kings. He of France is proclaimed by his confederates to be a virtuous one; yet he lies in the face of the universe: he declares he has no intention of attacking us, and, without any change in our conduct, he attacks.

Alpuente. He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king; yet when the pictures and statues at Paris were demanded back, he told Canova that he might indeed take those of his master, the pope, but desired him to bear in mind that it was without *his* consent. Now these things were restored to their old possessors by the same means and on the same principles as his throne was restored to him. He perhaps is a virtuous and consistent king; yet he refused the payment of debts contracted by him when he was not one, on pretext of an obsolete law.

Baños. You would make him out, Alpuente, a most detestable rogue; as vile and worthless as another of the same family, who exacted eighty-two thousand crowns for his private purse before he would sign a contract for furnish-

ing with provisions the foreign troops that held him tight upon his throne, saying, "I too must have oil for my macaroni."

Alpuente. So far am I from wishing to point him out as a bad king, I acknowledge him to be among the best now living; yet certainly there is nothing in him to render us more enamoured of royalty, or more attached to the family of Bourbon.

Baños. A pink orbicular good-dinner face, after praising the Lord of Hosts for his capons and oysters, beseeches him in his mercy and loving-kindness to lift a little his flaming sword over Spain, in defence of kings and faith; and then, in full confidence of the Lord's righteousness, orders out an army to assist him in the enterprise, and falls fast asleep.

Alpuente. Was the people of Spain, then, grown more idle, more vicious? Was it revolt that threw us into wretchedness; or (if the question is a lawful one) was it wretchedness that threw us into revolt?

Baños. The King of France can answer this, and will answer it one day, if God is what that king acknowledges he believes he is.

Our nation was beginning to flourish; the privileged orders had become reconciled to justice, and the lower had begun to experience her protection, when a king by distributing arms and money, by promising aid, protection, and honors, excited the ignorant and necessitous to insurrection and treason. And what king was this? — one whom treason and insurrection had twice driven from his throne. Neither he nor any one else could be unaware what calamities must ensue if his plan succeeded; and that the bravest, the most enlightened, the most virtuous of Spaniards, would be imprisoned, impoverished, exiled, murdered, to exalt the most cowardly, the most bigoted, the most perfidious, the most ungrateful, — a wretch whom his father had cursed, whom his mother had disowned, and whom the nation he betrayed and degraded had forgiven!

The most Christian King invades us, that a limited power, in every act beneficial to the people, and employed by the magistrates with such clemency and discretion as history in like circumstances never hath recorded, should be wrested from those who hold it by the choice and order of their fellow-citizens, and be transferred without stipulation or restriction to one who had usurped it from his parent, who had

betrayed it to his enemy, and who never had exerted it a single hour but to the detriment and dishonor of his people. I do not condole with you, Alpuente, on what is ordinary; that even constitutional kings abandoned and deceived us, and that equity and policy were disarmed by solicitation and falsehood. Nations are never aided by princes; not even when those princes, as far as the common eye can follow them, have walked in the paths of rectitude through life: and the worst of their fraternity have always been succored more zealously than the best. With such men it is easier for despots to make favorable treaties, and for intriguers to raise large fortunes.

Alpuente. It appears to be resolved by every prince in Europe that their counsels, administrations, and systems shall henceforward be the same throughout.

Baños. To what purpose? To condemn tens of thousands to want, imprisonment, death, exile, insult (I bring before you these calamities in the order we Spaniards feel them); hundreds of thousands to loss of property, loss of relatives, loss of friends; millions to barbarism; all to degradation! Men, formerly honored by the appellation of flocks, are now considered more like their grapes and olives, — good for nothing until trodden upon and pressed. They talk about order: what order is there, where one man is in place of all? They talk about civilization: what civilization is there, where there is imposed on the citizen not only that which he shall do and forbear, but that which he shall believe? They talk of law: what law is there, where a failure in belief is subject to a severer penalty than a failure in performance or forbearance? They talk of domestic duties: what are those, where a wife is imprisoned for comforting her husband?*

Thus, familiar and sportive with absurdity are cruelty and injustice! Cruelty in all countries is the companion of anger; but there is only one, and never was another on the globe, where she coquets both with anger and mirth. Yet in the Revolution of that people, marked by every atrocity for twenty years together, if there was more bloodshed than among the Spaniards, there was less suffering within equal

* Jose España perished on the scaffold; and his wife languished in prison because she had given him an asylum while a fugitive, instead of denouncing him. — Humboldt, *Personal Narrative*, Vol. III. p. 474.

periods ; for triumphs lightened it. Spain heaves with abject weakness, and writhes under intolerable domination.

Domestic virtues, you see, are political crimes ; and imprisonment is the reward of them from Catholic and most Christian kings. They imagine vain dangers, and cannot see real ones. Never was there a revolution, or material change in government, effected with so little bloodshed, so little opposition, so little sorrow or disquietude, as ours. Months had passed away, years were rolling over us, institutions were consolidating, superstition was relaxing, ingratitude and perfidy were as much forgotten by us as our services and sufferings were forgotten by Ferdinand, when emissaries and gold and arms, and *Faith* inciting to discord and rebellion, crossed our frontier. The religion of Constantine and of Charlemagne — falsely called the Christian, and subversive of its doctrines and its benefits — roused brother against brother, son against father ; and our fortresses, garnished with the bayonets of France, echoed with the watchword of the Vatican. The name of God hath always been invoked when any great violence or injustice was to be perpetrated. No fatal blow against the liberties of mankind or against the tranquillity of nations hath ever been aimed without religion. Even the son of Tarquin, the violator of whatever is most dear in domestic and social life, — even he, on invading his country, called upon the gods to avenge the cause of kings.* If Ferdinand had regarded his oath, and had acceded in *our* sense of the word *faith* to the constitution of his country, — from which there hardly was a dissentient voice among the industrious and the unambitious, among the peaceable and the wise, — would he have eaten one dinner with less appetite, or have embroidered one petticoat with less taste ? Would the saints along his chapel-walls have smiled upon him less graciously ; or would thy tooth, holy Dominic ! have left a less pleasurable impression on his lips ? Only two strong truths could have shocked him, instead of the many personal ones he drew upon his head ; namely, that *damnable* does not mean *combustible*, and that *there* is the worst heresy where is imposture for the sake of power or profit. Such truths however are now, it appears, to be bundled up with gorse, broom, and hazel ; and he who exposed the mysteries of the Inquisi-

* Dii regum ultores adeste ! — *Liv.* II. 6.

tion* may soon be a prisoner in its lowest chambers, having been expelled from the territory, as might be expected, of the most Christian King. His most Christian Majesty insists "that Ferdinand may give his people those institutions which they can have from him only." Yes, these are his expressions, Alpuente; these the doctrines for the propagation of which our country is to be invaded with fire and sword; this is government, this is order, this is faith! Ferdinand *was* at liberty to give us his institutions: he gave them. He restored to us the Inquisition; he restored her with all her jewels about her, her screws and pulleys, her pincers and molten lead. He restored her encompassed with all her dignitaries, her ministers, and pursuivants, and familiars; her insulting clemency, her perfidious pity, her triumphal jubilee, and her penal fires. Again he blesses us with processions, and missions, and miracles; again we are regenerated in the flesh with fasts and scourges. And government in danger? What! under the wisdom and piety, the tutelage and intercession, of Ferdinand? The priests are more powerful than God himself. So strange and intractable a creature was man, not only when he was made but when he was making, that God rested himself immediately after the operation. Now, Señor, here stands before you, from Astorga or Las Herreras, a clever young prig of a priestling, puts a wafer into a baby-box, lifts it up half a cubit, and, by the body of St. Iago! out come a leash of Gods created at a word, and a-start at the tinkling of a bell.

Alpuente. Señor Lopez, be graver on this. It was the belief of our country when she was better and happier than she is at present. The body of men who introduced it bring us now, by their evil courses, to disbelieve it. But such bodies, by immersion in it, would become turbid, and cause perhaps to be rejected the water of a purer stream. Whatever they touch they defile. They abjure the world, and they riot in its profusion. Let us abjure *them;* and there cease the abjuration. Awake no man from a dream unless he struggles in it. A weak belief is preferable to a bitter unbelief.

Baños. If there exists in my garden a beautiful plant fall-

* Lorente.

ing into an unsound condition, no longer upright, but stretching across the path, and attracting by its juices or its odor innumerable insects, which not only prey upon it but cover every other all around, and seize upon and corrode their buds and suck out their very pith, — although I may not perhaps cast it utterly away, I cut it down close to the ground, removing the weeds and dead incumbrances from about it, and hoping for straighter and healthier shoots another season.

Alpuente. To support the throne that crushes and the altar that chokes us, march forward the warlike Louis and the *preux* Chateaubriand. Behold them advancing side by side against the calm opponents of Roman bulls. The French minister has given to his private friends a strange reason for going to war with us, telling them he must fight either in Spain or on the Rhine.

Baños. He was provoked then, not by the man before him, but by the man in the rear, and fairly kicked into courage. A brave citizen or brave nation resents a threat above an injury. Here neither was injury nor threat from us: they came from behind the scenes and beneath the lamps, from manager and prompter. Under the administration of this whining fox, more than thirty slave-vessels sailed in the present year from the port of Nantes only; all armed, all equipped with chains and instruments of torture. If he was ignorant of this, he was little fit to be minister; if he knew it, he was less. Often as he dips into letters, will he never come up again with a filament of dialectics, or a grain of undirty reasoning, on some part of him? Did he not lately say to those who had been bleeding in the battles of their country, "Constantinople has not despotism enough to secure us from your liberty"? Did he not demand the punishment of death to be inflicted on the authors of seditious writings?

Alpuente. A decree so sanguinary and raving never issued forth in the dog-days of the Revolution. No Louis, no Charles, conceived it; it was reserved as a supplement to *The Spirit of Christianity*. And this imbecile Chateaubriand would wash out his inkstains with blood! This paralytic dwarf would shove on his unwieldy king into carnage!

Baños. Although his Majesty be brave as Maximin at a breakfast, he will find it easier to eat his sixty-four cutlets than to conquer Spain.

Alpuente. An imprudent step amid armies raised for the defence of other principles may be ruinous to his dynasty.

Baños. Principles do not mainly influence even the principled: we talk on principle, but we act on interest. The French army will find little plunder; and the French people must endure new taxes. A Spanish war may precipitate Louis where an American war dragged his elder brother. One rule is to be followed in all such revolutions as ours. I could lay it down plainly to you; but were I speaking to others, I would deliver it in the form of apologue.

Alpuente. Give it to me in that or any.

Baños. Two dogs were fighting for a bone: other dogs ran from the vicinity to take part in the quarrel. A man tossed the bone with his stick over the wall. As nothing now was to be fought for, the high belligerents parted: the others hurried back again, and quarrelled among themselves, until their masters whipped them soundly and kennelled them. At the first barking you hear, remove the bone.

Alpuente. In wars the least guilty are the sufferers. In these, as in every thing, we should contract as much as possible the circle of human misery. The deluded and enslaved should be so far spared as is consistent with security; the most atrocious of murderers and incendiaries, the purveyors and hirers of them, should be removed at any expense or hazard. If we show little mercy to the robber who enters a house by force, and less to him who enters it in the season of desolation, what portion of it ought to be extended toward those who, in the height of such a season, assail every house in our country? How much of crime and wretchedness may often be averted, how many years of tranquillity may sometimes be ensured to a nation, by one well-chosen example! Is it not better than to witness the grief of the virtuous for the debasement and suffocation of virtue, and the extinction of those bright, lofty hopes for which the juster and wiser in every age contended? Where is the man, worthy of the name, who would be less affected at the lamentation of one mother for her son, slain in defending his country, than at the extermination of some six or seven usurpers, commanding or attempting its invasion? National safety legitimates all means employed upon it. Criminals have been punished differently in different countries: but all enlightened, all

honest, all civilized men agree *who* are criminals. The Athenians were perhaps as well-informed and intelligent as the people on Lake Ladoga; they knew nothing of the knout, I confess, and no family among them boasted a succession of assassins in wives, sons, fathers, and husbands: but he who endangered or injured his country was condemned to the draught of hemlock. They could punish the offence in another manner: if any nation cannot, shall that nation therefore leave it unpunished? And shall the guiltiest of men enjoy impunity from a consideration of modes and means? Justice is not to be neglected because what is preferable is unattainable. A housebreaker is condemned to die: a city-breaker is celebrated by an inscription over the gate. The murder of thousands, soon perpetrated and past, is not the greatest mischief he does: it is followed by the baseness of millions, deepening for ages. Every virtuous man in the universe is a member of that grand Amphictyonic council, which should pass sentence on the too powerful, and provide that it be duly executed. It is just and it is necessary that those who pertinaciously insist on an unnatural state of society should suffer by the shock things make in recovering their equipoise.

Baños. We have hitherto done our utmost to secure the advantages we have obtained. In every revolution, the landed property of the crown and clergy should be divided into parcels. Out of these the creditors of the State should first be paid; afterward farms and tenements should be allotted to public officers in place of money, reverting to the government on their dismissal or decease; lastly, the military should have their part on condition of serving well and faithfully a stipulated time, during which they might consign the care and culture of it to their fathers or brothers or friends. Should any such land be remaining unappropriated, it ought to be offered for sale, partly in small portions, partly in large: in the former case, that as many as possible be interested in obstructing the return of despotism; in the latter, that the rich capitalists, who otherwise would be slow in doing it, might be stimulated by avarice, and might labor in loose traces for the public good. Whether the full value be paid is unimportant: what we want to do, is to give men an interest in their country. Every village-priest should have an

augmentation of revenue from the episcopal tables. No bishop should have more than three thousand crowns yearly, nor ever be permitted to sleep out of his diocese. The whole of his salary should be paid from the treasury; the whole of the priest's should accrue from the land assigned to him. No convent of males or females should be tolerated.

Alpuente. In your assignment of so large a sum as three thousand crowns annually to the bishop, your liberality far outstrips your equity, as I think I can easily and satisfactorily demonstrate to you. Suppose the priest has three hundred: do you believe the bishop is ten times wiser, ten times better, ten times more active? Do you imagine the duty is ten times more difficult in the performance of regulating the regulated (for such his clergy *should* be) than the other's in regulating the ignorant, as the greater part of his parishioners *must* be? Then, unless you insist, which no man is less ready to do, that the civil power should be subordinate in weight and dignity to the spiritual, you surely would not allow to the superintendent of few a larger stipend than to the superintendent of many; and yet, according to your suggestion, a bishop should be paid higher than an alcalde or corregidor, — an absurdity so great (pardon me, good Lopez!) nothing but superstition could tolerate, nothing but despotism could devise. In the country where an archbishop is superior in rank to a general, a bishop to a colonel, things have not yet found their just proportions nor their full and final settlement. The poison may have evaporated or have been poured out, but the vessel is darkened by the dregs and crust. Enormity of absurdity and abuse, that the inmates of college and cloister, whose best learning are the actions of the just and brave, should, for possessing this knowledge of them, take precedency of those whose actions in the field have been as brave, whose decisions in the courts of judicature have been as just!

Baños. We truly are less men than they! Be it so; but why are we? Because we left one with his ear against a girl's lips at the confessional, another at play with St. Augustine, a third asleep in his innocence, and went forth against the invaders of our country, and brought back with us these scars; marks of ignominy and reprobation! And now, it appears, they are to be over-scored by fresh ones. We may indeed

avoid a war if we will adopt the rickety children at the next door: if we will only build a house of peers we may live quietly in our own. A peerage I consider as the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures both tame and wild for diversion and luxury. Such instruments are to kings what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks above the heads of the people with greater confidence and security.

Alpuente. The wisest and most independent of English parliaments declared the thing useless; but Cromwell, when he seized the supreme power, thought it needful to resume such a support. If the opinion of his nation is now favorable to it, let us respect it; but let us also teach that nation to respect ours, always less biassed by private interests and less addicted to party. The principal gods of antiquity had each his favorite tree; and some nations too, the English for example, theirs, — the oak. The Spaniard has rather the qualities of the cedar: patient of cold and heat, nourished on little, lofty and dark, unbending and incorruptible.

Nothing should stand between the nation and chief magistrate; the laws alone should be checks: a free people can acknowledge no other. In these religion is included, which indeed is the great law-head whence they emanate. It is written in the heart of every man; but it is often so badly spelled as to become a matter of contest by the notaries who traffic in transcribing it.

The French, ridiculous as it may appear, would be our teachers. Let us not envy them the facility with which they build up constitutions and pull them down again, with which they take oaths and counter-oaths, with which while they violate honesty they declaim on honor; let us only ask of them who of their most applauded public men has not been both traitor and perjurer, who among them has not been the deserter of his country or its deluder? Ingratitude, the most odious of crimes in other countries, is not even a blemish there: the sign of the cross laid over the uniform heals it perfectly. Read over the list of marshals: which of them has not abandoned his benefactor? Which of them does not drink to the health of Louis from wine poured out to him by Napoleon?

Baños. Dignity without pride was formerly the character-

istic of greatness: the revolution in morals is completed, and it is now pride without dignity.

Alpuente. The republic gave commissions for robbery; the despot gives keys to secure it; so that every thief, issuing from the foul and slippery alleys of politics, is glad to creep under the ermine. Look again at those French marshals, whose heads are now peeping out from it in quest of fresh plunder: to which of them does not my remark apply, even of those whose palms and foreheads are the least deeply branded?

Baños. France is powerful by the weakness of Spain, in some degree; and the elder branch of the Bourbons hath always had the means of inculcating this truth on the younger. "If your people are flourishing they will be strong; if they are strong they will be turbulent: the richer they are, the poorer will you be. Let them recover their rights, as they call them, and you will lose your mines and your chases." The most wretched nations make the most splendid kings, as the thinnest rags the most lustrous paper.

Alpuente. England, I trust, will exert her influence and her authority; for she loses what France gains.

Baños. There are two which you cannot trust at once: Experience and England. As the Catholic Church holds that faith is not to be kept with heretics, so does the policy of England hold that none is to be kept with nations. On this she hath acted of late universally, but most openly and scandalously in her promises to Sicily. In regard to Spain, she seems resolved to adopt the principles of the Holy Alliance; her king, it is said, has approved them, and has expressed his regret that the Constitution did not permit him to enter into the confederacy; the first time, I believe, that a king of England has openly regretted the precautions imposed on him by the Constitution which placed his family on the throne. If we should go further than we have done, if we should vote on proofs of treason that our king has abdicated his, will England condemn in us what in herself she glorifies? No, England will not condemn us; but her government will abandon us.

Alpuente. Yet at this moment she could obtain from us more than her wars have given her. By the cession of a fortress, from which she derives no other advantage than the

appointment of an old drowsy governor to about one hundred thousand crowns yearly, she might possess our African harbors, which alone would yield her the dominion both of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. She might also, by other compromises of what neither strengthens nor enriches her, be mistress of that American island which secures and provisions the others, and whence she would derive advantages beyond her calculation in those dreadful conflicts which must decide hereafter whether the mother or the daughter shall be mistress of the seas.

Baños. Spain once ruled them; England rules them now. Spain was as confident that her supremacy would be eternal as England now is. From the time that we adopted a French family and French principles we began to decay; and it is in vain that purblind politicians seek the germs of our corruption in America. Let us, Alpuente, rather look to that country for regeneration: there the Spaniard shoots up again; there also we perhaps may lay our bones at last.

Alpuente. Eighty years have thrown their burden upon mine: they are not worth the freight. I can still watch for my country; I can still mount guard. No voice is such an incentive to valor as the feeble voice of age; neither flag nor trumpet marshals it like a man of eighty stabbed on his threshold.

IX. DON VICTOR SAEZ AND EL REY NETTO.

Saez. The business of an enlightened prince is two-fold; namely, to unite kingdoms and disunite their inhabitants. This is a truth so sound and solid, that it will keep its whole weight for another time and occasion, and indeed half the difficulty is surmounted already. Of a second truth nobody can be ignorant; that it is a kindness to lead the sober, a duty to lead the drunk; in which plight is to be considered a nation that fancies it can rule itself. Your Majesty will now perhaps favor me with what occurred in your interview with the arch-traitor?

Rey Netto. Quiroga did not place in my word the trust I had a right to expect.

Saez. What did you tell him?

Rey Netto. That I had need of his talents; and I earnestly pressed him to return with me to Madrid. He bowed and was silent. I added that my heart was royal: he seemed less assured than ever. Lastly that, whatever my mother might say to the contrary, I was a descendant of St. Louis: he almost turned his back. I was so angry I could have killed him, if he had not faced about. I then began to show him my confidence; not, father, such confidence as I repose in you, the director of my conscience.

Saez. Sire, when our consciences ache we unbosom; when our bellies ache we unbutton. Confidence has no more to do in the one case than in the other; in fact, those who show a great deal of it gain none. Hens that cackle immoderately, and run about the straw-yard, and drop their eggs anywhere, in clean places or in foul, are carried to market and sold cheap. It is well that the rebel did not take you by the throat and strangle you: there are many who would have cried "Well done!" even though your Majesty had died without confession and extreme unction. To such a condition are piety and loyalty now reduced in Spain.

Rey Netto. With my usual presence of mind I drew out and presented to him the image of St. Antonio, and swore before it, calling it to witness, that I had quite forgotten all possible and imaginable reasons for displeasure and discontent with him. He looked upon the saint, and observing that it was not the leaden one, recoiled with distrust. If I had sworn upon the leaden one, would you have absolved me, father?

Saez. Venerable as indeed is that image, and manifold as are the miracles it has performed in the preservation of your Majesty, still, on this holy occasion, I would not have hesitated; and certainly if your Majesty had even kissed the saint, head and feet, my duty would have prompted me to absolve you.

Rey Netto. But the saint might have punished me with the nightmare, or even with his fire, before I could have confessed.

Saez. Supposing him angry. But why suppose him so?

Rey Netto. Because he knows that I have another image for such purposes, which has always answered them well enough.

"Mais les dieux sont trop grands pour être difficiles ;
Tout est payé d'un simple grain d'encens." *

Saez. In reconciliations we take down the scaling-ladder and prepare the mine.

Rey Netto. Quiroga, I doubt not, has dealings with the devil, who prompted him to look sharply, and to discover that the image was not the true one, and little or no better than a common Madonna or a paltry crucifix.

Saez. The malice of Satan is beyond our prudence and calculation. What, in the name of Our Lady, makes your Majesty laugh so heartily? True, indeed, your deliverance, which spreads such universal joy over the nation and over Europe, cannot be indifferent to yourself; but these are not the first moments of it: the first were, I remember, less rapturous. I look forward to quiet times, when your Majesty may follow the glorious example of his most Christian —

Rey Netto. No, no: not a word more about that. And I am surprised, Don Victor, that you should change your tone so suddenly. The French may have amnesties: they are made up of them. They remember nothing upon earth. Turn them into a new road, and they will run along in it until they find another; then they make a sharp turn and trot on. But Spaniards have spinal bones in their backs, and bend slowly. You must collar them, and goad them, and bleed them under the tongue like oxen in spring, if they grow riotous. No amnesty! no talk about it!

Saez. Sire, I had no such meaning. I would only have mentioned the innocent and devout office of his most Christian Majesty, in condescending to be the godfather of a bell in the Church of Saint Louis at Paris. The Duke Blacas was proxy, and promised, no doubt in his Majesty's name, to instruct the new Christian in its duties, to watch over its morals, and in short to educate it as a good child and good Catholic, until it come to years of discretion.

Rey Netto. This indeed is better than such things as amnesties, the idea of which banished from my royal breast the delight I foretasted in the agonies of Riego. The rogue Riego! I had resolved how to punish him. My cousin Louis of Angoulême would not hear of racks and wheels, nor even

* Delille.

of thumb-screws and other trinkets of justice; and requested me never to renew the subject, lest any impediment or remonstrance on his part, if publicly known, might raise a mutiny in his army. I have been illuminated from above: my heart floats in the fulness of joy. The rogue Riego! if there is an ass in Madrid, he shall be drawn along the streets by one. I will give orders, under my royal hand and seal, that the hurdle shall have some sharp-pointed sticks in it, with a nail or two here and there.* I prayed to the archangel St. Michael, and within a few minutes — ha! ha! ha!

Saez. Your Majesty is really too jocose with such heavenly names.

Rey Netto. I cannot help it, — he knows my purity: I yield to his inspiration.

Saez. What did he inspire?

Rey Netto. First, that the fetters should pinch the traitor's legs to the bone, swell them like his most Christian Majesty's, and blacken them like a *zampa di Modena.*

Saez. This is not a thought for laughter, but for justice.

Rey Netto. I cannot help it, upon my conscience.

Saez. The second inspiration, what was that?

Rey Netto. My sides shake again and ache with laughter. It was that, before he is carted, a good dose of physic should be given to him; for compunction is never so certain as with the belly-ache: it makes people as grave as the *Miserere.*

Saez. I know the rebel too well: nothing will move him —

Rey Netto. Not jalap?

Saez. I would say, to confess his offences.

Rey Netto. Let there be monks enough about him, and I will force him to edify the people. I will make him sing and sigh, and beg pardon of St. Iago and the Virgin; of God, and man, and me. He may bristle like a wild boar of the

* When Riego was taken prisoner, there was with him an English officer named Matthews, bearing a regular commission from the Spanish Government, constitutionally established, and sworn to be religiously observed by his Catholic Majesty. This officer was treated with every cruelty and ignominy for several months; he was detained in solitary confinement, and kept without food at one time fifty-three hours. General Martin, called the Empecinado, was exposed in an iron cage, on festivals, in the public square of Roda. He killed many thousands of the French soldiers in the late war, and they abandoned him to those of the Faith.

Bierzo: I will make a lamb of him. He shall grin like a stuffed crocodile; he shall sweat like a Jew in a *benito*, roasting at a royal marriage-feast in the good old times.

What think you, father, of these his last words? Read them and correct them as you please.

Saez. He cannot speak better.

Rey Netto. I will despatch them instantly.

Saez. With strict orders that they be not printed before the offender is dead. Who wrote them?

Rey Netto. Father Gil Roncalle of Valmaseda.

Saez. Father Gil is a Carmelite. I wonder at his precipitancy. He may mean well; but he must correct several of the expressions.

Rey Netto. I doubted at first whether it was quite proper to represent a man saying what he never said.

Saez. Very proper, if the glory of God be increased thereby. Beside, what is falsehood on earth may be truth in heaven; for it is unlawful to suppose that any thing will be the same there as here, — excepting our bodies, which we know will be identically what they are now, without the alteration of a single hair.

Rey Netto. Oh how comfortable! I do not mean the hair, but that blessed doctrine touching falsehood. What are you writing with your pencil under the last words of Riego?

Saez. "Gloria Deo in excelsis."

Rey Netto. "Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!"

Saez. Your Majesty should not have crossed yourself at *Deo;* but only at *demonio*, or *eretico*, or *constitucional.*

Rey Netto. Father, what have you been eating? Your garlic, I think, smells of mutton.

Saez. I only added a few ounces of mutton, as many of beef, pork, and veal, with a little virgin oil and garvances; and, having finished them, laid down my spoon and fork upon the plate as the clock was striking.

Rey Netto. You are truly religious; but godliness and garlic cannot always keep down virgin oil and garvances.

Saez. I must go to the mineral waters.

Rey Netto. Come with me to Sacedon.

Saez. They report that those of Toledo are good for the stomach.

Rey Netto. I would make you archbishop, if my family

could do without it; and beside, I want you about me. You must always be my spiritual guide, my confessor.

Saez. No office is so glorious as that of guiding the conscience of my king, to extricate him from the machinations of his enemies, to examine his laws and treaties, to control his judges, to awe and regulate the Council of Castile, to provide that his taxes be punctually paid and honestly expended; and, above all, to provide that the royal house be maintained in its ancient dignity and lustre.

Rey Netto. That is to be minister.

Saez. Confessors must always rule ministers.

Rey Netto. I have scarcely any money: it would save me something if you would exercise both offices.

Saez. I am too poor: I cannot give cabinet-dinners. Cooks are the presidents of wars and treaties; turtles are the seals, and services of plate the wax.

Rey Netto. I do not hear that any cook is a president; objections have been raised even against violinists and valets. As to hereditary wealth or poverty, take ten of the leading men in Europe and you will find either them or their fathers void of all inheritance. Even the honor of paternity, as to some of them, is still in abeyance; they have risen by the same merits as will raise you, without your piety and devotion. Faithful to the good cause, they have soon deserted their first admirers, who forsooth cried up their liberal principles.

Saez. These principles are not so much amiss when two gentlemen have but a pair of breeches between them; but every one who has a pair to himself, and common sense, is ashamed of acknowledging that they were ever his.

Rey Netto. Several of these gentlemen the kings my brothers have even made their cousins: some are dukes. For instance Fouché and Savary, and the Gascon whom you mentioned just now, and whom his most Christian Majesty would have made running-footman to an ambassador; but he humbly represented that, being born among rocks, he could not run upon level ground. My brother of France, the best-natured man in the world, happened then to be patting the breast of a plump and fresh-plucked pullet. He changed his royal resolution, and made a running-footman of the intended ambassador, and an ambassador of the intended

running-footman. This, I understand, has drawn closer the ties of affinity between his most Christian Majesty and his most Mahometan, who feels himself highly complimented by the gradual adoption of his political system in every court of Europe.

Saez. It is much to be feared that the French will corrupt our people by their flutes and fiddles; and they are so fond too of chattering and of scribbling, that I should not wonder if — deliverers as they call themselves — they drew their pens against us, proving this thing and disproving that. Where demonstrations come in the van, remonstrations come in the rear.

Rey Netto. Neither the fiddle-bow nor flute can overthrow us; but Heaven deliver us from the sharpness of the pen and from the wiliness of demonstration! We have Chateaubriand on our side, if we can trust him.

Saez. The scholars on other benches may make a clatter and a clamor: the treasury-bench is the only bench that stands firm. As for Chateaubriand, he is not half so great a rogue as he would make you believe he is. He wishes the world to forget that he was an author of voyages and novels, pasquinades and puffs, and is ambitious of rivalling the Fouchés, — a sort of ambition very natural to people who leave the pamphlet for the portfolio, the common reading-room for the king's cabinet. According to M. Talleyrand, one of these royal cousins, by his own peculiar virtue, has anticipated what we suppose may hereafter take place in heaven, by converting falsehood into truth. I hope, Sire, it was not the same person who swore that Napoleon was innocent as a child?

Rey Netto. Between ourselves, there are worse men than Don Napoleon. I was never better lodged or better fed than at Vallancey. Don Napoleon gave me the most beautiful watch I ever saw, together with five seals, at parting. One of them plays chimes: you have nothing to do but to say three *paternosters* and wind it up, and it will chime of its own accord. The same Don Napoleon, too, gave me other things: a coral crucifix, which coral was once white, but became red through the blood of our Redeemer; a silver gridiron, the original of that on which the blessed St. Lorenzo suffered martyrdom; and a rosary as miraculous as the chiming seal,

good against musket-balls and pleurisies. But Prince Talleyrand, who was present, told me I must not tempt God by catching cold, nor by exposing my sacred person in battle: for none of these things was there any stipulation made by my brothers of the Holy Alliance. It is true, Don Napoleon laughed at me when he caught me first. This is natural. I laughed at him when he was caught.

Saez. The heretics did not punish him as they ought to have done.

Rey Netto. They might at least have pinched him and stuck a needle under his nail. But these kings — God help them! — have little power at present. They are kept in jeopardy by the constitutionalists, and are deprived of their confessors. "Kyrie eleison! mater amabilis!"

Saez. It will not be long so. All the princes in Europe, constitutional or legitimate, have one mind, one administration. Those of their ministers who talk the most boldly talk by permission; and it is understood, as your Majesty knows, that it is only to delude the people and keep them quiet. What was done at Naples has been done at Cadiz, is doing in Greece, and will be done in America. Legitimate kings have no surer coadjutors than the ministers of constitutional. These know by experience that the people is a football, that it is fed with air, and that the party which kicks it farthest is the winner. They have begun to learn something from us.

Rey Netto. But they are so ungrateful as not to acknowledge it. As for religion, I have no hope of them; they care not whether God laughs or cries; they do nothing for his glory: no processions, no *autos da fé*, no embroidery, no artificial flowers, no head-dresses, no canopies, no candles. Surely, for the sake of keeping up appearances with him, they might paint a couple of poles white, stick a wick on the top, and place one on each side of him at the altar, — as they do in Italy, where piety of late years is grown frugal.

Saez. Again and again ought we to render thanks to the Mother of God for our deliverance from the worst of them, as we did when they followed the French across the Pyrenees, and left our beloved country without stain.

Rey Netto. "Kyrie eleison! jubilate domino! Kyrie eleison! Amen de profundis! Amen dico vobis. Unus vestrûm, unus vestrûm traditurus est me. Jubilate domino. Kyrie eleison!"

Saez. I do not despair of seeing the day when the Parliament of England, like that of France, will serve only to register royal edicts, and when her kings shall recommend to colleges and cathedrals the sound doctors of Salamanca.

Rey Netto. Sanguine as are my hopes, I sometimes am discouraged, and hardly can expect it. Heretics are very stubborn: fire alone can soften and bend them. At present we are able but to treat them as ferrets, and sew their mouths up. On this achievement the sons of Saint Louis are unanimously resolved.

Saez. Faith, hope, and charity are resplendent on your Majesty's countenance, whose gracious smiles, like beams from heaven, announce the certain accomplishment of your pious wishes.

Rey Netto. I did not smile about sewing up their mouths like ferrets; but — upon my life I cannot help laughing — do you think it practicable? They must be careful in binding well both arms and feet. Now, my dear father Don Victor, as there should always be some person to seize the legs of the criminal who is hanged, could not I be so disguised as to perform the office, and nobody know it? The hand of a man who dies by the halter is a cure for some diseases; a mere touch effects it. The leg of Riego, pulled as I should pull it, would to me be a panacea like the milk of St. Catharine's neck, or the oil running from her body.

Saez. If his accomplices should ever hear of it, they would be exasperated to madness.

Rey Netto. I have ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung for my deliverance, not only in Spain, but also in my kingdoms of America and India: this will bring them to reason.

Saez. Those flourishing kingdoms will, I trust, furnish your Majesty with temporal no less than spiritual means of overcoming your enemies.

Rey Netto. To encourage my brothers, the Holy Allies, in their good intentions, and to reward them for their past services, I intend to open a free trade to them with my kingdoms in both Indies; providing however that no mercantile or other ship sail nearer than within one mile of Delhi and Mexico, so that the pestilential breath of heresy may not taint my people. Furthermore I shall authorize my minister

of grace and justice, to revoke all diplomas granted to physicians, and all licenses to surgeons, by the pretended Cortes ;* thus permitting every man to recover the money he has paid in fees, taking back his health *in statu quo*.

Saez. Sire, the great difficulty is the last.

Rey Netto. Long as I have resisted intercession for a general amnesty, I am at last inclined to grant that also, excluding those only who have borne arms against me, voted against me, written against me, and spoken against me.

Saez. Generous resolution! Your Majesty with good reason rubs your hands together, and tucks them comfortably between the knees.

Rey Netto. The rogue Riego! I have found a confessor for him.

Saez. True Christian charity, — to think of our worst enemies in our happiest moments, and to provide for the safety of their souls when the laws demand them!

Rey Netto. Father Gil Roncalle is the man: he shall accompany him on the road, and never leave him. I warrant he will make him penitent enough, and as pale in five minutes as a quaresimal fast could do. The father stank so, I had nearly lost the salvation of my soul by him.

Saez. How, Sire?

Rey Netto. He stood before me and presented the eucharist: such a vapor came up with it into my mouth, I was within a hair's breadth of spitting out my Maker with chocolate and anchovies.

Saez. He would have pardoned an involuntary sin, at the intercession of his Church.

Rey Netto. Involuntary sin! — what sin, father, may that be?

Saez. Unintentional. Those who commit no voluntary sins commit involuntary; for without sin is none, not even the babe. Infants are born in it.

Rey Netto. That I knew before; but a little water, and some blessed words, and a cross, so it be not a Greek one — Oh what mercy!

Saez. Yes, we may all come into the right way, if our parents and nurses do not look about and chatter at the font, but hold our heads quiet, and take especial care we never sneeze.

* Incredible as it may seem, this ordinance was issued.

Rey Netto. Would that quite undo it?

Saez. Such a sign of contempt, so early! — there is no hope for it, no office appointed, no ceremony, no procession.

Rey Netto. This knowledge is more important than any other; but you will be pleased and surprised, no doubt, to hear that I have a *motu proprio*, by which I can restore my finances and fill my treasury.

Saez. Sire, I shall indeed rejoice to learn it.

Rey Netto. As King of the Indies, where the people are more tractable than in America, I shall propose to my vassal, the Great Mogul, his independence of my crown on condition that he pays me immediately one hundred millions of dollars, and twenty millions yearly for ever. From the English I shall demand no more than a few millions, they being powerful and proud, and disinclined to acknowledge my sovereignty *de jure*.

Saez. Your Majesty would perhaps have said *de facto*.

Rey Netto. We kings confuse these terms: indeed they are immaterial.

Saez. The plan is admirable: the only difficulty is in the execution. It must ripen a short time yet in your Majesty's royal mind.

X. LORD COLERAINE, REV. MR. BLOOMBURY, AND REV. MR. SWAN.

Swan. Whither are you walking so fast, Mr. Bloombury?

Bloombury. My dear brother in Christ, Mr. Swan, I am truly happy to meet you. A fine fresh pleasant day! Any news? I am going to visit Lord Coleraine, who has been attacked by an apoplexy.

Swan. Such was the report I heard yesterday. Accidents of this kind, when they befall the light and thoughtless, shock us even more than when it pleases God to inflict them on the graver and the better. What is more awful than to confront so unexpectedly the gay in spirit with the king of terrors? Sincerely as I grieve to hear of this appalling visitation, it is consolatory to think that his lordship has brought himself to such a comfortable and cheering frame of mind.

Bloombury. Has he, Mr. Swan? Methinks it is rather early, if he has.

Swan. He must be sensible of his situation, or he would not have required your spiritual aid.

Bloombury. He require it! no more than a rank heathen or unchristened babe. He shall have it though! I will awaken him; I will prick him; I will carry to him the sword of faith; it shall pierce his heart.

Swan. Gently with the rowels on a foundered steed.

Bloombury. Mr. Swan, our pulpits should not smell of the horse-cloth. I never heard that text before.

Swan. You have heard many a worse.

Bloombury. Profane! There are none but from the Bible.

Swan. The application and intent make them more or less good. *Smite* is in that book: *do not smite* is there also. Now which is best?

Bloombury. Both are excellent if they are there: we can only know which is best by opening the volume of grace, and the text that we open first is for our occasion the best of the two.

Swan. There is no logic to place against this. Of course you are intimately acquainted with Lord Coleraine. You can remind him of faults which it is still in his power to correct; of wrongs —

Bloombury. I can, and will. When I was in the Guards he won a trifle of money from me: I shall bring him to a proper sense of his sinfulness in having done it.

Swan. In winning your money?

Bloombury. He may make some reparation to society for his offence.

Swan. He could not have won your money if you had not played with him.

Bloombury. I was young: he ought to have taught me better.

Swan. He did, if he won much.

Bloombury. He won fifty guineas.

Swan. How? And were you, Mr. Bloombury, ever a gamester?

Bloombury. At that time I was not under grace.

Swan. Well, really now, I would converse with a dying man on other topics. Comfort him; prepare him for his long journey.

Bloombury. Ay, sing to him ; read to him Shakspeare and Cervantes and Froissart ! Make him believe that man is better than a worm, lovelier than a toad, wiser than a deaf adder. Mr. Swan, you are a virtuous man (I mean no offence by calling you so), a good neighbor, a cordial friend ; but you are not touched.

Swan. Bloombury, if you are sincere you will acknowledge that, among your evangelicals, this touching for the most part begins with the pocket, or its environs.

Bloombury. Oh for shame ! such indecency I never heard ! This comes from your worldly and university view of things, your drinkings and cricketings.

Swan. Too frequently. We want drilling in our armor of faith from the Horse-guards : we want teaching from those who pay fifty guineas the lesson. I am not so unchristian as to deny that you are adepts in the practice of humility, but it is quite of a new kind. You are humble while you speak, but the reverse when you are spoken to ; and, if it were not for your sanctification, I should call you the most arrogant and self-sufficient of sectarians.

Bloombury. We are of the Church, the true English Church.

Swan. Few sects are not, opposite as they may be. Take the general spirit and practice of it, and tell me what Church under heaven is more liberal and forbearing ?

Bloombury. Because you forego and forget the most prominent of the thirty-nine articles. There is the sword in them.

Swan. Let it lie there, in God's name !

Bloombury. There is doctrine.

Swan. I take what I understand of it, and would not give a pinch of snuff for the rest. Our Saviour has taught me whatever is useful to know in Christianity. If churches, or any members of them, wanted more from his apostles, I hope they enjoyed what they wanted. The coarser Gentiles must needs have cheese and garlic upon their bread of life : my stomach won't digest them. Those who like the same fare may take it ; only let them, when their mouths are full of it, sit quiet, and not open them upon me. We are at the house, I think. Good morning. — A word at parting. May not that musk about you hurt the sick man ?

Bloombury. What musk ? I protest I never have used any.

Swan. Then the creature that bears it has run between your legs, and rubbed its fur against your dress but lately. Adieu.

Bloombury (*to a servant*). Is my Lord Coleraine at home?

Servant. No, sir.

Bloombury. Mark me, young man; the ways of the world are at an end so near the chamber of death. Tell his lordship that the Reverend — better tell him that Captain Frederick Bloombury, late of the Guards, has something of great importance to communicate.

Servant (*returning*). My master desires you to walk up, sir.

Coleraine. I have had the pleasure, I think, of meeting you formerly, Captain Bloombury; I cannot say exactly where, for we Guardsmen meet in strange places. I had sold out; and, as you are not in uniform, I presume that you too have left the service.

Bloombury. On the contrary, I have just entered it.

Coleraine. Rather late in the day, is not it? However, if I can serve you, speak. I feel a difficulty in conversing; this apoplexy has twisted my mouth on one side like a turbot's, and Death and I seem to be grinning for a wager. What do you lift up your eyebrows at? My sight is imperfect; they seem to me to be grayish, and fitter for a lieutenant-general than a captain.

Bloombury. I am ageing, — that is, I have a whitish or rather a lighter-colored hair here and there. Sober thinking brings them.

Coleraine. Particularly when it comes after the thinking that is not quite so sober, — ay, Bloombury? Excuse me, was it expedient to enter the service so late in life, and in the midst of peace?

Bloombury. There begins our warfare: these are riotous and bloody times.

Coleraine. They are getting better, if people will let them. What would they have? Would they tear a new coat to pieces because the old one will not fit? How do you like your brother officers?

Bloombury. Reasonably well.

Coleraine. And the service at large?

Bloombury. The sweetest of services is the service of the Lamb.

Coleraine. They told me so — talking does me harm — yet I did not feel it. Gentlemen, it is of no use to bleed me any more. You need not feel my pulse, — I am too weak. I am losing my intellects, such as they are. I seem to see faces and to hear words the strangest in the world.

Bloombury. He shuts his eyes and appears to doze a little. He smiles, — a very bad sign in a dying man!

Physician. With deference, I think otherwise, sir. He cannot live the day through, but he is in full possession of his senses. If you have any secret, any thing interesting to his family, any omission to suggest, we will retire. Let me however request of you not to disturb him on matters of business.

Bloombury. The Lord forbid!

Physician. He seems quite tranquil, and may go off so.

Bloombury. In that perilous state? It is the dimple of a whirlpool, at the bottom whereof is hell! I will arouse him: I will wrestle with Christ for him.

Physician. In another ring then: I keep the ground here.

Bloombury. You physicians are materialists.

Physician. Undoubtedly, sir, you would desire to be the contrary?

Bloombury. Undoubtedly, indeed.

Physician. You Methodists, then, are immaterialists?

Bloombury. Ho! ho! Grace and election and sanctification are things immaterial!

Physician. Which of you ever has preached gratitude to God, — in another word, contentment? Which of you ever has told a man that his principal duty is to love his neighbor?

Bloombury. Who dares lie, in the face of God? We love the Lamb: the rest follows.

Physician. Unless the rest (as you call it) precedes, the Lamb will never be caught by you, whine to him and pipe to him as you may. Love to God must be conveyed and expressed by a mediator.

Bloombury. There you talk soundly.

Physician. You can show your love to him only through the images he has set on every side of you.

Bloombury. Idolater! When I uplift my eyes to heaven, and see Jupiter (so called) and Saturn (name of foolishness) and all the starry host —

Physician. You see things less worthy of your attention than a gang of gypsies in a grassy lane. You cannot ask Saturn (name of foolishness) nor Jupiter (so called) whether he wants any thing, nor could you give it if he did; but one or other of these poor creatures may be befriended in some way, may in short be made better and honester and cleanlier.

Bloombury. What! no prayers, I suppose, nor thanksgivings?

Physician. Catch the prayer that is rising to God, and act for him; receive in turn the thanksgiving: he authorizes and commands you. If there is a man in your parish who wants a meal while you eat two in the day, let me advise you neither to sing a psalm nor to bend a knee until you have divided your quartern loaf with him.

I must go in and see my patient: if you follow, step gently.

Coleraine. I beg your pardon, Captain Bloombury; how long have you been waiting?

Bloombury. An instant only, my lord. I hope your lordship has benefited by your easy slumber.

Coleraine. I feel no pain.

Bloombury. Unhappy man!

Coleraine. Thank you: I am sure you are.*

Bloombury. The Lord sends hither me, his unworthy servant, O George Viscount Coleraine, to bring you unto him.

Coleraine. I am obliged to you both.

Bloombury. Well may you be. You have led as wild and wicked a life as one could wish. Repent! repent!

Coleraine. Of what? For, faith, there are so many things, I cannot see which to take hold on.

Bloombury. If I could suggest any other, I would do it in preference. I know but one.

Coleraine. Speak out: don't be modest.

Bloombury. You had formerly a strange itch for gaming.

Coleraine. Not I, indeed: but one can game when one cannot do the pleasanter thing.

Bloombury. You led me into, or at least you countenanced me in, that vice.

* Misunderstanding; and supposing he said, "I am glad to hear it," or some such thing.

Coleraine. Which?

Bloombury. Gaming.

Coleraine. Pardon me, my worthy friend; we never were intimate till now. Charmed as I certainly should have been by your acquaintance, it cannot be more than once that we met before: for in good society no one forgets names or faces, unless of tradespeople and Jews.

Bloombury. On that one evening I lost fifty guineas to you.

Coleraine. Express no uneasiness; do not trouble yourself, Captain Bloombury: lay it upon the table. If it had escaped your recollection, I assure you it has escaped mine too. Do not, I entreat you, make yourself at all uncomfortable about it. I never said a word upon your leaving town and forgetting me.

Bloombury. Forgetting you, my lord! I paid the money down in five *rouleaux*. I wish I had kept it for the poor.

Coleraine. Pooh! another fifty is just as good as that. What do the poor care whether it is packed in *rouleaux* or not? It is unpacked, I will answer for it, long before they touch it.

Bloombury. If I had either that or another to give the broken in spirit, the sick and weary —

Coleraine. Oh! I now understand you. Upon my soul, you have a most compassionate and significant eye! Give me your hand, my good fellow; don't distress yourself. Yes, my dear Bloombury, times have been hard with me heretofore; but I never was broken in spirit, and now I want nothing.

Bloombury. Many whom I have visited in their last hours have lent money to the Lord, unasked.

Coleraine. Impudent dogs!

Bloombury. I part with mine willingly: it is only a snare of Satan. Yet those who have no families have thought of me.

Coleraine. And those who have families too; for, I warrant, one of the flock (to say the least) reminded them. You are still a fine stout fellow.

Bloombury. I do not understand your lordship: I am, as the Lord made me, a sinner!

Coleraine. The deuce you are! I wish I could be! Do not groan; do not be uncomfortable, — I am no worse, though I sighed a little.

Bloombury. Ah, my Lord Coleraine! If you could rightly dispose of your soul and of your superfluities, then might you well exclaim, "O Death! where is thy sting?"

Coleraine. I should not venture: he might show it me.

Bloombury. He could not: I defy him.

Coleraine. You are braver: he is one too much for me; he has got me down.

Bloombury. If your lordship would take courage and resolve, it is not even yet too late for the labor of love.

Coleraine. It would be a labor indeed for me.

Bloombury. Try, strive!

Coleraine. I am no more up to it than I am to the labors of Hercules. Ah, my dear Captain Bloombury, you are much more capable of such feats. I wish you joy of them: I have bidden them farewell. I begin to think that the world is a very bad world, and that every thing goes amiss in it.

Bloombury. Excellent thought, if it had but come earlier! We should think so all our lives: it would prepare us for heaven. Let us remove from the sick-room all that ever gave you uneasiness by feeding your vices. I would tear off the old man from you.

Coleraine. The vagabond! What! is he here? Who let him in when I was sleeping? Tear him off, with a vengeance, the old thief! Downstairs with him! — I paid the rogue fifteen per cent.

Bloombury. Be tranquillized, my lord; you misunderstood me. I would do as much for your lordship as my brother in Christ, the Reverend Christopher Rawbottom, a rooting man, did in regard to your deceased brother.

Coleraine. What did he?

Bloombury. Being in prison, a sufferer from false witnesses, he begat him, as Paul begat Onesimus, in his chains.

Coleraine. I don't believe it; I never heard it whispered or hinted. My mother was a very different sort of woman, and would hardly run after a fusty old goat, tied by the leg in a court of the Fleet.

Bloombury. Oh my lord! how little are you accustomed to the language of the Holy Scriptures! I speak figuratively.

Coleraine. Egad! did you, Bloombury?

Bloombury. I cannot bring your lordship to think seriously upon death.

Coleraine. Excuse me, Captain Bloombury, it is you who think the least seriously. It is you who would ask him where his sting lies, and who would challenge him outright.

Bloombury. My lord, if I am so unfortunate that I cannot be of use to your lordship in your interests, should there be remaining any slight matter in the temporal and personal, wherein my humble abilities could be serviceable to you, I entreat you to command me. — He meditates! who knows what he may do yet! —. It would be but just.

Coleraine. Have you a pencil?

Bloombury. Yes, my lord, yes; but pen and ink would be better, — let me run and find one.

Coleraine. No, no, no.

Bloombury. Oh yes, my lord! — Gentlemen, pray walk in again: his lordship is most clear in his intellects, — he has a short codicil to add. I carry the ink. — Is this pen a good one? Could he write legibly with it?

Physician. Perfectly. I wrote with it early in the morning.

Bloombury. My lord, the gentlemen have returned; they are waiting: here are pen, ink, and paper.

Coleraine. Favor me, Captain Bloombury: write.

Bloombury. It would not do, my lord: if the learned doctor would undertake it, your lordship might sign it, — and indeed might sign first.

Coleraine. Well, then, doctor, write: will you?

Physician. I am ready, my lord.

Coleraine.

> Death! — We don't halt then! march I must,
> Mortally as I hate the dust. —
> I should have been in rare high glee
> To make an April-fool of thee.*

Bloombury. Worldly-minded man! There are no hopes then!

Physician. I told you so, sir; but although he knew it, you might have spoken lower.

* He died on the 1st of April, 1824.

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